

MIDWINTER NUMBER

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

VOL. LXIX

FEBRUARY, 1905

No. 4

IMPRESSIONS OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR

(CHAPTERS FROM MY DIPLOMATIC LIFE)

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AT various times since my leaving the Berlin embassy old friends have said to me, "Why not give us something definite regarding the German Emperor?" And, on my pleading sundry difficulties and objections, some of my advisers have recalled many excellent precedents, both American and foreign, and others have cited the dictum, "The man I don't like is the man I don't know."

The latter argument has some force with me. Much ill feeling between the United States and Germany has had its root in misunderstandings, and as one of the things nearest my heart since my student days has been a closer moral and intellectual relation between the two countries, there is, perhaps, a reason for throwing into these misunderstandings some light from my own experience.

THE EMPEROR'S MAIDEN SPEECH

My first recollections of the present Emperor date from the beginning of my stay as minister at Berlin, in 1879. The official presentations to the Emperor and Empress of that period having been made, there came in regular order those to the crown prince and princess. On my way to them there fell into my hands a newspaper account of the unveiling of the monument to the eminent painter Cornelius, at Düsseldorf, the main personage in the ceremony being the young Prince William, then a student at Bonn. His speech was given at some length, and it impressed me. There was a certain reality of conviction and aspiration in it which seemed to me so different from the perfunctory utterances usual on such occasions that, at the close

of the interview with his father and mother, I referred to it. Their response touched me. There came at once a kindly smile upon the father's face and a glad light into the mother's eyes. Pleasing was it to hear her, while showing satisfaction and pride, speak of her anxiety before the good news came, and of the embarrassments in the way of her son at his first public address on an occasion of such importance; no less pleasing was it to note the father's happy acquiescence: there was in it all a revelation of simple home feeling and of wholesome home ties which clearly showed that the house of Hohenzollern had come a long way since sturdy old Frederick William I took his pleasure in starving, caning, and sentencing to death the youthful Frederick the Great.

Not long afterward the young prince appeared at some of the court festivities, and I had many opportunities to observe him. He seemed sprightly, with a certain exuberance of manner in meeting his friends which was not unpleasing; but it was noticeable that his hearty salutations were by no means confined to men and women of his own age. He was respectful to old men, and that is always a good sign; it could be easily seen, too, that while he specially sought the celebrities of the Franco-Prussian War, he took pains to show respect to men eminent in science, literature, and art. There seemed a healthy, hearty life in him well befitting a young man of his position and prospects; and very different was he from the heir to the throne in another country whom I had occasion to observe at similar functions, and who seemed to regard the whole human race with indifference.

Making the usual visits in Berlin society, I found that people qualified to judge had a good opinion of his abilities; and not infrequent were prophecies that the young man would some day really accomplish something.

My first opportunity to talk with him came at his marriage, when a special reception was given by him and his bride to the diplomatic corps. He spoke at considerable length on American topics—on railways, steamers, public works; on Americans whom he had met; and of the things he most wished to see on our side of the water. Altogether he seemed to be broad-minded, alert, with a quick sense of humor,

and yet with a certain solidity of judgment beneath it all.

After my departure from Berlin there flitted over to America jarring accounts of him, and during the short reign of his father there was considerable growth of myth and legend to his disadvantage. Any attempt to distil the truth from it all would be futile; suffice it that both in Germany and Great Britain careful statements by excellent authorities on both sides have convinced me that in all that trying crisis the young man's course was dictated by a manly sense of duty.

THE DISMISSAL OF BISMARCK

THE first thing after his accession which really struck me as a revelation of his character was his dismissal of Bismarck. By vast numbers of people this was thought the act of an exultant young ruler eager to escape restraint; and this opinion was considerably promoted in English-speaking countries by an ephemeral cause—Tenniel's cartoon in "Punch" entitled "Dropping the Pilot." As most people who read this will remember, the Iron Chancellor was therein represented as an old, weather-beaten pilot, in storm-coat and sou'wester, going slowly and heavily down the gangway at the side of a great ship; while far above him, leaning over the bulwarks, was the young Emperor, jaunty, with a satisfied smirk, and wearing his crown. There was in that little drawing a spark of genius, and it sped far; probably no other cartoon in "Punch" ever produced so deep an effect, save possibly that which appeared during the Crimean War with the legend, "General February turned Traitor." It went everywhere, appealing to deep sentiment in human hearts.

And yet, to me, admiring Bismarck as the greatest German since Luther, but reflecting upon the vast interests involved, this act was a proof that the young monarch was a stronger man than any one had supposed. Certainly this dismissal must have caused him a deep pang. All his previous life had shown that he admired Bismarck, almost adored him. The dismissal revealed deep purpose, strong will. Louis XIV had gained credit after the death of Mazarin by declaring his intention of ruling alone, of taking into his own hands the vast work begun by Richelieu;



From a photograph in the collection of Robert Coster. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

EMPEROR FREDERICK AS THE CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA, AND HIS ELDEST SON,
NOW EMPEROR WILLIAM II

but that was the merest nothing compared with this. This was, apparently, as if Louis XIII, immediately after the triumphs of Richelieu, had dismissed him and declared his purpose of henceforth being his own prime minister. The young Emperor had found himself at the parting of the ways, and had deliberately chosen the right path, and this in spite of almost universal outcries at home and abroad. The *old* Emperor William could let Bismarck have his way to any extent: when his Chancellor sulked, he could drive to the palace in the Wilhelm Strasse, pat his old servant on the back, chaff him, scold him, laugh at him, and set him going again, and no one thought less of the old monarch on that account. But for the *young* Emperor William to do this was fatal. It classed him at once among the *rois fainéants*, the mere figureheads, "the solemnly constituted impostors," and in this lay not merely dangers to the young monarch, but to his dynasty and to the empire.

To me his recognition of this fact was and is a proof that the favorable judgments of him which I had heard expressed in Berlin were well founded.

AMERICAN OPINION OF THE EMPEROR

BUT this decision did much to render him unpopular in the United States, and various other reports which flitted over increased the unfavorable feeling. There came reports of his speeches to young recruits, in which, to put it mildly, there was preached a very high theory of the royal and imperial prerogative, and a very exacting theory of the duty of the subject. Little account was taken by distant observers of the fundamental facts in the case—namely, that Germany, being a nation with no natural frontiers, with hostile military nations on all sides, and with serious intestine tendencies to anarchy, must, if she is to live, have the best possible military organization and a central power strong to combine the forces of the empire and quick to hurl them. Moreover, these speeches, which seemed so absurd to the average American, hardly astonished any one who had lived long in Germany, and especially in Prussia: the doctrines laid down by the young monarch to the recruits were, after all, only what they had heard a thousand times from pulpit and school desk, and are

a logical result of Prussian history and geography. Something, too, must be allowed to a young man gifted, energetic, suddenly brought into so responsible a position, looking into and beyond his empire, seeing hostile nations north, south, east, and west, with elements of unreason fermenting within its own borders, and feeling that the only reliance of his country was on the good right arms of its people, on their power of striking heavily and quickly, and on unquestioning obedience to authority.

In the history of American opinion at this time there was one comical episode. The strongholds of American friendship for Germany have been, for the last sixty years, the American universities and colleges, in so many of which are professors and tutors who, having studied abroad, have brought back a love for the German fatherland. To them there came in those days a curious tractate by a little-known German professor—one of the most curious satires in human history. To all appearance it was simply a biographical study of the young Roman emperor Caligula. It displayed the advantages he had derived from a brave and pious imperial ancestry, and especially from his devout and gifted father; it showed his natural gifts and acquired graces, his versatility, his growing restlessness, his perverted ambition, his contempt of wise counsel, his dismissal of his most eminent minister, his carelessness of thoughtful opinion, his meddling in anything and everything, his displays in the theater and in the temples of the gods, his growth—until the world recognized him simply as a beast of prey, a monster.

The whole narrative was so managed that the young prince who had just come to the German throne seemed the exact counterpart of the youthful Roman monarch—down to the cruel stage of his career: *that* was left to anticipation. The parallels and resemblances between the two were arranged with consummate skill, and whenever there was a passage which seemed to present an exact chronicle of some well-known saying or doing of the modern ruler there would follow an asterisk with a reference to a passage in Tacitus or Suetonius or Dion Cassius or other eminent authority exactly warranting the statement. This piece of historical jugglery ran speedily

through thirty editions, while from all parts of Germany came refutations and counter-refutations by scores, all tending to increase its notoriety. Making a short tour through

mentioned. All it claimed to give, or did give, was the life of Caligula; and certainly there was no crime in writing a condemnatory history of him or of any other imperial



From a photograph by Hills & Saunders in the collection of Robert Coster
Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

EMPEROR WILLIAM II AS PRINCE WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA

Germany at that period, and stopping in a bookseller's shop at Munich to get a copy of this treatise, I was shown a pile of pamphlets, at least a foot high, which it had called out.

Comically enough, its author could not be held responsible for it, since the name of the young Emperor William was never

miscreant who died nearly two thousand years ago. In the American colleges and universities this tractate doubtless made many good friends of Germany uneasy, and it even shocked some excellent men who knew much of Roman history and little of mankind. But gradually common sense resumed its sway. As men began

to think, they began to realize that the modern German Empire resembles in no particular that debased and corrupt mass with which the imperial Roman wretches had to do, and that the new German sovereign in all his characteristics and tendencies was radically a different being from any one of the crazy beasts of prey who held the imperial power during the decline of Rome.

THE EMPEROR'S ACTIVITY

SUNDRY epigrams had also come over to us—among others, the characterization of the three German emperors,—the first William as "Der greise Kaiser," the Emperor Frederick as "Der weise Kaiser," and the second William as "Der reise Kaiser,"—and there were unpleasant murmurs regarding sundry trials for petty treason: but at the same time there was evident, in the midst of American jokes at the young Emperor's expense, a growing feeling that there was something in him; that, at any rate, he was not a fat-witted, Jesuit-ridden, mistress-led monarch of the old Bourbon or Hapsburg sort; that he had "go" in him, some fine impulses evidently; and here and there a quotation from a speech showed insight into the conditions of the present world and aspiration for its betterment.

In another place I have given a general sketch of the conversation at my first presentation to him as ambassador: it strengthened in my mind the impression already formed that he was not a monarch of the old pattern. The talk was not conventional; he was evidently fond of discoursing upon architecture, sculpture, and music, but not less gifted in discussing current political questions; and in various conversations afterward this fact was observable. Conventional talk was reduced to a minimum; the slightest hint was enough to start a line of remark worth listening to.

Opportunities for interviews were many. Beside the usual functions of various sorts, there were interviews by special appointment, and in these the young monarch was neither backward in presenting his ideas nor slow in developing them. The range of subjects which interested him seemed unlimited, but there were some which he evidently preferred; of these were all things relating to ships and shipping, and one of

the first subjects which came up in conversations between us were the books of Captain Mahan, which he discussed very intelligently, awarding great praise to their author, and saying that he required all his naval officers to read them.

Another subject in order was art in all its developments. During the first years of my stay he was erecting the thirty-two historical groups on the Avenue of Victory in the Thiergarten, near my house. My walks took me frequently by them, and they interested me not merely by their execution, but by their historical purpose, commemorating as they do the services of his predecessors and of the strongest men who made their reigns significant during nearly a thousand years. He was always ready to discuss these works at length, whether from the artistic, historical, or educational point of view. Not only to me, but to my wife, he insisted on their value as a means of arousing intelligent patriotism in children and youth. He dwelt with pride on the large number of gifted sculptors in his realm, and his comments on their work were worth listening to. He himself has artistic gifts, which in his earlier days were shown by at least one specimen of his work as a painter in the Berlin Annual Exhibition; and in the window of a silversmith's shop on the Linden I once saw a prize cup for a yacht contest, showing much skill in invention and beauty in form, while near it hung the pencil drawing for it in his own hand.

THE EMPEROR'S INTEREST IN MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

HIS knowledge of music and love for it have been referred to elsewhere in these recollections. Noteworthy was it that his feeling was not at all for music of a thin, showy sort; he seemed to be touched by none of the prevailing fashions, but to cherish a profound love for the really great things in music. This was often shown, as, for example, at the concert at Potsdam to which he invited President and Mrs. Harrison, and in his comments upon the pieces there executed. But the most striking evidence of it was the music in the royal chapel. It has been given me to hear more than once the best music of the Sistine, Pauline, and Lateran choirs at Rome, of the three great choirs at St. Petersburg,

of the chorus at Bayreuth, and of other well-known assemblages under high musical direction: but the cathedral choir at Berlin, in its best efforts, surpassed any of these; and the music, both instrumental and choral, which reverberates under the dome of the imperial chapel at the great anniversaries there celebrated is nowhere excelled. For operatic music of the usual sort he seemed to care little. If a gala opera was to be given, the chances were that he would order the performance of some piece of more historical than musical interest. Hence, doubtless, it was that during my whole stay the opera at Dresden surpassed decidedly that at Berlin, while in the higher realms of music Berlin remained unequalled.

Dramatic art is also another field in which he takes an enlightened interest: he has great reason for doing so, both as a statesman and as a man.

As a result of observation and reflection during a long life touching public men and measures in wide variety, I would desire for my country three things above all others to supplement American civilization: from Great Britain her administration of criminal justice; from Germany her theater; and from any or every European country save Russia, Spain, and Turkey, its government of cities.

As to the second of these desired contributions, ten years in Germany at various periods during an epoch covering now nearly half a century have convinced me that her theater, next after her religious inheritance, gives the best stimulus and sustenance to the better aspirations of her people. Through it, and above all by Schiller, the Kantian ethics have been brought into the thinking of the average man and woman; and not only Schiller, but Lessing, Goethe, Gutzkow, and a long line of others, have given an atmosphere in which ennobling ideals bloom for the German youth, during season after season, as if in the regular course of nature. The dramatic presentation, even in the smallest towns, is, as a rule, good; the theater and its surroundings are entirely free from the abuses and miseries of the stage in English-speaking lands, and, above all, from that all-pervading lubricity and pornographic stench which have made the French theater of the last half of the nineteenth century a main cause in the decadence of the French people. In any

German town of importance one finds the drama a part of the daily life of its citizens, ennobling in its higher ranges, and in all its influence clean and wholesome.

A NOBLE VIEW OF THE THEATER'S MISSION

IT may be added that in no city of any English-speaking country is Shakspeare presented so fully, so well, and to such large and appreciative audiences as in Berlin. All this, and more, the Emperor knows, and he acts upon his knowledge. Interesting was it at various times to see him sitting with his older children at the theater, evidently awakening their interest in dramatic masterpieces; and among these occasions there come back to me specially the evenings when he thus sat, evidently discussing with them the thought and action in Shakspeare's "Julius Cæsar" and "Coriolanus" as presented on the stage before us. I could well imagine his comments on the venom of demagogues, on the despotism of mobs, on the weaknesses of strong men, and on the need, in great emergencies, of a central purpose and firm control. His view of the true character and mission of the theater he has given at various times, and one of his talks with the actors in the Royal Theater shortly after my arrival may be noted as typical. In it occur passages like the following: "When I came into the government, ten years ago, . . . I was convinced that this theater, under the guidance of the monarch, should, like the school and university, have as its mission the development of the rising generation, the promotion of the highest intellectual good in our German fatherland, and the ennobling of our people in mind and character. . . . I beg of you that you continue to stand by me, each in his own way and place, serving the spirit of idealism and waging war against materialism and all un-German corruptions of the stage."

After various utterances showing his steady purpose in the same direction, there came out, in one of the later years of my stay, sundry remarks of his showing a new phase of the same thought, as follows: "The theater should not only be an important factor in education and in the promotion of morals, but it should also present incarnations of elegance, of beauty, of the highest conceptions of art; it should



Drawn by George T. Tobin from the photograph by Reichard & Lindner. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

EMPEROR WILLIAM II IN THE UNIFORM OF THE POTSDAM REGIMENT OF THE GUARDS

not discourage us with sad pictures of the past, with bitter awakenings from illusions, but be purified, elevated, strengthened for presenting the ideal. . . . Our ordinary life gives us every day the most mournful realities, and the modern authors whose pleasure it is to bring these before us upon the stage have accepted an unhealthy mission, and accomplish a discouraging work."

In his desire to see the theater aid in developing German ideals and in enriching German life, he has promoted presentations of the great episodes and personages in German history. Some of these, by Wildenbruch and Lauff, permeated with veins of true poetry, are attractive and ennobling. Of course all were not entirely successful. I recall one which glorified especially a great epoch in the history of the house of Hohenzollern, the comical effect of which on one of my diplomatic colleagues I have mentioned elsewhere; but this, so far as my experience goes, was an exception.

ADVANCED VIEWS ON EDUCATION

ANOTHER subject which came up from time to time was that of archæological investigation. Once, in connection with some talk on German railway enterprises in Asia Minor, I touched upon his great opportunities to make his reign illustrious by services to science in that region. He entered into the subject heartily; it was at once evident that he was awake to its possibilities, and he soon showed me much more than I knew before of what had been done and was doing, but pointed out special difficulties in approaching, at present, some most attractive fields of investigation.

Interesting also were his views of education, and more than once the conversation touched this ground. As to his own academic training, there is ample testimony that he appreciated the main classical authors whom he read in the gymnasium at Cassel; but it was refreshing to hear and to read various utterances of his against gerund-grinding and pedantry. He recognizes the fact that the worst enemies of classical instruction in Germany, as indeed elsewhere, have been they of its own household; and he has stated this view as vigorously as did Sydney Smith in England and Francis Wayland in the United States. Whenever he dwelt on this subject the views which he presented at such length

to the Educational Commission were wont to come out with force and piquancy.

On one occasion our discussion turned upon physical education, and especially upon the value to students of boating. As an old Yale boating man, a member of the first crew which ever sent a challenge to Harvard, and as one who had occasion in the administration of an American university to consider this form of exercise from various standpoints, I may say that his view of its merits and his way of promoting it seemed to me thoroughly sensible.

CITY IMPROVEMENTS IN BERLIN

FROM time to time some mention from me of city improvements observed during my daily walks led to interesting discussion. The city of Berlin is wonderfully well governed and exhibits all those triumphs of modern municipal skill and devotion which are so conspicuously absent, as a rule, from our American cities. While his capital preserves its self-governing powers, it is clear that he purposes to have his full say as to everything within his jurisdiction. There were various examples of this, and one of them especially interested me: the renovation of the Thiergarten. This great park, virtually a gift of the Hohenzollern monarchs, which once lay upon the borders of the city, but is now in the very heart of it, had gradually fallen far short of what it should have been. Even during my earlier stays in Berlin it was understood that some of his predecessors, and especially his father, had desired to change its copse-like and swampy character and give it more of the features of a stately park, but that popular opposition to any such change had always shown itself too bitter and uncompromising. This seemed a great pity, for while there were some fine trees, a great majority of them were so crowded together that there was no chance of broad, free growth either for trees or shrubbery. There was nothing of that exquisitely beautiful play, upon expanses of green turf, of light and shade, through wide-expanded boughs and broad masses of foliage, which gives such delight in any of the finer English or American parks. Down to about half a dozen years since it had apparently been thought best not to interfere; and even when attention was called to the dark, swampy charac-

teristics of much of the Thiergarten, the answer was that it was best to humor the Berliners. But about the beginning of my recent stay, the young Emperor intervened with decision and force. His work was thorough, and as my windows looked out over one corner of this field of his operations, their progress interested me, and the subject was referred to from time to time in our conversations. Interesting was it to note that his energy was all-sufficient; the good burghers seemed to regard his activity as Arabs regard a sand-storm,—as predestined and irresistible,—and the universal verdict now justifies his course, on both sanitary and artistic grounds.

The same thing may be said, on the whole, of the influence he has exerted on the great adornments of his capital city. The position and character of various monuments on which he impressed his ideas, and the laying out and decoration of sundry streets and parks, do credit not merely to his artistic sense, but to his foresight.

This prompt yet wise intervention, actuated by a public spirit not only strong but intelligent, is seen in various other parts of the empire in the preservation and restoration of its architectural glories. When he announced to me at Potsdam his intention to present specimens representative of German architecture and sculpture to the Germanic Museum at Harvard, he showed, in enumerating and discussing the restorations at Marienburg and Naumburg, the bas-reliefs at Halberstadt, the masks and statues of Andreas Schlüter at Berlin, and the Renaissance and rococo work at Lübeck and Dantzic, a knowledge and appreciation worthy of a trained architect and archæologist.

THE EMPEROR'S TASTE IN LITERATURE

As to his feeling for literature, his addresses on various occasions show amply that he has read to good purpose, not only in the best authors of his own country, but of other countries. While there is not the slightest tinge of pedantry in his speeches or talk, there crop out in them evidences of a curious breadth and universality in his reading. His line of reading for amusement was touched when, at the close of an hour of serious official business, an illustration from Rudyard Kipling led him to re-

call many of that author's most striking situations, into which he entered with great zest; and at various other times he cited sayings of Mark Twain which he seemed specially to enjoy. Here it may be mentioned that one may note the same breadth in his love for art; for not only does he rejoice in the higher achievements of architecture, sculpture, and painting, but he takes pleasure in lighter work, and an American may note that he is greatly interested in the popular illustrations of Gibson.

I once asked some of the leading people nearest him how he found time to read over so wide a range, and received answer that it was as much a marvel to them as to me. He himself once told me that he found much time for reading during his hunting excursions.

Nor does he enter various fields of knowledge through books alone. Any noteworthy discovery or gain in any leading field of thought or effort attracts his attention at once, and must be presented to him by some one who ranks among its foremost exponents.

But here it should be specially noted that, active and original as the Emperor is, he is not, and never has been, caught by fads in art, science, literature, or any other field of human activity. The great artists who cannot draw or paint, who therefore despise those who can, and are glorified by those who cannot; the great composers who can give us neither harmony nor melody, and therefore have a fanatical following among those who labor under like disabilities; the great writers who are unable to attain strength, lucidity, or beauty, and therefore secure praise for profundity and occult wisdom—none of these influence him. In these, as in other things, the Hohenzollern sanity asserts itself. He recognizes the fact that normal and healthy progress is by an evolution of the better out of the good, and that the true function of genius in every field is to promote some phase of this evolution either by aiding to create a better environment or by getting sight of higher ideals.

HOHENZOLLERN COMMON SENSE

As to his manner, it is in ordinary intercourse simple, natural, kindly, and direct, and on great public occasions

dignified. I have known scores of our excellent fellow-citizens in little offices who were vastly more assuming. It was once said of a certain United States senator that "one must climb a step-ladder to speak with him"; no one would dream of making any assertion of this sort regarding the present ruler of the Prussian kingdom and German Empire.

But it would be unjust to suppose that minor gifts and acquirements form the whole of his character; they are but a part of its garb. He is certainly developing the characteristics of a successful ruler of men and the solid qualities of a statesman. It was my fortune, from time to time, to hear him discuss at some length current political questions, and his views were presented with knowledge, clearness, and force. There was nothing at all flighty in any of his statements or arguments. There is evidently in him a large fund of that Hohenzollern common sense which has so often happily modified German, and even European, politics. He recognizes, of course, as his ancestors generally have done, that his is a military monarchy, and that Germany is and must remain a besieged camp: hence his close attention to the army and navy. Every one of our embassy military attachés expressed to me surprise at the efficiency of his inspections of troops, of his discrimination between things essential and not essential, and of his insight into current military questions. Even more striking testimony was given to me by our naval attachés, not only as to his minute knowledge of his own navy, but of the navies of other powers, and especially as to the capabilities of various classes of ships and, indeed, of individual vessels. One thoroughly capable of judging told me that he doubted whether any admiral in our service knows more about every American ship of any importance than does the Kaiser. It has been said that his devotion to the German navy is a whim; that view can hardly command respect among those who have noted his labor for years upon its development, and his utterances regarding its connection with the future of his empire. As a simple matter of fact, he recognizes the triumphs of German commercial enterprise, and sees in them a guaranty for the extension of German power, and for a glory more permanent than any likely to be obtained by

military operations in these times. When any candid American studies what has been done, or, rather, what has *not* been done, in his own country, with its immense sea-coast and its many harbors on two oceans, to build up a great merchant navy, and compares it with what has been accomplished during the last fifty years by the steady, earnest, honest enterprise of Germany, with merely its little strip of coast on a northern inland sea, and with only the Hanseatic ports as a basis, he may well have searchings of heart. The "Shipping Trust" seems to be the main outcome of our activity, and lines of the finest steamers ever built, running to all parts of the world, the outcome of theirs. There is a history here which we may well ponder; the young Emperor has not only thought, but acted upon it.

KNOWLEDGE OF MEN

As to yet broader work, the crucial test of a ruler is his ability to select *men*, to stand by them when he has selected them, to decide wisely how far the policy which he has thought out and they have thought out can be fused together for the good of his country. Judged by this test, the young monarch would seem worthy of his position. The men he has called to him in the various ministries are remarkably fit for their places, several of them showing very high capacity and some of them genius.

As to his relation to the legislative bodies, it is sometimes claimed that he has lost much by his too early and open proclamation of his decisions, intentions, and wishes, and it can hardly be denied that something must be pardoned to the ardor of his patriotic desire to develop the empire in all its activities; but, after all due allowance has been made, there remains undeniable evidence of his statesmanlike ability to impress his views upon the national and state legislatures. A leading member of one of the parliamentary groups, very frequently in opposition to government measures, said to me: "After all, it is impossible for us to resist him; he knows Germany so well, and his heart is so thoroughly in his proposals, that he is sure to gain his points sooner or later."

An essential element of strength in this respect is his acquaintance with men and things in every part of his empire. Evi-

dences of this were frequent in his public letters and telegrams to cities, towns, groups, and individuals. Nor was it "meddling and muddling." If any fine thing was done in any part of the empire, he seemed the first to take notice of it. Typical of his breadth of view were the cases of various ship captains and others who showed heroism in remote parts of the world, his telegram of hearty approval being usually the first thing they received on coming within reach of it, and substantial evidence of his gratitude meeting them later.

On the other hand, as to his faculty for minute observation and prompt action upon it, a captain of one of the great liners between Hamburg and New York told me that when his ship was ready to sail the Emperor came on board, looked it over, and after approving various arrangements said dryly: "Captain, I had thought you too old a sailor to let people give you square corners to your tables."

The captain quietly acted upon this hint, and when, many months later, the Kaiser revisited the ship he said: "Well, captain, I am glad to see that you have rounded the corners of your tables."

He is certainly a working man. The record of each of his days at Berlin or Potsdam, as given in the press, shows that every hour from dawn to long after dusk brings its duties—duties demanding wide observation, close study, concentration of thought, and decision. Nor is his attention bounded by German interests. He is a keen student of the world at large. At various interviews there was ample evidence of his close observation of the present President of the United States, and of appreciation of his doings and qualities; so, too, when the struggle for decent government in New York was going on, he showed an intelligent interest in Mr. Seth Low; and in various other American matters there was recognition of the value of any important stroke of good work done by our countrymen.

THE EMPEROR AND THE HAGUE CONFERENCE

As to his view of international questions, I recall two occasions when he gave me an opportunity to judge of it.

The first of these was during the troubles in Cyprus between the Greeks and the

Turks. As I talked one evening with one of my colleagues who represented a power especially interested in the matter, the Emperor came up and at once entered into the discussion. He stated the position of various powers in relation to it, and suggested a line of conduct. There was straightforward good sense in his whole contention, a refreshing absence of conventionalities, and a very clear insight into realities, with a shrewd forecast of the result. More interesting to me was another conversation, in the spring of 1899. As the time drew near for the sessions of the Peace Conference at The Hague, I was making preparations for leaving Berlin to take up my duty in that body, when one morning there appeared at the embassy a special messenger from the Emperor, requesting me to come to him. My reception was hearty, and he plunged at once into the general subject by remarking: "What the conference will most need is good common sense, and I have sent Count Münster, my ambassador at Paris, because he has lots of it." With this preface, he went very fully into the questions likely to come before the conference, speaking in regard to the attitude of the United States and of the various powers of Europe and Asia with a frankness, fullness, and pungency which at times rather startled me. On the relations between the United States, Germany, and Great Britain he was specially full. Very suggestive also were his remarks regarding questions in the far East, and especially on the part likely to be played by Japan and China, the interest of different powers in these questions being presented in various aspects, some of them decidedly original and suggestive. While there were points on which we could hardly agree, there were some suggestions which proved to be of special value, and to one of them is due the fact that on most questions the German delegates at The Hague stood by the Americans, and that on the most important question of all they finally, after a wide divergence from our view, made common cause with us. I regret that the time has not come when it is permissible to give his conversation in detail; it treated a multitude of current topics, and even burning questions, with statesmanlike breadth, and at the same time with the shrewdness of a man of the world. There were in it sundry personal touches which interested me, among others

a statement regarding Cecil Rhodes, the South African magnate, and a reference to sundry doings and sayings of his own which had been misrepresented, especially in England. One point in this was specially curious. He said: "Some people find fault with me for traveling so much; but this is part of my business: I try to know my empire and my people—to see for myself what they need and what is going on, what is doing and who are doing it. It is my duty also to know men and countries outside the empire. I am not like ——" (naming a sovereign well known in history), "who never stirred out of his house if he could help it, and so let men and things go on as they pleased."

INTEREST IN LEADERS AMONG MEN

THIS union of breadth and minuteness in his view of his empire and of the world is, perhaps, his most striking characteristic. It may be safely said that at any given moment he knows directly, or will shortly know, the person and work of every man in his empire who is really taking the lead in anything worthy of special study or close attention. The German court is considered very exclusive, but one constantly saw at its assemblages men noted in worthy fields from every part of Germany and, indeed, of Europe. Herein is a great difference between the German and the Russian court. If at St. Petersburg I wished to make the acquaintance of a man noted in science, literature, or art, he must be found at professorial gatherings across the Neva; he never appeared in the throng of military and civil officials at the Winter Palace; but at Berlin such men took an honored place at the court among those whom the ruler sought out and was glad to converse with.

As to the world outside the empire, but one other sovereign compares with him in personal acquaintance with leaders in every field of worthy activity. It was interesting from time to time to look over the official lists of his guests at breakfast, or luncheon, or dinner, or supper, or at military exercises, or at the theater; for they usually embraced men noted in civil, ecclesiastical, or military affairs, in literature, science, art, commerce, or industry, from every nation. One class was conspicuous by its absence

at all such gatherings, large or small—namely, the *merely rich*. Rich men there were, but they were always men who had done something of marked value to their country or to mankind; for the mere "fatty tumors" of the financial world he evidently cared nothing.

A special characteristic in the German ruler is independence of thought. This quality should not be confounded, as it often is, with mere offhand decision based upon prejudices or whimsies. One example, which I have given elsewhere,¹ may be here referred to as showing that his rapid judgments are based upon clear insight—his *own* insight, and not that of others. On receiving news of the destruction of the *Maine* at Havana, he at once asked me whether the explosion was from the outside; and from first to last, against the opinions of his admirals and captains, insisted that it must have been so.

THE EMPEROR'S FERTILE MIND

HE is certainly, in the opinion of all who know him, impulsive; indeed, a very large proportion of his acts which strike the attention of the world seem the result of impulse; but, as a rule, it will be found that beneath these impulses is a calm judgment. Even when this seems not to be the case, they are likely to appeal all the more strongly to humanity at large. Typical was his impulsive proposal to make up to the Regent of Bavaria the art appropriation denied by sundry unpatriotic bigots. Its immediate result was a temporary triumph for the common enemy, but it certainly drew to the Emperor the hearts of an immense number of people, not only inside but outside his empire, and in the long run it will doubtless be found to have wrought powerfully for right reason. As an example of an utterance of his which, to many, might seem the result of a momentary impulse, but which reveals sober contemplation of problems looming large before the United States as well as Germany, I may cite a remark made in 1903 to an American eminent in public affairs. He said: "You in America may do what you please, but I will not suffer capitalists in Germany to suck the life out of the workingmen, and then fling them like squeezed lemon-skins into the gutter."

¹ See page 307 of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for December, 1904.

Any one who runs through the printed volume of his speeches will see that he is fertile in ideas on many subjects, and knows how to impress them upon his audiences. His voice and manner are good, and at times there are evidences of deep feeling, showing the man beneath the garb of the sovereign. This was specially the case in his speech at the coming of age of his son. The audience was noteworthy, there being present the Austrian Emperor, members of all the great ruling houses of Europe, the foremost men in contemporary German history, and the diplomatic representatives of foreign powers—an audience representing wide differences in points of view and in customary lines of thought; yet no one could fail to be impressed by sundry references to the significance of the occasion.

HIS RELIGIOUS FEELING

EVEN the most rapid sketch of the Emperor would be inadequate without some reference to his religious views. It is curious to note that while Frederick the Great is one of the gods of his idolatry, the two monarchs are separated by a whole orb of thought in their religious theories and feelings. While a philosophical observer may see in this the result of careful training, in view of the evident interests of the monarchy in these days, he must none the less acknowledge the reality and depth of those feelings in the present sovereign. No one who has observed his conduct and utterances, and especially no one who has read his sermon and prayer on the deck of one of his war-ships just at the beginning of the Chinese War, can doubt that there is in his thinking a genuine substratum of religious feeling. It is true that at times one is reminded of the remark made to an American ecclesiastic by an eminent German theological professor regarding that tough old monarch, Frederick William I—namely, that his religion was “of an Old Testament type.” Of course the religion of the present Emperor is of a type vastly higher than that of his ancestor, whose savagery and cruelties to the youth who afterward became the great Frederick have been depicted in the memoirs of the Margravine of Bayreuth; but there remains clearly in the religion of the present Emperor a certain Old Testament character—

a feeling of direct reliance upon the Almighty, a consciousness of his own part in guiding a chosen people, and a readiness, if need be, to smite the Philistines. One phase of this feeling appears in the music at the great anniversaries, when the leading men of the empire are brought together beneath the dome of the palace church. The anthems executed by the bands and choirs, and the great chorals sung by the congregation, breathe anything but the spirit of the Sermon on the Mount; they seem rather to echo the grim old battle hymns of the Thirty Years' War and the war in the Netherlands.

Yet it must be said that there goes with this a remarkable feeling of justice to his subjects of other confessions than his own, and a still more remarkable breadth of view as regards the relations of modern science to what is generally held as orthodox theology. The fearlessness with which he recently summoned Professor Delitzsch to unfold to him and to his family and court the newly revealed relations of Assyrian research to biblical study, which gave such alarm in highly orthodox circles, and the fairness which he showed in estimating these researches, certainly showed breadth of mind as well as trust in what he considered the fundamental verities of religion.

JUSTICE TO ROMAN CATHOLIC SUBJECTS

A GOOD example of the curious union, in his mind, of religious feeling, tolerance, and shrewd policy is shown in various dealings with his Roman Catholic subjects. Of course he is not ignorant that his very existence as King of Prussia and German Emperor is a thorn in the side of the Roman curia; he knows, as every thinking German knows, that, with the possible exception of the British monarchy, no other is so hated by the Vatican magnifici as his own. He is perfectly aware of the part taken in that quarter against his country and dynasty at all times, and especially during the recent wars; and yet all this seems not to influence him in the slightest as regards justice to his Roman Catholic subjects. He does, indeed, resist the return of the Jesuits into the empire,—his keen insight forbids him to return to the policy of Frederick the Great in this respect,—but his dealings with the Roman Catholic Church at large show not merely

wisdom but kindness. If he felt bound to resist, and did successfully resist, the efforts of Cardinal Rampolla to undermine German rule and influence in Alsace and Lorraine, there was a quiet fairness and justice in his action which showed a vast deal of tolerant wisdom. His visits to the old Abbey of Laach, his friendly relations with its young abbot, his settlement of a vexed question by the transfer of the abbot to the bishopric of Metz, his bringing of a loyal German into episcopal power at Strasburg, his recent treatment of the prince bishop of Breslau and the archbishop of Cologne, all show a wise breadth of view. Perhaps one of the brightest diplomatic strokes in his career was in his dealing with a Vatican question during his journey in the East. For years there had been growing up in world politics the theory that France, no matter how she may deal with monks and nuns and ultramontane efforts within her own immediate boundaries, is their protector in all the world beside, and especially in the Holy Land. The relation of this theory to the Crimean War, fifty years ago, is one of the curious things of history; and from that day to this it has seemed to be hardening more and more into a fixed policy—even into something like a doctrine of international law. Interesting was it, then, to see the Emperor, on his visit to the Sultan, knock the ground from under the feet of this doctrine by securing for the Roman Catholic interest at Jerusalem what the French had never been able to obtain—the piece of ground at the Holy City, so long coveted by pious Catholics, whereon, according to tradition, once stood the lodging of the Virgin Mary. This the Emperor quietly obtained of the Sultan, and, after assisting at the dedication of a Lutheran church at Jerusalem, telegraphed to the Pope and to other representatives of the older church that he had made a gift of this sacred site to those who had so long and so ardently desired it.

THE EMPEROR'S THEORY OF MONARCHY

CONSIDERABLE criticism has been made on the score of his evident appreciation of his position and his theory of his relation to it; but when his point of view is cited, one perhaps appreciates it more justly. I have already shown this point of view in the account of the part taken by him at the

two-hundredth anniversary of the Royal Academy, and of his remark afterward, contrasting his theory of monarchy with that of Dom Pedro of Brazil. Jocular as was the manner of it, it threw light upon the idea which he holds of his duty in the state. While a constitutional monarch, he is not so in the British sense. British constitutional monarchy is made possible by the "silver streak"; but around the German Empire, as every German feels in his heart, is no silver streak. This fact should be constantly borne in mind by those who care really to understand the conditions of national existence on the continent of Europe. Herein lies the answer to one charge that has been so often made against the German Emperor—that of undue solicitude regarding his official and personal position, as seen in sundry petty treason trials. The simple fact is that German public opinion, embodied in German law, has arrived at the conclusion that it is not best to allow the head of the state to be the sport of every crank or blackguard who can wield a pen or pencil. The view which allowed Lincoln, Garfield, and McKinley to be attacked in all the moods and tenses of vituperation, and to be artistically portrayed as tyrants, drunkards, beasts of prey, reptiles, devils, has not yet been received into German modes of thought. Luther said that he "would not suffer any man to treat the gospel as a sow treats a sack of oats"; and that seems to be the feeling inherent in the German mind regarding the treatment of those who represent the majesty of the nation.

And here a word regarding the relation of Kaiser and people. In one of the letters to John Adams written by Thomas Jefferson, as they both were approaching the close of life, the founder of American democracy declared that he had foreseen the failure of French popular rule, and had therefore favored in France, democrat though he was, a constitutional monarchy. Had Jefferson lived in our time, he would doubtless have arrived at a similar conclusion regarding Germany; for he would have taken account of the difference between a country like ours, with no long period of history which has given to dominant political ideas a religious character,—a country stretching from ocean to ocean, with no neighbors to make us afraid,—and a country like Germany, with an ancient his-

toric head, with no natural frontiers, and beset on every side by enemies; and he would doubtless have taken account also of the fact that were the matter submitted to popular vote, the present sovereign, with his present powers, would be the choice of an overwhelming majority of the German people. The German imperial system, like our own American republican system, is the result of an evolution during many generations—an evolution which has produced the present government, decided its character, fixed its form, allotted its powers, and decided on the men at the head of it; and this fact an American, no matter how devoted to republicanism and democracy in his own country, may well acknowledge to be a fact as fixed in the political as in the physical world.

HIS ATTITUDE TOWARD PARLIAMENT

OF course some very bitter charges have been made against him as regards Germany, the main one being that he does not love parliamentary government and has, at various times, infringed upon the constitution of the empire.

As to loving parliamentary government, he would probably say that he cannot regard a system as final which, while attaching to the front of the chariot of progress a full team to pull it forward, attaches another team to the rear to pull it backward. But whatever his theory, he has in practice done his best to promote the efficiency of parliamentary government and to increase respect for it in his kingdom of Prussia, by naming as life-members of the Senate sundry men of the highest character and of immense value in the discussion of the most important questions. Two of these, appointed during my stay, I knew and admired. The first—Professor Gustav Schmoller, formerly rector of the University of Berlin—is one of the leading economists of the world, who has shown genius in studying and exhibiting the practical needs of the German people, and in discerning the best solutions of similar problems throughout the world—profound, eloquent, conciliatory, sure to be of immense value as a senator. The second—Professor Slaby, director of the great technical institution of Germany at Charlottenburg—is one of the leading authorities of the world on everything that pertains to

the applications of electricity—a great administrator, a wise counselor on questions pertaining to the German educational system. Neither of these men orates, but both are admirable speakers, and are sure to be of incalculable value. I name them simply as types, for others were appointed, similarly distinguished in other fields. If, then, the Emperor is blamed for not liking parliamentary and party government, it is only fair to say that he has taken the surest way to give it strength and credit.

As to the alleged violations of the German constitution, the same, in a far higher degree, were charged against Kaiser William I and Bismarck, and these charges were true; but it is also true that thereby those men saved and built up their country. As a matter of fact, both the intuitive sense and the reflective powers of Germans show them that the real dangers to their country come from a very different quarter—from men who promote hatreds of race, class, and religion within the empire, and historic international hatreds without it.

HIS FEELING TOWARD THE UNITED STATES

So, too, various charges have been made against the Emperor as regards the United States. From time to time there came, during my stay, statements in sundry American newspapers, some belligerent, some lacrymose, regarding his attitude toward our country. It seemed to be taken for granted by many good people during our Spanish War that the Emperor was personally against us. It is not unlikely that he may have felt for that forlorn, widowed Queen Regent of Spain making so desperate a struggle to save the kingdom for her young son. If so, he but shared a feeling common to a very large part of humanity, for certainly there have been few more pathetic situations; but that he really cared anything for the success of Spain is exceedingly doubtful. The Hohenzollern common sense in him must have been for years vexed at the folly and fatuity of Spanish policy. He probably inherits the feeling of his father, who, when visiting the late Spanish monarch a few years before his death, showed a most kindly personal feeling toward Spain and its ruler, and an intense interest in various phases of art developed in the Spanish peninsula,

but in his diary let fall remarks which showed his feeling toward the whole existing Spanish system. One of these I recall specially. Passing a noted Spanish town, he

terical publicists and meddlesome statesmen of the Continent proposed measures against what they thought the dangerous encroachments of our republic, he quietly,



From a photograph by T. H. Voight

THE GERMAN EMPRESS (AUGUSTA VICTORIA OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN)

remarks: "Here are ten churches, twenty monasteries, and not a single school." No Hohenzollern is likely to waste much sympathy on a nation which brings on its fate by preferring monasticism to education; and never during the Spanish War did the Emperor or his government, to my knowledge, show the slightest leaning toward our enemies. Certain it is that when sundry hy-

but resolutely and effectually, put his foot upon them.

Another complaint sometimes heard in America really amounts to this: that the Emperor is pushing German interests in all parts of the world, and is not giving himself much trouble about the interests of other countries. There may be truth in this, but the complainants evidently never

stop to consider that every thinking man in every nation would despise him were it otherwise.

HIS QUARREL WITH VENEZUELA

YET another grievance, a little time since, was that, apparently with his approval, his ships of war handled sundry Venezuelans with decided roughness. This was true enough, and ought to warm every honest man's heart.

The main facts in the case were these: a petty South American "republic," after a long series of revolutions,—one hundred and four in seventy years, Lord Lansdowne tells us,—was enjoying peace and the beginnings of prosperity. Thanks to the United States, it had received from an international tribunal the territory to which it was entitled, was free from disturbance at home or annoyance abroad, and was under a regular government sanctioned by its people. Suddenly one man started another so-called "revolution." Like the men of his sort who so often afflict republics in the equatorial regions of South America, he had no hesitation in confiscating the property and taking the lives not only of such of his fellow-citizens as he thought dangerous to himself, but also of those whom he thought likely to become so. He made the public treasury his own, and doubtless prepared the way, as so many other patriots of his sort in such republics have done, for retirement into a palace at Paris, with ample funds for enjoying the pleasures of that capital, after he, like so many others, shall have been in turn kicked out of his country by some new bandit stronger than he.

So far so good. If the citizens of Venezuela like or permit that sort of thing, outside nations have no call to interfere; but this petty despot, having robbed, maltreated, and even murdered citizens of his own country, proceeded to maltreat and rob citizens of other countries, and among them those of the German Empire. He was at first asked in diplomatic fashion to desist and to make amends, but to such appeals he simply showed contempt. His purpose was evidently to treat as he chose German subjects within his reach, and to cheat all his German creditors beyond his reach. At this the German government, as every government in similar circumstances is bound to do, demanded redress,

and sent ships to enforce the demand. This was perfectly legitimate; but immediately there arose in the United States an outcry against a "violation of the Monroe Doctrine." As a matter of fact, the Monroe Doctrine was no more concerned than was the doctrine of the Perseverance of the Saints. As one who, at the Hague Conference, was able to do something for the recognition of the Monroe Doctrine by European powers, and who, as a member of the Venezuelan Commission, did what was possible to secure justice to Venezuela, I take this opportunity to express the opinion that the time has come for plain speaking in this matter. Even with those of us who believe in the Monroe Doctrine there begins to arise a question as to which are nearest the interests and the hearts of Americans—the sort of "dumb, driven cattle" who allow themselves to be governed by such men as now control Venezuela, or the people of Germany and other civilized parts of Europe, as well as those of the better South American republics like Chile, the Argentine Republic, Brazil, and others, whose interests, aspirations, ideals, and feelings are so much more closely akin to our own.

Occasionally, too, there have arisen plaintive declarations that the Emperor does not love the United States or admire its institutions. As to that, I never saw or heard of anything showing dislike to our country; but, after all, he is a free man, and there is nothing in international law or international comity requiring him to love the United States; it is sufficient that he respects what is respectable in our government and people, and we may fairly allow to him his opinion on sundry noxious and nauseous developments among us which we hope may prove temporary. It has been often proved that he admires and respects the men in the United States who do things worth doing and say things worth saying; that he takes a deep interest in those features of our policy or achievements of our people which are to our credit; that he enjoys the best of our literature; that he respects every true American soldier and sailor, every American statesman or scholar or writer or worker of any sort who really accomplishes anything for our country.

To sum up his position in contemporary history: as the German nation is the result of an evolution of individual and national

character in obedience to resistless inner forces and to its environment, so, out of the medley of imperial and royal Hohensaufens, Hapsburgs, Wittelsbachs, Wettins, Guelphs, and the like, have arisen, as

neighbors, has become a great power in arms, in art, in science, in literature; a fortress of high thought; a guardian of civilization; the natural ally of every nation which seeks the better development



From a photograph by E. Bieher

EMPEROR WILLIAM IN THE UNIFORM OF THE FIRST HUSSARS OF THE GUARDS

by a survival of the fittest, the Hohenzollerns. These have given to the world various strong types, and especially such as the Great Elector, Frederick II, and William I. Mainly under them and under men trained or selected by them, Germany, from a great confused mass of warriors and thinkers and workers, militant at cross-purposes, wearing themselves out in vain struggles, and preyed upon by malevolent

of humanity. The young monarch who is now at its head—original, yet studious of the great men and deeds of the past; brave, yet conciliatory; never allowing the mail-clad fist to become unnerved, but none the less devoted to the conquests of peace; standing firmly on realities, but with a steady vision of ideals—seems likely to add a new name to the list of those who have advanced the world.

KALAUN, THE ELEPHANT-TRAINER

A STORY OF THE EGYPTIAN COLONY IN NEW YORK

BY MARGHERITA ARLINA HAMM

Author of "Ghetto Silhouettes," "'The Camel of Jesus,'" etc.

WITH PICTURES BY JAY HAMBIDGE

LITTLE Nasir stood on a table in the café, dense with the fumes of narghiles and scented cigarettes, and declaimed shrilly, "My Country, 't is of

Thee," which he had just learned in the public school. He was nine years old, but he made brave gestures and pronounced every syllable as it should be.

The swarthy auditors pounded the tables, clapped their hands, and cried out encouragements in the Arabic dialect.

"It is wonderful—wonderful!" said the lean proprietor.

"I could not talk it better," cried the small-chinned interpreter from Cairo. "'Mie contree,' 't is of zee, swit land of liberté'—he is perfect."

"Kalaun Usertesén, thou art a lucky father," declared a pudgy man with black hair and sly eyes who had killed sixteen Turks in Syria.

"Thanks, brothers, thanks! It is my treat. Host, fetch us coffee and brandy and fresh narghiles. Mahabitcum! Good-fellowship to all!"

"Mahabitcum!" chorused the men, smacking their lips.

"The lad will be a soldier—a terror to the enemies of the fatherland," voiced the Turk-slayer. "Ah, yes; his fingers are apt for the trigger and the knife."

"Better for the elephant-hook," said another. "He will follow the paternal trade."

"Not so!" roared the father, wild with delight. "It is good to be a soldier or to train the elephants, but my son will be a citizen of the great United States. That shall be his trade."

"A member of the government, thou wouldst say?" asked the interpreter.

"How do I know? A citizen of the United States may be what he pleases—anything!"

"Father," piped little Nasir, "thy speech is

neither good Arabic nor good English."

"Hey? Well, thou shalt teach me, O scholar! Thou shalt become wise and instruct thy ignorant sire."

Kalaun leaped up, a bull-necked, short giant with the coppery face, almond eyes,





Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"THUS THEY PARADED ROUND THE SMOKY ROOM"



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by S. Davis

"A MAN IN EVENING DRESS PROCLAIMED HIS WONDERFUL HISTORY"

wide nose, high cheek-bones, and black hair of the ancient Copt. He extended an arm as massive as the trunk of a tree. The boy straddled it, clutching the big fist, and thus they paraded round the smoky room amid plaudits.

The waiter brought more little cups of coffee, amber-hued and as thick as syrup; brandy in wicker flasks; strange sweetmeats; and live coals at tongs' end to re-light the gurgling water-pipes, which three men smoked by different stems. The flaring gas-jets, eking out the feeble window rays, showed on the dark paneled walls pictures of Abraham Lincoln and fezzed pashas, a battle-scene from the Greek war of independence, a print of the desert at night, and a photograph of ruined Karnak. One of the pashas, probably a tyrant, had a jellied crumb on the tip of his nose.

"'Mie contree, 't is of zee, swit land of liberté,'" murmured the interpreter, fingering the pieces, like chess pawns, on the dama-board. "Wilt thou play a game, Kalaun?"

"No, thanks; that is too much skill. I prefer tavoli, where the dice give chances as in life. But we are going."

He lifted his son on his shoulder, tossed off some brandy amid final "Good-fellowships," and went into the street, where it was broad daylight and a smell of salt water and tar came from the adjacent wharves. A yellow horse-car jangled through the press of trucks; the sidewalk was held by loafing stevedores and bustling foreigners. At the southern end of the

street appeared the greenery of Battery Park and the brownstone Aquarium.

"This is a day of triumph, Nasir," said Kalaun. "Eh, look out for that sign! We will buy some presents for thy exquisite mother, and to-night thou shalt behold my performance with the jungle brothers at the theater."

"I will love to see thee," replied the boy, patting the thick neck. His little brown eyes blinked in the sun.

Near by, in a street just two blocks long, the center of the Egyptian colony, they entered a shop that had iron-barred windows and contained marvels of every sort. After much haggling and half-jocular threats, a bargain was struck on a red-glass narghile, meerschaum bowl, and silver mouthpiece; also a silk shawl of green pattern, embroidered with gold thread. Kalaun wanted to buy Arabic school-books and poems for his son, but learned that this was unsuitable. The shopkeeper tempted Nasir with two colored marbles without price; the boy resolutely chose a bottle of ink instead.

They lived a few doors beyond, on the top floor of a building that overlooked the water-front masts and the river filled with noisy shipping, beyond which loomed the roofs of railroad stations. It was a cozy home of four rooms, laid with rugs of high color, with silks on the walls; and with the bath-tub used as an aquatic garden of papyrus, white lotus, and rose lotus, which bloomed continually and sent out delicate fragrance. What other or better use for a bath-tub?

"We bring thee gifts, O princess! beloved Teye!"

The princess examined the offerings coolly, put on one, and began to smoke the other. She permitted herself to be hugged as if it were in the day's work. A swarthy, lithe-bodied little woman, she refused to learn English, cared nothing for free institutions, and could not understand her husband's enthusiasm over the boy's progress in Americanism. Propped up by cushions on the divan, nibbling sweetmeats with white teeth, she reminded one of a lazy squirrel. She licked her vermilion lips with a dainty tongue.

Kalaun adored her only next to Nasir. He usually asked permission for a kiss, and did not sulk if it was denied.

"Why do you treat your wife so well?" asked a friend one day. "Too much gentleness is not good for women and elephants."

"It may be," he replied; "but I risked my life for Teye; moreover, she is beautiful, and begot *him*."

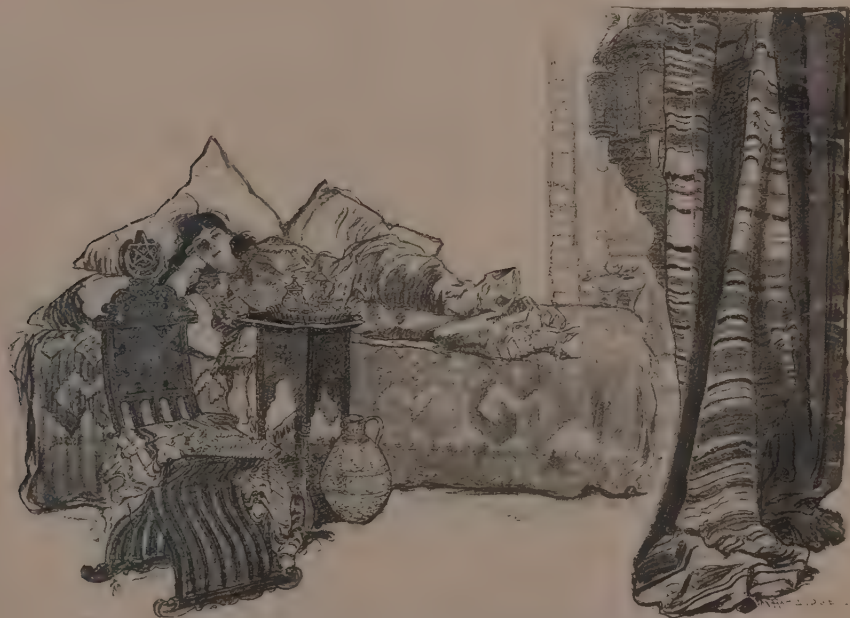
That night the boy sat in a box at the variety theater, entranced with joy, and joined in the thunderous applause that

greeted his father's deeds. Kalaun first came on alone, clad in pink tights and a velvet jacket, and made poses showing his mighty-muscled back and the jutting biceps of his bronze arms. A man in evening dress proclaimed his wonderful history—that he was born of Abyssinian parents, twisted rifle-barrels as a baby, had fought Bedouins in the Soudan, been master of the hunt to the Sultan, escaped from a sack thrown into the sea, and held office under the Nawab of Peshawur, in whose dominions he had broken an elephant's back with a blow of the fist. Kalaun grinned, suspecting that the man talked falsehoods, but not feeling responsible for them.

Three great beasts then walked solemnly on the stage, swinging their trunks, and fell on their knees in obeisance. The middle one squealed hoarsely as he was jabbed by the hook for having his back to the audience.

"Hush, brother! Thou art not hurt. Up—up on thy hind legs. Sister, take his arm and march. Do not fear; the platform is solid."

The elephants stood on their leathery



Drawn by Jay Hambidge. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"ON A DIVAN UNDER A KIOSK SHE LAY BASKING LIKE A PRINCESS"

foreheads, lay on their backs, with four feet upright like posts, pretended to beat one another with whips, waltzed in large cotton skirts, shot pistols with their trunks, rolled cannon-balls under their hoofs. played seesaw, and passed their master loftily through the air. They peeled bananas and drank out of bottles; they stood side by side while Kalaun did gymnastic feats, turning somersaults over their bodies and vaulting over the tallest with one hand. Finally there was a tug-of-war, with a manila cable, between master and animals. They sat on their haunches and pulled lustily, trumpeting; but he seemed to pull better, and they fell forward.

"Brothers," he said to them afterward, as usual, "I apologize to you for this foolish trick, which pleases the public. The wise know which is stronger."

With the advent of summer Kalaun became proprietor of the papier-mâché Streets of Cairo at the seaside, employing many needy countrymen and having a large troupe of elephants and camels. This was a truly glorious life, all in the open. There were silken tents and gay banners, palm-trees, turbaned sheiks, dancing-girls with rings through their lips, and weird crashing tunes to which the men chanted, "ta-ta—tah—ta—ta-ta." Sometimes Nasir was allowed to ride on the beautifully caparisoned elephants, a vantage whence he spouted, "My Country," with great effect. The in-

terpreter with the small chin, who was employed as barker and professor, would introduce him to visitors, saying:

"Onlee nyan 'ars old. He spik perfect Eengliz as myzself."



"KALAUN STOOD WITH ARM
OUTSTRETCHED"

Teye felt at home here, where everything was familiar and the sun hot. On a divan under a kiosk she lay basking like a princess in gauze and beads and gold anklets, her tiny green slippers having their points curled, her face decently veiled, and part of her shapely stomach visible, as is proper east of Gibraltar. She nibbled sweetmeats, smoked the water-pipe, and took little Nasir to the theater, where she could hear again the temple music of her youth.

II

Six years had passed. Father and son were left alone; for Teye, consumed by the chill of Northern winters, had departed silently and gracefully, as she had lived. Kalaun mourned for her, the beautiful princess, whom he hardly dared to kiss when she could refuse no longer; he lay prostrate a day and a night on her grave

in the place called Cypress Hills, until the police sent him away. But he found dear consolation in his son, a tall, lithe figure with the paternal snub-nose, a student in the highest grade of the public school, a keen-witted young American, who strove to impart knowledge and culture to his father.

"I am stupid, I shall ever be stupid, O Nasir; but I rejoice the more in thy progress."

One or two strange things had happened lately. Kalaun had an offer from the managers of a Western exposition to go to Egypt and collect exhibits. Nasir thought it was a fine chance, his mind inflamed by what he had read of his father's birthplace near Girgeh, — the limitless yellow sands, the pyramids that dwarfed all modern buildings, the gay caravans, date-trees and palms, and the fruitful Nile, — to hear the grunt of the sacred crocodile, and see the ibis winging the eternal blue sky of the Pharaohs! But, without apparent reason, Kalaun refused the offer, and almost became angry when the boy urged him.

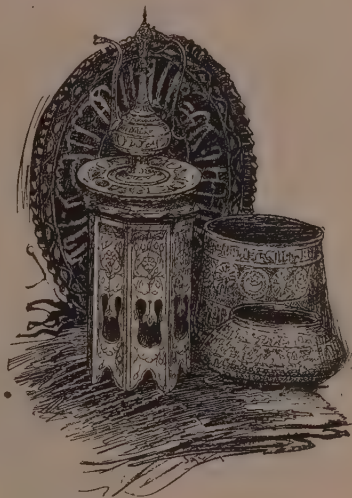
Moreover, on the nights when there was no performance at the theater, Kalaun had the habit of leaving home and being gone for several hours. Where did he go? Not to the café or to any place in the colony. When asked point-blank, he replied evasively that it was to get the fresh air. Nasir felt vaguely that these midnight trips were connected with his father's irreligion, since the latter would not attend the church or join the Sunday-school where the son found so much profit. Incidentally, Nasir could not make up his mind whether to love the blonde Sunday-school teacher with the lisp, or the dark teacher with the curl in the public school. Both were lovely, twice as old as he, and they duly filled him with Western knowledge and religion.

One night Nasir followed his father, but more by chance than design. They went a long way up the water-front until they came to an open pier that jutted into

the river farther than any other. Kalaun sped past the watchman's shanty and disappeared in the gloomy path between mountains of freight. The boy hesitated a moment, fearing many things, then likewise slipped by the watchman. He saw nothing until he came to the very end of the pier.

It was a moon-

less night; a thousand stars were twinkling against the black velvet of the sky. The dark tide raced swiftly below, reflecting stray gleams of the constellations from



oilily patches, gurgling and moaning through the piles, rippling and sobbing with multiplied voices. Far across the river shone the electric signs of the railroad stations. No place could have been more solitary and awesome.

Kalaun stood with arm outstretched, his face thrown up to the host of eternal stars. He muttered softly, waved his arms, bowed low with backward steps, fell upon his face in a curious posture, and rose to gaze as before. His guttural whispers mingled with the voice of the dark river.

Not understanding, more frightened than if he had seen his father commit a crime, the boy crept away and regained the street, where he waited under an arc-lamp. It was a relief to see usual things going on—a drunken stevedore cuffed by a policeman, and haggling between an all-night fruit-vender and his customer. Perhaps the shadows on the pier had deceived vision? It was some one else.

"Ah, Nasir; why art thou here? It was wrong to follow."

"I saw thee, father," gasped the boy.

"What didst thou see?"

"E-e-everything."

"Well, what does it matter?" replied the other, after some hesitation. "I prac-



tise the custom of my ancestors. It is hundreds—aye, thousands—of years established."

"I do not understand."

"Thus we worship the stars. Maybe my ritual is imperfect, there being no priests here and memory uncertain. An aged hermit, wise and holy, who outwardly practised both the Muslim and the Yesu faith, taught me somewhat of the ancient mystery. This I know—one must prepare for the trial before Osiris in the under-world, passing the lean river-horse who guards the gate. The heart is weighed in the scales, and the good ascend to the realm of Ahlu."

He also spoke dimly of the doctrine of mummies and the homeless ghosts of evil folk, the immortality of the soul and its transmigration. Nasir was astonished, confused.

"But thou didst worship formerly in the incense church with my mother."

"No harm. That is a good religion, too. I have always yearned after the ancestral faith, and the elephants behave better when I have worshiped the stars."

"It is a mistake, my father. The books tell that they are like our sun and earth, only a few million miles away."

"The green and yellow are especially beneficent. Have the bookmen eyes better than mine? Can they see more clearly?"

"Yes, with telescopes—cunning instruments."

"My ancestors had instruments also, and studied the sky for thousands of years."

"Come with me to the school and look through the telescope."

"I do not wish it, Nasir. It is not fitting."

"Oh, father, you want me to be an American, but you believe in dead gods, a false religion."

"Only for myself," replied the other, gently. "I desire thee to please thyself with the incense church, which the princess favored. It is the most venerable branch of the Yesu faith, being older than Roman, Armenian, or Greek."

"How can you praise one, yet believe in the other! Is there a temple to the star-gods? No; nothing at all."

"If the worshippers are few, my son, the greater are the portions of blessing to be divided among them."

"But the stars are like us. They are dying all the time. They get cold and dark and perish."

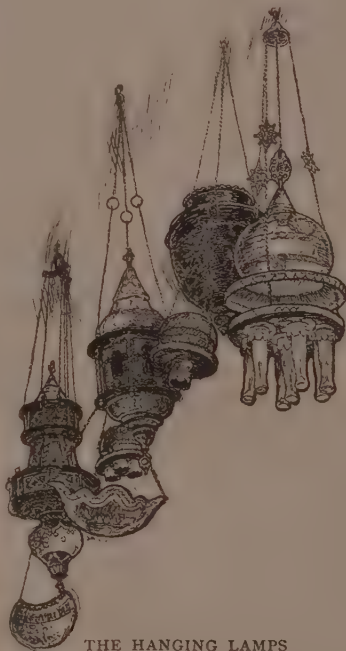
"Very well; suppose my gods are dead, utterly. In that case there is no harm to worship them. But if they be alive—"

At home there were more arguments, and the matter gradually became an issue between father and son. Nasir got the opinion of his teachers and cited passages from books; he tried hard to prove to his father

that he was superstitious, unscientific, and illogical. But Western bullets of fact invariably glance from the metaphysical armor of Eastern minds. What is truth? How many men have verified the assertions of science? Do not the learned disagree? Who knows the unknown?

However, a new mystery superseded the dispute on religion. Some one in the café reported that a compatriot from Gîrgeh was coming to the city.

The next day Kalaun made his son promise never to visit the quarter again, —on the ground of becoming a thorough American,—and secretly took apartments far up-town. They did not wait to remove all the furniture from the old lodgings, or say farewell to any friends, or even transport the lotus-garden that had been kept blooming in the bath-tub in memory of the princess. A few days later Kalaun sold



THE HANGING LAMPS

his performing elephants and became a tobacconist. The shop was a small, dark one facing a park, and bore no name or sign save the gilt image of an elephant carved out of wood. Few customers were attracted by the taciturn proprietor and his scanty stock of goods displayed on three shelves and in one cracked showcase.

"Have we become poor, father?" said Nasir, troubled. "What has happened?"

"We are not very poor. Thou shalt continue going to school."

"I should like to visit my old teachers sometime."

"Thou didst promise not to, nor to ask why."

"But the selling of the elephants that you were so fond of—"

"Listen. I will tell thee. I have been a wicked man. I feared they would crush me to death,—they know which is stronger,—since I am destined to become an elephant hereafter, in expiation of human sin."

"Why, that is impossible, father!"

"Nevertheless, I have felt it coming on already," said Kalaun, calmly. "Sometimes, when I awake in the night, I feel my arms and legs, which are big, grow bigger still and change to the fore feet and hind feet of the jungle brothers. My skin is thickening. Moreover, I sleep, like them, with one eye open all night."

"The skin thicken—the eye remain open—"

"Precisely. Touch my forehead. And thou canst watch me while I sleep."

Nasir could verify none of the symptoms; he thought long, and came to the conclusion that his father's head was turned by star-worship and grief for Teye. As for saying he was a wicked man, how could that be?

Moody and depressed, quite changed from his former self, Kalaun sat for hours

in the dim rear of his shop and puffed at the water-pipe, from which curled up fantastic blue jinn. He grudged the entry of infrequent customers. His muscles became flabby; the five-hundred-pound dumb-bell was heavy for him; and his face grew pale saffron, marked with lines. Sometimes he was a little cheered after visiting the elephants in the zoo and talking with the keeper about them. The beasts seemed to know him, swinging their trunks in a friendly manner and blinking their tiny eyes. He asked the keeper whether he had any premonition that these sly old devils—forest brothers, to be polite—might some day crush him to death. The Irishman laughed.

Kalaun became yet more strange in his habits, and rarely ventured in the street.

"You are ill," exclaimed the boy, one day. "I will call a doctor."

"Do not, I beg thee, my son! The doctors use evil magic and they cannot avert kismet."

"If you are not ill, tell me what ails you, beloved father."

"It is well. It is time thou didst know."

Sighing, Kalaun told the story of his career. Early in life he left the desert and wandered through the Levant, learning the nature of elephants and how to train them, cultivating his great strength in wrestling and gymnastics. He went back to his native village and fell in love with Teye, the wife of a rich boatman. Not seeing her face, he loved her for her gait and the visible part of her beauty. First he wrestled with the husband and broke his collar-bone, then at night he eloped with Teye, going down the

Nile in a dahabiyeh. At the coast they took ship for Italy, and he became partner in a circus which showed through the Continent. But the fear of the wronged husband led them on to South America, and the son was born at sea. Again they



traveled with the jungle brothers in the Western part of the United States, and finally settled down in New York. Part of the punishment was the death of Teye. She was not happy during the wandering, ever longed for home, and confessed and prayed much at the incense church.

"Father, I know she was as happy as she could be," said the boy, with tears in his eyes. "Thou wast not so much to blame."

Afterward Nasir reflected more deeply on the revelation. It was a weight upon his conscience even more than the star-worship. He wished he could enlist the advice of his new teachers. He felt that wrong had been done to many, including himself (though this was a strange, difficult kind he could not grasp), but, personally, he was ready to forgive.

"I see thou hast prepared a judgment," said Kalaun, smiling mournfully, one morning.

"Y-yes, father. Thy conduct was un-American, lawless, and without religion."

"So does the child easily condemn the parent."

"Dear father, forgive me. Wilt thou not confess to a priest and take advice?"

"When the clay is baked the shape does not change."

"At least it will be well to write a letter to the wronged one, asking his forgiveness."

"Our people do not forgive," said Kalaun, shaking his head.

"Not after many years?"

"The soul is immortal, my son. Immortal are its loves and hatreds. But I am an ignorant man."

"Ah, father—"

"If aught happens to me at any time, Nasir, do not trouble the authorities. Thou knowest where our savings are kept."

and thinking it would be better to go away anywhere, to do anything, rather than skulk in this den playing at the occupation of women and feeble fellows. He a shopkeeper! Moreover, there was risk of being discovered. Resolve glowed in the dulled eyes. Flinging down the broom, he sought the keys in order to lock the doors against customers, and laid hands on a step-ladder that he might tear down the gilt sign. In imagination he was already free, making a fresh life start with the boy in the spacious West, or perhaps—

A man stood at the counter.

Kalaun was alarmed for a moment, until he saw that it was a friend from the colony.

"Ha, Kalaun! Is it thyself? Strange behavior to leave us without tidings—as if money was owed."

"Thou knowest it was neither that nor lack of good-fellowship. How camest to find the place?"

"Chance, which is heavenly and infernal."

"I rejoice to see thee. What news?" The questioner tried to smile.

"There is little. Ah, yes; thy compatriot from Girgeh has arrived," said the friend.

Kalaun hid his agitation. "Has he spoken?"

"He is pleased to learn thou art still pious in the practices of the ancient faith, as rumor tells."

"He wished to see me?"

"Naturally, being a childhood friend."

"Perchance thou art his messenger?"

"What? Is it a riddle? Thy gaze is strange—"

"A wandering of the mind," stammered the other.

At midnight Kalaun went to the pier to seek the aid of the stars in deciding his future course. He had not been there in a long time, and this was to be the last. But a mist hung over the river and dark clouds veiled the sky. He gazed upward, and found nothing to worship, no beacons of solace or aid in the murky heavens. A



dank, salt smell came from the water moaning and gurgling through the piles. All was bleak and terribly desolate.

He turned to go, shuddering. Out of the deeper gloom between masses of freight came a figure that might have been his son repeating the earlier espionage. It was not. The stranger leaped upon him, binding his arms to his waist. Neither uttered a sound. Why call out when it is useless? The shock animated Kalaun; he felt surging back the mighty strength of which he had lately been bereft. Everything seemed possible, even to balk kismet that played this scurvy trick in place of the apprehended elephant-crushing. He tore himself from the stranger's grasp, seized him by the throat, choked him, and by an old wrestling device prepared to fling him over shoulder into the river. The assailant's tongue hung out, and he was

almost limp; his legs dangled without support on the planks; he made a low gurgling sound like the water. Yet he drew a curved kungair, sharp enough to split hairs, and twisted it in the athlete's bosom. A sighing, a groan—Lo, a herd of jungle brothers danced gleefully around and bowed to the stars—the princess lay on a magnificent divan—was that the bellowing of the river-horse?—the audience kept applauding—Nasir stood on the café table—they put her under the earth—the lotus flowers—The great muscles fell lax as the heart's blood gushed forth. Rolling the body into the river and tossing the knife after, the stranger departed.

In the colony it was said, with lifted eyebrows, that the man from Girgeh had gone home quickly after attending to his affairs.



"OUT OF THE DEEPER GLOOM . . . CAME A FIGURE"

PATCHWORK

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

SOME rainbow shreds of Hope and Joy;
Faith's golden stripes without alloy;
Scraps of Ambition bright to see;
A few white threads of Charity;
Much of the purple cloth of Pain;
Love's fabric, like a golden vein
Between the strands of Hate and Strife;—
Such is the patchwork we call Life.



IN THE HEART OF THE EVERGLADES—A POSSIBLE LEAD

THE EVERGLADES OF FLORIDA

A REGION OF MYSTERY

BY EDWIN ASA DIX
AND JOHN NOWRY MACGONIGLE

THE mild winter of Florida, land of Ponce de Leon and the fabled Fountain of Youth, yearly draws increasing thousands to the Atlantic and Gulf shores of the peninsula. There, within a little distance of some of the most immense and most thronged hotels in the world, lies a region of mystery. In the compass of the following article will be found, we believe, a wider range of information on this fascinating theme than has ever before been presented in a single publication. The illustrations are from photographs taken by the authors, some of which are redrawn by Harry Fenn; from material furnished by the New York Botanical Garden, and from other sources.—EDITOR.

HOW NATURE GUARDS THE SECRETS OF THE EVERGLADES

IN the little museum at Modena, in Italy, may be seen a Portuguese map, made about 1502, delineating the peninsula of

Florida. It shows the coast-line and general topography with some detail, and even indicates certain of the rivers. It is one of the two earliest known maps of any part of the Northern continent.

It is a curious fact that while this pe-

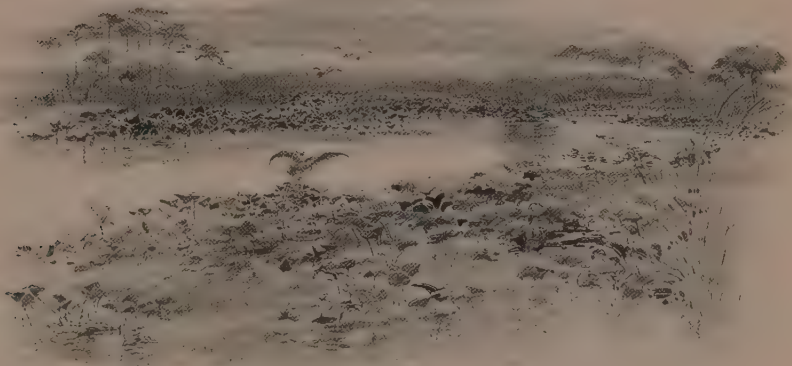


ONE OF THE GATEWAYS

ninsula was thus of all North America one of the first parts to be mapped, the tip of it is the last to be intimately explored. The Great American Desert once so called, the wild solitudes of the Western mountain-ranges, and the snow-wastes of the Yukon, have yielded up their inmost secrets; but the Everglades, in the southernmost interior of our southernmost State, are to-day almost as little known of white men as when the early navigators first

What is out there under the sunset?

Certainly Nature could have contrived no more impregnable defenses to guard any secrets she may have to conceal. Her ingenuity is worthy of a better cause. These gentle waters and waving grasses offer more effective defiance to an invader than Alpine precipices or Vauban ramparts. It would seem an easy matter to penetrate this unique wilderness, to examine it, to subdue it; in reality, this has



LOOKING IN FROM NEW RIVER

charted the contour of the Cape of the End of April.

The Everglades, as a part of Florida, are happily named. What term could more felicitously blend with all the popular associations clustering about a land of flowers and of perpetual youth? The sunlit recesses of such a land must surely be ever glades of life and promise and the springtime.

Not only the name fascinates, but the mystery. Here is a vast region close to inquisitive pioneer life, bordered by lines of commerce and fashionable travel, and yet as unplotted and almost as unvisited as the darkest Africa of our school-day atlases. A few hundred Indians share its hidden life, thread its silent water-paths, and are at home in the heart of it; but the white man does not follow. They disappear from his sight as into another planet, and he stands upon the brink gazing curiously after them.

proved a well-nigh impossible task. There is no obvious method of forcing a passage. The region is not exactly land, and it is not exactly water. That is, you cannot travel by land, because there is water there, now shallow, but again rather deep. And you cannot travel by water,—at least not freely and at will,—because there is land there, or, rather, high, close-grown, saw-edged grass, which as effectually bars the progress of a boat. An amphibious motor-car with scythe-bearing attachment would appear to be the only kind of machine that might reduce this natural fortress, and that machine has not as yet been constructed.

Consequently, what has been learned about the Everglades during the last three hundred years has been learned in fragments,—piece by piece, and with pain and peril,—not as a large and harmonious whole.

Doubtless the sufficient reason why some



SOME NATIVE GRASSES

imperious engine of subjugation has not been constructed is that from a practical point of view it would not be worth while. When you shall have mowed down your ten-foot swath of water-grass for a mile or ten miles, you will encounter more water-grass. You may come to an island; but there is equally good land to be had outside the Glades for less trouble. And if you mow a way clear up to Lake Okeechobee or across to the Big Cypress Swamp, you have accomplished nothing of practical utility, and the ten-foot swath will be overgrown and utterly lost in a year's time.

There is undoubtedly agricultural value in the rich deposit of mud and muck at the bottom of this wide-stretching inland lagoon; and if the water could be withdrawn, the battle with the grass would become comparatively simple. Hence all the projects that have had to do with the taming or reclaiming of the Everglades have been based on the draining of them. There are good physiographic reasons for believing it entirely feasible to drain them, or at least parts of them; and already, in fact, the enormous task is being boldly attempted. The fortress will be taken by siege, not by assault.

Meanwhile, there are other points of view than the practical. The mystery of the Glades creates a fascination. What is out there, just beyond our ken, under the warm evening sky?

The mystery is a part of our national inheritance. In our earliest geography lessons we were told of this great, trackless water-wilderness. It captivated our fancy once and for all. It has its place among the country's native wonders, like the Mammoth Cave and Niagara Falls, the Yellowstone and Yosemite and the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, the Great Natural Bridge of Virginia and the newly discovered greater natural bridges of Utah.¹ After all, it is rather a good thing to have a little of Wonderland left. If this semi-tropical portion of it is not yet surveyed and plotted and drained and homesteaded, there are compensations. We shall all feel a secret regret when the North Pole is reached. There is a compelling charm in the unknown. In the Glades that charm is still potent. There are boats in the Mammoth Cave, Niagara has been measured

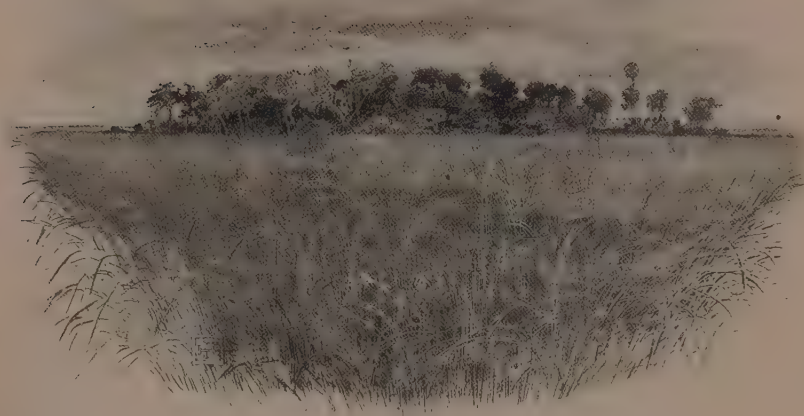
¹ See THE CENTURY for August, 1904.—EDITOR.

and harnessed, and there are national routes into the national parks and railroad trains to the Cañon; but the Everglades, taken as a whole, are still marked on the latest maps "Unexplored."

HOW THE MYSTERY HAS BEEN SEARCHED

THE story of the search into the mystery of the Everglades is one of the strangest in the history of exploration.

however, has come to us from these ancient Spanish sources. Fontenada has told a few brief, meager tales of his experiences during a period of seventeen years of slavery. Like the voyagers of his time, he was concerned only in the search for gold and the spring of fadeless youth. No gold was ever in his way, and though he tells us that he "bathed in every pool and spring," his youth departed and he paid his mortal debt to nature.



AN ISLAND IN THE GLADES

The first white man who ever entered the confines of the silent country of the "grass-water" was one Escalante de Fontenada. Shipwrecked in the Strait of Florida, he became the captive and the slave of the great cacique Calos, who, as ruler of the Indian tribes inhabiting the region, was known, according to Fontenada, as Lord of the Everglades. By the Calos Indians the whole region was called Lake Mayaimi, a name which persists until the present day in that of the Miami River. The Spaniard, who ever carried his ecclesiastic nomenclature ready for application, called the great waste Laguno del Espiritu Santo; and its numerous islands, Cayos del Espiritu Santo. Little information of value,

For centuries after the Calos Indians passed into a deeper silence than ever their earthly home afforded, the whole region remained a veritable *terra incognita*. Then the Seminole, the vagabond of the Creeks, found the *Pah-hay-o-kee*—"grass-water"—well suited to his conception of a safe and silent home, and settled in the Everglades, in the wandering, unsettled habit of his tribe, moving from island to island through the pathless water which left no trail, while the long reaches of waving grass stood guard about him always. The love of peace and silence, developed in the Seminole by three quarters of a century of life in this brooding stillness, was disturbed at length by diffi-



SOME OF THE FLORA ON THE ISLANDS

culties with the white man; and the time came when he drew upon himself the military forces of the United States. This led to the one active period of exploration in the history of the region.

From 1841 to 1856, frequent incursions into the region were made by detachments of the regular army, under the respective commands of Major Childs, Captains Dawson and Robinson, Lieutenant Langdon, and other officers. The object of these incursions was anthropological. The army was looking for Indians, not seeking geographic knowledge. Nevertheless, the officers' reports and sketch-maps, the latter having been preserved and the former condensed, furnish interesting information. Captain Dawson's reconnaissance, in June, 1855, is fairly representative. It was made with a detachment of sixty-three non-commissioned officers and men, with the assistance of an Indian guide. Setting out from the eastern edge in canoes, the party struck at once into the Glades. When water-leads failed them, the boats were forced through the saw-grass, partly by poling, partly by wading and shoving. Often the grass had to be cut away in front, and the men suffered greatly from wounds made by its sharp, serrated edges. Progress, day by day, was very slow. Direct advance was frequently found impossible, and long detours had to be made to avoid the most formidable grass-belts. Sometimes the first canoe would be a mile by trail in advance of the next one, while the distance separating them would be but a few yards. At night the men were compelled to sleep cramped in the canoes. The low water of early summer added to the difficulty of the advance, and finally, the grass barrier becoming denser and denser,

Captain Dawson was obliged to turn back. The farthest point reached was three miles east of Prophet's Landing, a spot on the western edge of the Glades. Some idea of the difficulty encountered in this trip is shown in the log of the journey, which indicates one hundred and twenty miles by trail, but only fifty-three miles between points.

Previous to this, in 1847, an expedition into the Everglades was made by the late Mr. Buckingham Smith, who, by order of the Secretary of the Treasury, was accom-

panied and assisted by Lieutenant Francis Martin, U. S. N., and a detachment under his command. On September 10, Mr. Smith, Lieutenant Martin, and Lieutenant Herndon, accompanied by four seamen and a boy, entered the Glades by the south fork of the Miami River. The time was opportune, as it offered the advantage of the highest water. With a light bateau, twenty-one feet long, of four feet beam and only five inches draft, the party succeeded in making a course westward for two days. Then the heavy growth of the saw-grass and the trend of the moving water compelled them to change to a course leading north-northwest. Although considerable time was given to exploration and

observation along the route, the party in five days reached Prophet's Island, several miles east of Prophet's Landing and probably not far from the point subsequently reached by Captain Dawson. Here they spent the night and the succeeding day. Owing to the height and density of the saw-grass, progress west of this island was found to be impossible, even with the advantage of high water. Mr. Smith explored numerous islands, large and small, with a view to obtaining data as to their early occupants, if any, the character of the geological formation, and the nature of the soil. "Most of the islands," says his report, "give evidence of having been inhabited. On some, large quantities



ALONG THE CYPRESS EDGE

of bones of animals and broken pottery were found, but nothing to indicate that the early inhabitants were other than Indians." Leaving Prophet's Island at sunrise on the morning of September 17, the party succeeded in reaching Fort Dallas

Everglades. The party included Colonel C. F. Hopkins, Wolf Hollander, an artist, and J. R. Phillips, mechanic and commissary, besides six negro oarsmen. Starting from Puntarasa, on the west coast of Florida, on October 21, they arrived at



A DWELLER IN THE EVERGLADES

(now Miami) late in the evening of the 18th, having returned by the route they had broken through on their outward journey.

In more recent years three expeditions of importance have been made into the Glades.

In 1883, Major Archie P. Williams, a Louisianian, who had already undertaken several explorations in southern Florida, was commissioned by the New Orleans "Times-Democrat" to make a trip into the

Fort Myers on the following day, and on the 25th set out up the Caloosahatchee River, reaching Lake Okéechobee on November 1. They had two large canoes and several smaller ones, and carried provisions for sixty days. Major Williams devoted some time to the survey and examination of the lake, coasting for nine days along its southern shore, and entering and exploring every opening leading in the direction of the Everglades. No less than eight of these were discovered. One was se-

lected as the most likely route into the Glades, and on November 10 the party left the lake by this opening. It proved a treacherous guide, however, leading them the next day into a dense tangle of grass, scrub-willow, and custard-apple, through which they were able to advance only a few hundred yards a day. On November 14 they came upon the saw-grass proper. Major Williams here adopted a novel method of forcing a passage, by setting fire to the grass and thus literally "blazing a trail." As the water in this locality and for a long distance south on their route was only about four inches deep, his device proved practicable, though progress was still slow and laborious, fourteen days being consumed in this part of their journey. Few or no islands seem hitherto to have been seen, but on November 28 deeper water was found, and the party made camp on an island, where a couple of days were spent in repairing the boats and in resting. For the remainder of their journey the advance was easier, and on December 6 they reached the head of Shark River. They descended this river to the Gulf, having a rather serious accident on the way in the loss of the provision-boat. They were fortunately able to find a coasting-schooner, and made their way back by sea to Puntarasa, arriving on December 11, fifty-one days after their departure.

Of much more interest and importance than any journeys thus far made into the Glades was the expedition organized in 1892 by Mr. James E. Ingraham, then president of the South Florida Railway. The party included Mr. Ingraham, Mr. S. O. Chase, and Mr. W. R. Moses, who was appointed to write the journal of the trip; Mr. John W. Newman, engineer; and several surveyors. It numbered twenty-one men in all. They entered from the extreme western limit at Fort Shackelford, on March 21, having two cypress skiffs and two canvas boats. The route planned was across a part of the Everglades hitherto unvisited by white men. There was a theory that either a high plateau of land or a body of open water would be found somewhere in the center of the region, and one of the purposes of the trip was to investigate the conditions in this central basin. The probable rate of progress was estimated at five miles a day. It was soon found, however,

that even this very low rate could not be maintained. As the water and mud grew deeper, and the saw-grass taller and denser, the difficulties of the task steadily increased. Four days after starting, it was found necessary to leave behind one of the two wooden skiffs and some of the baggage, in order to lessen the labor of transport. Every one worked, leaders and laborers alike, often standing waist-deep in water and muck, cutting away the fierce grass to make an opening for the boats, then shoving the boats forward by main strength. At times portages had to be made, and the boats' cargoes carried on the backs of the men. "This has been a terrible strain on everybody," writes the chronicler of the expedition on the eighth day. "Locomotion is extremely difficult and slow. The bog is fearful, and it sometimes seems as though it would be easier to stay in than to go on. Both legs up to the waist frequently become embedded in the same hole in the mud, and to extricate one's self with from thirty to fifty pounds weight on the back requires strength and time. Packing for any distance is impracticable. A man by himself, carrying nothing, would probably fail to reach the timber from this point. The boats are very necessary to enable one to pull himself out of the mud, and even then the labor is most exhausting."

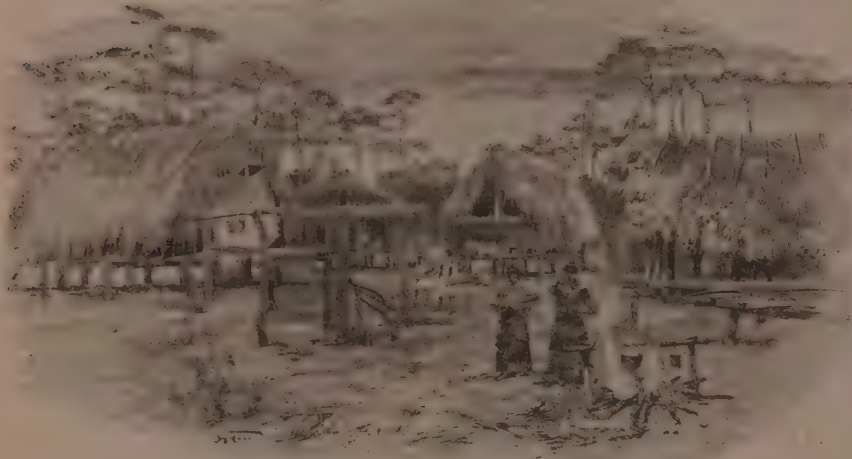
The party camped at night on small islands, when these were found. When there were none within reach, some slept in the boats, and others cut saw-grass, piled it upon that which was growing, and spread their heavy rubber blankets upon the swaying bed thus formed. One of the men gave out from the incessant work, and then others. Surveying had to be abandoned, as the men needed every ounce of strength for the sheer labor of moving forward. Provisions were running short, and only half-rations, chiefly of hominy and bacon, were served, eked out by terrapin and a few fish and birds procured along the way. The party were now in actual peril. It was too late to retreat, even had they wished to; to turn back over the long course they had traveled involved more danger than to go on. More impedimenta were left behind. The expedition was nearing Miami, but the few miles intervening might prove as insuperable as hundreds. Distant Indian fires had been seen from time to time; and on April 4 the men

saw and hailed an old Seminole, who, after some reluctance, consented to guide an advance party out to the rapids of the Miami River. Eventually, on April 7, all hands, haggard and exhausted after their seventeen days' extraordinary experience, found themselves at Miami.

Much information of value was obtained on this trip, which demonstrated, among

southern limit of this formidable belt. After a total journey of fifteen days, Lieutenant Willoughby succeeded in making his way out at Miami.

The narratives of all these expeditions vividly show the almost insuperable obstacles which confront the explorer in this uncharted sea of barbed-wire grasses, utterly devoid of landmark, and in places



A SEMINOLE VILLAGE

other things, that there is no open water or large plateau in the interior of the Everglades.

Five years later, in January, 1897, Lieutenant Hugh L. Willoughby, of the Rhode Island Naval Reserve, entered the region from the south by the Harney River, west of Cape Sable.¹ He was accompanied by only one man, each having a light canoe. They had a carefully planned outfit, and, mindful of the nearly fatal termination of the preceding expedition, they carried provisions sufficient for two months. The two struck at once northeastward, poling, cutting, and pushing, taking daily observations, and camping at night on tiny and often wet islets. After five days, they found it impossible to penetrate the heavy belt of saw-grass east of them, and were compelled reluctantly to retrace their steps until a course was finally found around the

wholly impenetrable. These difficulties are increased by the similarity between the occasional islands, which might otherwise serve as helpful guides; by the strange movement of the water of the Glades, in a mass, yet intersected by tortuous, misleading channels; and by the ever-present danger from venomous snakes. Every party that has ventured into the region has emerged only after incessant toil, hardship, and often actual risk of life.

HOW FLORIDA IS BUILT

THE State of Florida is a mountain-top. Its crest is formed of a massive limestone, covered usually by a mantle of sand. The limestone has long been identified as the Vicksburg limestone of the Eocene period. The chief characteristics of this formation in Florida are its numberless pot-holes,

¹See "Across the Everglades," by H. L. Willoughby.

which vary in size from a few feet to thousands of acres; its almost countless lakes of fresh water; its remarkably copious springs; and its frequent subterranean streams and pools, which yield their water to artesian wells.

A few miles north of Cape Sable is an outcrop of limestone, which persists to Lake Okeechobee. Whether the surface rock here is the Vicksburg limestone or a later formation has not yet been determined. In this outcrop is an extensive shallow basin. The area of the basin is one hundred and thirty miles north and south; and about seventy miles east and west, and the altitude of its rim is twelve feet above mean low tide in Biscayne Bay and a little less above the Gulf of Mexico. This rim is from three to twelve miles from the ocean edge of the coastal plain on the east; and, on the west, a mean distance of fifty miles from the Gulf. So far as explored, it extends all around the edge of the basin, forming a complete and massive cup. As the result of weather and flowing water, the rim has been worn into fantastic shapes which are not unlike some of the coral structures. Doubtless it is this water-worn and weathered rim which gave rise to the erroneous and wide-spread belief that the peninsula of Florida is of coral formation.

The rock bottom of the basin is as persistent as its rim. Wherever it can be struck with a pole or an oar, it gives out a somewhat hollow, metallic, ringing sound. The depth of the basin varies from one foot at the rim to as much as twelve feet in places; but generally the rock floor is found at a depth of from one to six feet. Over almost the entire rock floor lies a layer of muck, formed of an alluvial deposit and decayed vegetable matter. This deposit also varies from a few inches to several feet in thickness. In the muck the saw-grass grows, sometimes reaching a height of ten feet. Unnumbered springs fill this vast basin with water, forming what the Calos called Lake Mayaimi, and what is now known as the Everglades.

This great lake is veritably a lake. It is not, as is popularly supposed, either a swamp or a marsh. Nor is it a mammoth pool of stagnant water. Indeed, it is doubtful whether there is any spot in the entire area where the water is ever wholly at rest. Yet no watershed drains into the

lake; no stream runs into it. The rim of the basin lies above the country which surrounds it. From two sources alone is the water in the lake derived—from precipitation and from subterranean supply. During the rainy season the precipitation is great, amounting to ten inches per month. But with the rapid evaporation incident to a warm climate and a sub-tropical sun, precipitation accounts for only a small percentage of the clear, limpid water which fills the lake. Recalling the characteristic springs and subterranean streams of the Eocene limestone, it is not difficult to find the supply. One explorer recounts the discovery of a mammoth spring, "from which," as he puts it, "all the water in the Glades is derived." Another tells of large basins toward which currents tended, and into which "the waters poured and were lost." Lieutenant Wiloughby observed many of these basins, through some of which water was entering. The effect of precipitation is sharply shown in the rapid rise of water in the Glades. The effect of the subterranean supply is clearly established in the constant volume which is observed. Although no stream of any kind runs into the lake, numerous creeks and rivers lead out of it, such as New River, Little River, the Miami, and others on the east, and the Shark, Harney, and others on the south and southwest.

Everywhere, and at all seasons of the year, the water in the Glades is clear, pure, and, though sometimes warm, palatable, without the least suggestion of staleness or stagnancy. One of the most singular conditions of the region is that the water seems to move in one mass, with a general trend from the northeast in a southerly direction toward the outlets by which it finds its way into Biscayne Bay and the Gulf of Mexico. At the same time, currents and counter-currents are constantly met. These are due, without doubt, to openings in the rocky floor, through which quantities of water find subterranean passage to such springs as the Penniman, the famous Little River spring, and others along the east coast. The currents seem to begin without reason, and they certainly lead nowhere in particular, ending, as they usually do, in a comparatively still pool where the saw-grass rears its barrier, checking farther progress.

This saw-grass is one of the most char-



THE WATER-WORN LIMESTONE RIM OF THE EVERGLADES

acteristic features of the Everglades. Its name aptly expresses its nature. Rooted in the muck, it grows with wonderful rapidity. It is as tough as bamboo, and its sharp, serrated edges cut like the teeth of a saw. Pale green in color as it grows through the water, it fades in the sunlight to a dull-golden tint. It is present throughout the entire area of the lake, except in occasional places along the eastern edge. Toward the western edge the grass is interwoven with the wild myrtle, the two being so matted as to form a barrier as impassable as a wall of granite. A great belt of the tallest saw-grass runs through the entire length of the lake, and makes the direct attempt to cross the Glades well-nigh impossible, save by the secret pathways of the Seminoles. Throughout the grass are many leads or openings. To the explorer they are full of promise, but they prove a snare, generally leading to denser grass and greater difficulty. This grass is always at its best,—or its worst,—as no cold season weakens it, and no frost ever saps its vital and vicious energies.

Scattered along the eastern and western edges of the lake are uncounted islands. Some of these have been formed by alluvial deposits and decaying vegetation, but the majority of them are really outcrops of the rock of the basin, covered by a rich, waxy mold. They vary in size, in some cases the dry and cultivable area being hundreds of acres in extent. The alluvial lands are wet, but the outcrop islands are habitable, and respond generously to the

somewhat fitful culture of the Seminoles, producing all the vegetable products of the temperate and subtropical zones in great abundance and with little labor. The habit of growth of tree and vine and flower shows that frost is unknown. Somewhere, so the Seminoles assert, hidden amid a fastness of vine and saw-grass, is an orange-grove which has borne famous fruit for ages.

The islands of the Everglades are covered with luxuriant virgin forests. The live-oaks and the bays are present in large numbers, interspersed with wild cucumber, wild lemon, and wild orange. The papaya, the custard-apple, and the prickly-ash are of very frequent occurrence, and here and there, governed by the size and elevation of the islands, are the cabbage-palmetto and the pine. Wild rubber-trees are also found in some localities, growing to enormous size. Throughout the region there is a phenomenal growth of vines. The morning-glory and honeysuckle attain great size and are almost everywhere. The wild fig, which fastens itself about a massive trunk of live-oak or bay, lives its cannibal life until the supporting tree-trunk has been destroyed. Wherever the land is dry enough, the coontie-plant flourishes. This plant is really the Florida arrowroot. It is the mainstay of the Seminole. From its root he extracts flour and starch, both of which are delicate and digestible.

There is a remarkable variety and profusion of wild flowers. Water-lilies and spider-lilies abound. Orchids are found in

great numbers and are of great beauty. On many of the islands grow giant ferns, the fronds of which measure ten feet in length.

The shores of the streams by which the Glades are entered are covered with rank growths of the cocoa-plum. The same tree grows all about the edge of the Glades, producing blue fruit on the eastern edge and white fruit toward the west. The flora of the whole region is unique and unstudied, and contains, no doubt, scores of plants unknown and unclassified.

The Everglades are not a sportsman's paradise, in the usual sense of that term. Nevertheless, animal life is fairly abundant in that portion of the area where the larger islands lie. Deer are found on both the eastern and western edges, and now and then a bear is seen. The panther has not entirely disappeared, an occasional one finding his way into the explorer's camp. Otters are plentiful, and the Seminoles, who hunt both the otter and the alligator for their skins, derive a considerable revenue from otter-trapping. The alligator is often seen, and his gentle roar is by no means unmusical. On the southeastern edge the crocodile (*Crocodylus Americanus*) is found in small numbers, though his more favorite haunts are among the mangrove fastnesses between the Glades and the bays and sounds about Cape Sable.

Bird life in the Everglades, as all over southern Florida, has suffered at the ruthless hand of that vandal of vandals, the plume-hunter. There can be no doubt that the southern edge of the Glades was once a great breeding-place for the egret, the ibis, and the heron. Even yet there are many of these birds to be found, and the Audubon Society's protection promises that their number shall increase. The limpkin (*Aramus Giganteus*),—which, as Lieutenant Willoughby remarks, resembles a greatly overgrown snipe,—a large duck about the size of the brant, and the Everglade kite, are characteristic of the region, while the large waders are found in moderate numbers.

Fish, such as bass, gar, and perch, inhabit the fresh water. The Everglade terrapin, not unlike his aristocratic namesake of Maryland, and a flat, soft-shell turtle, both edible, are fairly plentiful.

There are snakes in the Everglades. They do not hang in the fine festoons pictured in the woodcuts of a generation

ago; but they are in sufficient numbers to satisfy the most exacting. For some reason, they are much more numerous on the western than on the eastern edge. Perhaps they were even more frequently encountered years ago than now; for during the Seminole War a certain Captain Casey, in charge of the subsistence, recommended to the Secretary of War "that the enlisted men be taught how to broil snake, which was good enough for any one to eat." The rattlesnake on the drier land, and the moccasin everywhere, are still numerous and deadly. The Seminole, habitually barelimbed from the knee to the heel, escapes their deadly venom wonderfully. He also possesses an antidote in some simple weed known to few outside the tribe.

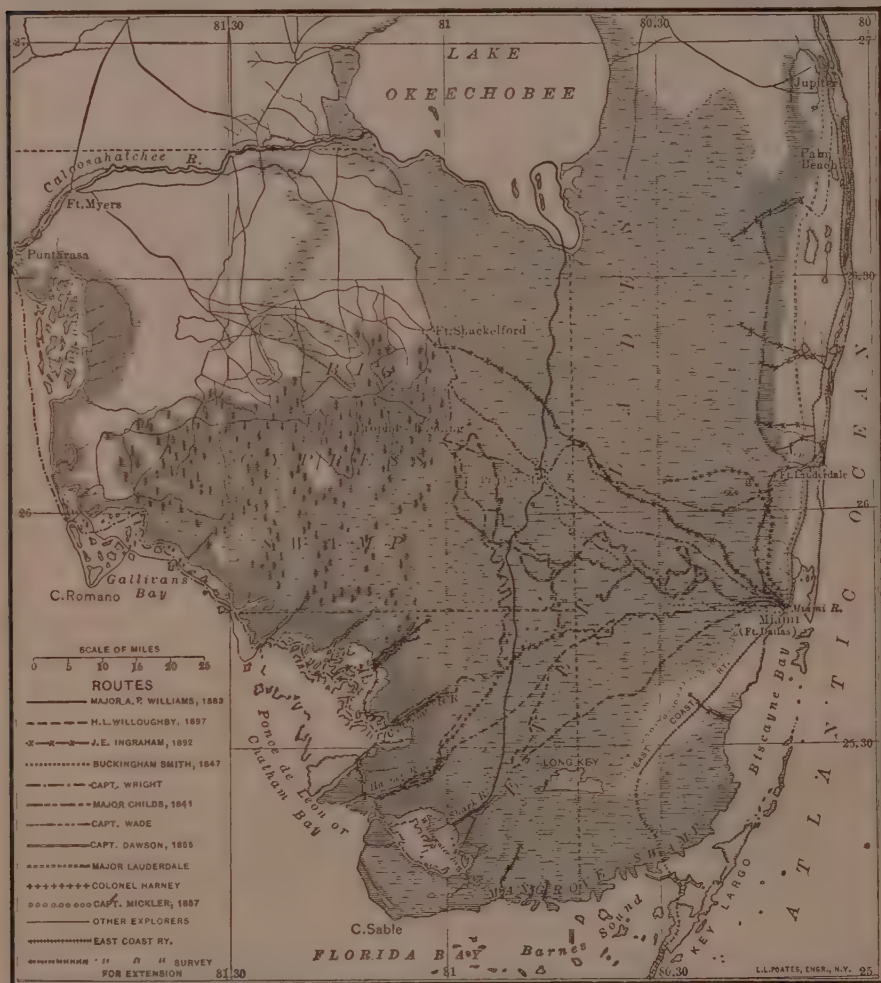
The commonly accepted idea that the Everglades teem with insects is a mistaken one, due doubtless to the generally received impression that the area is a great swamp. Free as it is from stagnation in either water or air, it furnishes few breeding-places for insect life. Along the eastern edge and on some of the islands on the east and west there are mosquitos, but they are not found in the interior of the Glades. As in all regions where foliage is thick and abundant, there are plenty of gnats and small flies. In the neighborhood of a Seminole camp fleas abound, but they probably arrived when the Indian accepted civilization in the form of the domestic hog, with which he shares his quarters fraternally. At certain seasons of the year, the Everglade water contains a most annoying creature called the "alligator flea," presumably because he is as strong as one of his namesakes and as persistent as the other.

THE RED MEN OF THE EVERGLADES

THE most interesting of all the denizens of the Everglades is unquestionably the Indian. The Florida Seminole wears a halo of romance far more enduring than that of his brother in the North or West. Cooper's noble Iroquois of history is in disfavor nowadays, and the Apaches, Modocs, and Sioux have lost many of their hero-worshippers; but the popular imagination still quickens admiringly at mention of the kin of Osceola. Indeed, it is a stirring tale, that of this offshoot of the great Creek tribe of the middle South, making its way in early times to the Florida peninsula and

there dwelling in comparative peace and inoffensiveness until summoned by the white man's government to move West; then defying the summons, boldly giving battle, and baffling for years the best mili-

The hardy and seasoned soldiers would push adventurously in on the trail of a body of hostile braves, and soon would find themselves glad to emerge, hungry, exhausted, and viciously scarred by the



MAP OF THE FLORIDA EVERGLADES, SHOWING THE ROUTES OF THE FEW EXPLORERS WHO HAVE VENTURED INTO THIS LITTLE-KNOWN REGION

tary forces of the United States. The stronghold of the Seminoles was the Everglades. But for these limitless and silent spaces, so curiously welcoming and sheltering the naked man while barring out the man armed and armored, the Florida War would have proved a vastly easier affair.

relentless saw-grass. In this extraordinary stronghold the Indians long laughed to scorn the army's most energetic efforts to capture or conquer them. And the Everglades are still the Indians' home. The government won in the long and costly war, it is true, and deported a large num-

ber of the tribe to the new lands beyond the Mississippi; but a saving or stubborn remnant remained in the Glades, and still remains, and the Indian Bureau winks good-naturedly and pretends not to know. These wayward wards have earned their right to be let alone; and if they are contented to be let alone in such a tribal home as the scattered islands in the saw-grass afford, surely no one can grudge them their content.

Straight-limbed, keen-eyed and masterful bucks are those one sees coming out to the trading-stations at Miami or Fort Lauderdale or Kissimmee. And the women and children are by no means unprepossessing or degenerate. The men, it is true, are fond of whisky, and are not always particular about the quality; but it does not seem to impair their racial vigor. After a spree they recover themselves, becoming as grave and quiet as before, and disappear into the inmost Everglades as silently as they came. The Indian's easy ability to penetrate this region is really a very remarkable thing. Some key he has to the mysterious paths. He crosses the grass-water at will. In four days, when the water is high, he poles his canoe from Fort Lauderdale or Miami across the saw-grass waste to the Big Cypress. How is it that he slips in so unconcernedly where the white man finds himself barred? It cannot be simply superior woodcraft, for there are skilled guides and frontiersmen in southern Florida. It is not merely endurance or imperviousness to hardship, for the white man can be equally enduring, equally impervious, when need arises. There seems to be some closer bond with Nature, some indefinable wontedness, oneness, which gives the Indian, like the animals, access to her solitudes, and which preserves him among her dangers.

The Indians now living in this region number, according to the most recent and careful official estimates, about four hundred.¹ They are of two main families, the Muskokis, or Muscogeas, and the Mikasukes, or Miccasukees. They live by hunting and fishing, and their houses, clustering in little villages on the islands in the Glades, are singularly primitive, considering the nearness to contact with civilization and improved ideas. A Seminole hut consists simply of six upright poles, three on each

side, a platform about three feet from the ground, and a gable-roof of palmetto thatch. On the platform the whole family eat and sleep and live. Here are crowded their belongings—quilts to serve as beds, chests to hold their clothes and tools and guns, barrels and boxes for their provisions. An old sheet or blanket generally hangs down on the northerly side in winter to keep out winds and rain. Sometimes the sides are roughly boarded in. It seems a strange, primeval life, here in a civilized land in this twentieth century; and yet it is all exactly in keeping with the strange, primeval Everglades themselves.

A WORLD OF BEAUTY

SEEN in perspective when the water is low, the Everglades resemble far-reaching prairies, with here and there distant clumps of trees outlining islands. Even when the water is high it is not prominently seen, as the interminable growth of tall grass hides it all, save in the numerous little channels which wind aimlessly about, sometimes leading into a closed pocket, sometimes broadening into open spaces abloom with pond-lilies. This level, prairie-like effect has a peculiar charm for the eye—something like that of the level yet living monotony of the sea. It suggests silence, but not stagnation; repose, but not death. Explorers all bear testimony to the impulse to adventure into this spreading plain of grass and water—a little farther, and still a little farther; always seeking that which lies just beyond the horizon. The sunshine sparkles over it all; drifting clouds cast their huge dun shadows upon the vista; and the soft airs blow gently, never with threat of the fierce and biting winter chill of the far-away North.

For the climate of the Everglades is almost faultless. It is singularly equable, showing no extremes of heat and cold, and not subject to sudden change. Even a "norther," coming out of the region of ice and snow, is soon softened to milder temperature; and the heat of summer is made genial, though the mercury may be well up in the eighties, by the ozonized air which is everywhere in the Glades. The year is divided into the dry and rainy seasons. The latter may be roughly spoken of as including June and September, al-

¹ The estimate given in the census of 1900 is three hundred and fifty-eight.

though, well in the Glades, sudden light showers in limited areas are likely at any season, and in the autumn a high degree of humidity is constant. A lifetime might be spent in the region and no sign of malaria ever be discovered. Pure air, that moves in gentle breezes over a vast expanse of pure water, is the perfect assurance of health, as evinced in the fine physique, splendid coloring, and athletic vigor of the Seminole, who has a monopoly of as fine a climate as there is on earth.

The approaches to the Everglades are singularly beautiful. In the dry season, when the water is low, it is possible to drive into the Glades for some distance. But the ideal approach is by water, and the Everglade rivers are not matched for beauty anywhere else in the world. Their beauty is unmatched because it is entirely of its own kind. All the rivers of the Glades find their way to the sea. In some cases they run directly through the rocky channels which their age-long floods have worn. Sometimes they make their way through miles of meandering curves. Near the sea the shores are lined with mangrove-trees, which reach out like giant spiders, throwing their roots down into the water until swaying acres of forest line the river's edge.

Looking into these forests, no land is to be seen—only the dark water of the stream lapping the mangrove roots. As one ascends the river, and the fresh water of the Glades overcomes the brackish tidal water, the mangrove gives way to its next of kin, the cocoa-plum, a tree of similar habit of growth. Farther up, the cypress fills the shore-line, and the lilies come into view. The whole voyage is a scene of shifting greens—the dark olive of the mangrove, the lemon-like foliage of the cocoa-plum, and the lighter green of the growing cypress, touched into life by vivid sunshine, making a scene of unique beauty. This beauty is enhanced by the "dark water," as it is called, which flows out of the Glades, as its rippled surface gleams and changes like mottled silk or as it falls from the oar in crystal drops.

Not every river that flows out of the Glades will lead the explorer in, for the aggressive mangrove and cocoa-plum often bar the way. The easiest approaches are on the east coast. Indeed, the only approaches affording entrance to the Glades

without long detours and great hardships are the New River and the Miami. The Harney River, which empties into White-water Bay west of Cape Sable, is a splendid stream, with its great acreage of massive red and black mangroves; but it is a difficult pathway at best, as Lieutenant Willoughby found in his exploration. By the Miami and New rivers the entrance is comparatively easy. Both streams flow from the Everglades toward the Atlantic in comparatively direct courses, but each leaves its source in a characteristic way. The New River flows out of the Glades in a somewhat sweeping but gentle stream. The Miami has worn for itself a rocky way through the rim of the great basin, and comes tumbling out of its parent lake in a noisy, turbulent flood, over a fall of ten feet in three hundred yards. By the New River the start is made from Fort Lauderdale; by the Miami River, from Miami. Seven miles up the New River, and three miles up the Miami, the rivers open suddenly into the vast expanse in which they have their source; and the wide reaches of the "grass-water" seem to drink up the sunshine only to give it form again in waving grass and gleaming water, in swaying vine and star-bright lily and orchid.

No description of the physical features of the Everglades can possibly convey any true idea of their beauty and their charm. Both are indescribable and indefinable, yet the one is as clear as the sunlight which brings it into view, the other as keen as the touch of an awakening love. Both charm and beauty blend in a strange, sweet sense of mystery, which even one least responsive to this new mood of nature cannot possibly escape. As far as the vision can compass, grasses of gold wave over fields of silver, reaching away to a sky-line of cobalt blue. Green islands, so dreamlike that they seem to float in the tremulous sea of a sleep just ready to waken, open arms of welcome to their enchanting shadows. Across the matchless blue of a summer sky the children of the storm chase each other in scudding clusters of feathery cloud; but they are only children at play, for at their worst they break into soft showers which seem to have no purpose save to make broken bits of rainbow and to add a little to the sum of the life that is everywhere. For life *is* everywhere in this enchanted region,

where earth and water and air, plant and tree and sky, all seem to quiver and throb with its birth-throe. The edge of an active crater compels the thought of the suppressed anguish of creating nature; the smoking sea at early dawn suggests the menace of death held in the leash of life; the desert and the prairie tell of a life which, though it has passed, still lingers on the edges of its old arena. But here, in the lake of mystery, with its islands of enchantment and its untold story, life is alive. Over it

all and through it broods that informing spirit of the essential life which is the heart of all things. Here one pardons—even applauds—the Spaniard, who so often gave the sacred name to the unhallowed object. Here he was not guilty. Here, mastered by the charm and beauty, and filled by the overwhelming, subtle life of it, he whispered, “Laguno del Espiritu Santo,” christening the Caloosa’s “Lake of the Sweet Water” by its new name, “the Lake of the Holy Spirit.”



PANAMA

HOME OF THE DOVE-PLANT OR HOLY GHOST FLOWER

BY AMANDA T. JONES

I

WHAT time the Lord drew back the sea

And gave thee room, slight Panama,
“I will not have thee great,” said he,
“But thou shalt bear the slender key
Of both the gates I builded me,
And all the great shall come to thee
For leave to pass, O Panama!”

(Flower of the Holy Ghost, white dove,

Breathe sweetness where he wrought
in love.)

II

His oceans call across the land:
“How long, how long, fair Panama,
Wilt thou the shock of tides withstand,
Nor heed us sobbing by the strand?
Set wide thy gates on either hand,
That we may search through saltless sand—
May clasp and kiss, O Panama!”
(Flower of the deep-embosomed dove,
So should his mighty nations love.)

III

Out-peal his holy temple-clocks:

It is thine hour, glad Panama.
Now shall thy key undo the locks;
The strong shall cleave thy sunken rocks;
Swung loose and floating from their
docks,
The world's white fleets shall come in
flocks

To thread thy straits, O Panama!
(Flower of the tropics, snowy dove,
Forbid, unless they come in love.)

IV

How beautiful is thy demesne!

Search out thy wealth, proud Panama:
Thy gold, thy pearls of silver sheen,
Thy fruitful palms, thy thickets green;
Load thou the ships that ride between;
Attire thee as becomes a queen:

The great ones greet thee, Panama!
(Flower of the white and peaceful
dove,
Let all men pass who come in love.)

FINERTY'S FERRY TALE

FROM "THE FUGITIVE BLACKSMITH"

BY DAVID STEWART



WAS airly in the dark of the mornin', and me sittin' on me bench be-fore the sand-house, when the *Creole Belle* comes down the river, wid the pilot borin' a long hole in the night wid his electricity machine. He was jerkin' a shpot of daylight back and forth on the wather a mile at a joomp. He took a feel of the Memphis bluff, and then; wid wan shweep of his arm from Tinnissee to Arkansaw, he began pokin' in the lów woods on the other side of the Mississippi. "He must bē careful," says I, "not to be runnin' his boat into the woods afther the high wather."

'T was then the light lit on a sight that near made me lose me pipe in surprise. For there, shtandin' on the other side in all his fine clothes, was me ginerál. And there he was wavin' his silver sword and joompin' round in the shpot of light across the wather a mile away like a picther man in a kittenyscope. And I c'u'd hardly believe me sines that a man of his intilligence w'u'd be shtandin' all night on the very shpot I left him the afternoon be-fore. "From the way he prances around," says I, "'t is plain to be seen there is nothin' holdin' him."

When the *Creole Belle* had made the landin' ferninst me and tied up at the wharf boat, I ran aboord of her and up intil the pilot-house. And I says to the pilot: "W'u'd you do me the favor to squirt yer light over into Arkansaw again? I want to find a man. Ye'll know him by the silver sword and the fine millinery he's wearin' on his head. And w'u'd ye keep it playin' on him till I row over and see what meanin' he's thryin' to impart to me?"

"Who is he and what is he?" says the pilot.

"Sure, 't is me ginerál," says I.

"Ginerál of what—and does he think the *Creole Belle* is a ferry?" says he.

"He don't call himself a ginerál of annythin' at all; he says he's a mason. And sure he is an illigant wan wid the gold hod-cushions on his shoulders. 'T is them he wears when he goes to bury a member of his union. There was a car-load of the likes of him went through, goin' up north from where they had been down below at a conclavity. And 't was him that marched by himself up the post-office bluff to look away into Arkansaw, where he knows some people, till the injine went away and left him. And he has n't a stitch till his back but the soldier clothes and the buckskin apron."

Wid that the pilot shtuck his beam out into the night again and began shweepin' it up and down the Arkansaw shore. And wanst I seen the ginerál go through it like the flight of a glorified angel, shinin' up all at wanst and goin' out sudden-like.

"I think I have him located," says the pilot, pullin' the shtring aisy and makin' the electricity crawl along be inches. Wid a little fine jigglin' he put the shpot on him, and there was the ginerál shtandin' calm-like, wid his hand in his chist like the statoo of the man discoverin' the Mississippi, and shinin' like an altar-piece.

"What do ye say he's shtandin' out in the night like that for, makin' a tabloo of himself?" says the pilot.

"Ye can search me," says I. "He went over there to drop in on the Widdy Biggs, whose departed was a fri'nd of his. Maybe the widdy was not at home; but why he's out like that all night I dunno. Will ye light the way for me whilst I go across and find out? And if he moves away, will ye keep it on him?"

"That I will," says the pilot. "I'll give

him I've to move a mile and I'll only budge this four inches."

"And ye might give me a wink of it, when I'm rowin' across, to let him see I'm comin'."

And so he did. And the ginerall did n't move a fut.

"Hello, ginerall," says I, as I pulled the boat up ferninst him, "was n't the widdy at home?"

"How d' ye suppose I know?" says he, insulted-like. "'T is a fine place ye put me on. I thought ye knew the counthry."

"And so I do," says I; "and the deppo is right over there where I told ye."

"And a roarin' mill-race betwixt me and it. Ye have put me on an *island*," says he.

"It can't be—'t is impossible," says I. Wid that I walked along the wather-edge of the low spongy sand. And before long I came till where I started from.

"'T is a cut-off ye're on," says I.

"And what's a cut-off?" says he.

"'T is what they call a cashay,"¹ says I.

"And what's a cashay?" says he.

"'T is an island," says I. "'T is a new island that's just been discovered. And ye're the wan that's discovered it. 'T was made by the high wather."

"I'm sorry now I did n't wait for the ferry instid of trustin' to the likes of ye. 'T is a fine sight I've been makin' of meself, not to say annythin' about shtandin' up in the wet all night," says he.

"Sure ye did look fine and ye did yer-self credit," says I. "And I told ye the truth that the ferry is n't runnin'. 'T is too wet in the woods for a boat to come over. Get into me shkiff, and I'll put ye on real land."

"And are ye sure now this is land?" says he, as he got out of the boat, jinglin' himself. "I'm thinkin' ye had better go wid me a piece, and then I'll be sure."

"That I will," says I. "I'll go to the plantation itself wid ye if the road is out of wather yet."

"Out of wather?" says he.

"Yis," says I. "'T is that way sometimes. And when the rise is goin' down ye're like to find that 't is land where 't is wather, and wather where 't is land."

Wid that the light that had been keepin' us company took wan lape across the Mississippi and shut itself off. And then

I heared him clankin' round amon'st the trees wid his sword.

"Don't be handlin' the trees," says I, "for I doubt they're dry yet. And don't be leanin' against them, or they'll be comin' off on yer clothes."

"I'm lookin' for a place to sit and rest meself," says he.

"Don't do that," says I, "for 't is mud. Ye'd have to be roostin' in the high branches like a chicken. Ye'd better come out of the dark into the boat. We'll give the sun time to come up. 'T is only dry here on the wather."

So he came aboard, and we sat till 't was daylight. When 't was mornin', we found what was left of the road, and we went along, pullin' our feet out of the mud. The trees were all painted yellow wid it, just so high. And it was pillars of mud holdin' up the woods as far as ye c'd see, for the wather had been deeper nor a man's head. And a flock of gnats gathered round each of our bare faces, perchin' on the air as numerous as coarse smoke and folleyin' along ahead of us. The ginerall went along, shooin' at them wid the white feather on his hat.

"'T is no use to do that," says I, "for they're like a ghost: ye can pass a club through them, and shtill they'll be there."

"I wish the dom things w'd get on to me where I c'd shmash them, or go away intirely, wan of the two," says he, gettin' vexed-like.

"'T w'd be an improvement," says I. "But ye'll find 't is their way. When a gnat gets a place for himself on the air, ye can't knock him off of it, so ye might as well be savin' yer fine feather."

"'T is dom annoyin' they are," says he.

"'T is that," says I. "'T is hard they are on the poor dumb farm-animals that can nayther shmoke a pipe nor cover themselves wid mud like a hog. And after the shpring rise like this manny a cattle is worried till he dies of distraction."

But shtill he went along, dustin' the air wid his feather and chuggin' at the heels and blowin' like a shteam man till he was red in the face. We were goin' along like that when we come to a serious-minded sort of a mule shtandin' by the roadside. We shtopped before him, waitin' for some look of recognition. But he kept on lookin' off the length of his nose and shtandin'

¹ Cache.

careless-like, lettin' his ears hang anny way at all. And divil a care had he that he was shtandin' in the prinsce of a human bein'. And the mule reminded the ginerall that he was very tired.

"'T is a pity the mule was n't goin' our way," says I. "And though ye 'd have no business a-ridin' him, I 'm thinkin' if ye 'd sit on his back awhile I 'd lead the two of yees along." And so we did.

And when I saw afther a while how meek was the mule, I says: "Ginerall, 't will be no harm at all. When ye get to where ye 're goin', I 'll ride him back and shtand him in the tracks where we found him. 'T will be no harm done then."

No more had I the words out of me mouth than the mule shtopped short and began lettin' out a volley of kicks behind him, firin' the mud off his hoofs so quick that befure ye c'u'd say Jack Robinson he had mud shtickin' against all the trees in gobs that 'u'd fill a flower-pot. When the mule began usin' his feet to shtand on again, the ginerall sat like a frozen man, lookin' at me in an unearthly way that I c'u'd see no sinse in at all.

"What 's ailin' ye, and why don't ye move or shpeak? Do ye want to shtay on or do ye want to get off?" says I.

"*Move!*" says he, rollin' his eyeballs and never shtirrin'. "D' ye know, man, I 'm thinkin'," says he, "I believe," says he, "that I 'm *shtuck* to the mule."

Wid that he moved his arm and pulled the leg of his pants careful wid his fingers. And it lifted the hair of the mule like a porous plaster. I made a move to peel him off, but he yelled me back like an Indian.

"Don't pull a hair of him!" says he. "'T was that made him go off befure."

"'T is a kind of varnish," says I. "They put it on the cattle in these parts, I 've heard tell."

"We 're glued together—is it a trick they have?" says he.

"'T is put on him out of mercy," says I, "and dried medium hard, so that the insecs can't get their bills intil him. Wid that on him the gnats don't know is he a mule or a bedstead. But 't is aisly to tell that the man who did the job was no painter, for ye can see it is too thick and tacky," puttin' me finger on till it shtuck, and then pullin' it off, and causin' the mule to make a feint wid his hind leg.

"Don't be triflin' wid him; let 's think what we 're goin' to do," says he.

"There 's nothin' to be done at all but to get off and l'ave him, for a little varnish won't hold a shtrong man like ye. But let me give ye warnin' when ye start not to be gettin' off part at a time. Ye must be quicker nor he is," says I.

"Hold him tight to the halther," says he, "for if he sh'u'd go annywheres, he 'd be takin' me along wid him." And as we had a quiet shpell, breakin' the news till ourselves, and him bringin' his mind t' the deed, I began to have me doubts of how the mule w'u'd take annythin' like that.

"Ready now; 't is goin' to hurt him," says he, takin' a breath like he was goin' to dive, and knottin' his fists. He gave a fling to his legs like a joompin'-jack, but he had no more than ripped loose half the legs of his pants when the baste went shtraight up from the ground wid a jolt that shlapped the ginerall back on to him tighter than ever. And the mule only kem down long enough to get his fore feet to earth so that he c'u'd shtart a boxin'-match wid the air behind him. I held his head like the butt of a Gatlin' gun till he was through wid the first round. Then for wan instant he laid off workin' behind, and kem down and shtood wid his ears laid back like a jack-rabbit, and his teeth grinnin', and the divil lookin' out of his eye. The ginerall was that set in the face that I c'u'd see his mad was up.

"I 'll get off the dom mule this time if I have to shcalp the back of him," says he, shtrikin' his hand wid his own fist.

I seen him thry it, and I saw no more. What happened till me I dunno. But when I kem to a stop, after rollin' in the mud, I sat up, and there I saw the mule l'apin' away down the road, wid the ginerall shtickin' to him like ye 'd see a monkey ridin' a greyhound in the circus.

"I wonder is the mule goin' home till his folks," says I to meself. "If he does, 't will be a fine bird they 'll think they 've caught." And to satisfy meself what harm'd come to him, I hurried along in the mule's footsteps.

As they come to a rise in the ground, the mule switched off the road wid a jerk of his tail and shteppeed over a five-barred gate into the barn-yard of a house wid white pillars on the porch. When I kem up and looked through the gate, the mule had

shtopped himself in the middle of the barnyard. A black dawg wid a bay voice was sittin' down wid his nose pointed up at the shky, mournin' their arrival in an endless voice. Wid that a fine body of a woman come hastenin' out, folleyed by a nayger mammy and a fair-haired girl.

"Well, if it is n't Misther Ta-a-a-aggart!" says she, lookin' at him and holdin' up her two hands like givin' a blessin'. "Well, Misther Ta-a-a-aggart!"

The ginerel saluted her wid the white feather, and then laid his hat on the buckskin apron before him. I seen his lips move, but what he got out of him I dunno for the howlin' of the dawg.

"Will ye keep shtill and let a body have a word?" says she to the dawg. And she led him away wid wan of the ears that was hangin' down his back.

"You, mammy, go and put the kettle on," says she. "And you, Mary, to the field and tell John we 'll need him to go for a valise." And as she was comin' back afther puttin' the dawg away, I le'pt over the fence and went in.

"Well, Misther Ta-a-a-aggart," she went on again, "I 'm that surprised. Dismount this instant and come in."

He sat petrified to the mule, wid his eyes lookin' off that far ye 'd think he was expectin' somethin' out of the sky.

"Excuse me, ma'am," says I, "but is it your mule?"

"Gracious me!" says she, h'istin' up her white jeweled hands again, "'t is Rooshy. And me that taken up I did n't notice it.—I 'm so delighted."

"I 'm glad to hear he 's yours," says I, "for maybe ye 'd have some influence wid him. And ye 're no more surprised than we are, for 't was him showed us the way. And we might as well tell it till ye now—seein' ye 'll have to know it anyway," says I, shtoppin' awhile to break it till her aisy.

"What is it? Don't be keepin' me in suspense," says she. "Has annythin' happened?"

"'T is nothin' to shpeak of," says I, "except that your mule is a little shticky. And we don't want to be dismountin' too quick-like, seein' 't is your mule, for fear 't will hurt his hair."

She tuk it in wid a gasp, and the ginerel kem to wid a blush. She put her finger till the mule's shoulder, and he shpurned her away wid a wiggle of his hide. Then she

flustered hither and thither, blamin' herself for it all, and fidgetin' in the air wid her fine hands.

"Calm yerself, calm yerself, Misthress Biggs," says the ginerel. "'T is no harm at all," says he, forcin' the words out wid a shmile that w'u'd pacify a lion.

"'T is no use gettin' excited," says I; "but if ye have somethin' that the mule w'u'd like to ate, 't w'u'd occupy his mind. Ah, have ye also a rope?"

I led them away to the barn. And there I had a lucky idea. Temptin' the baste wid a wisp of hay, I got him to put his head bechune the stanchion-beams where they lock the cows' heads in to milk them; and I closed the scantlin' behind his jaw so that he w'u'd n't be goin' away widout pullin' his head from its socket. Then I tied his leg to himself and gave the ginerel the word. "Now ye can dismount," says I.

The mule was that mad about it that he brayed like a dry poomp, hollerin' out wid one breath and hollerin' back into himself wid the next. And when the ginerel had both legs hangin' over wan side of the mule, the seat of him let go and dropped him intil the arms of the widdy.

"Dear me, I 'm so relieved!" says she, faint-like.

"'T is a relief," says I. "And I 'm glad they 're parted."

Wid that they both went off and left me, the ginerel walkin' wide, be way of not interferin' wid himself. I took the riggin' off the mule and departed. And in half an hour I was paddlin' me way back to Tinnissee, to sit down and have a rest in peace.

'T WAS the last I thought I 'd be hearin' of it. But 't was only the beginnin'. Wan mornin' when I was sittin' on me bench before the sand-house afther coalin' up Number Twinty-wan and puttin' the sand intil her, along comes Mary Ann McBride, that works bechune-times across the river. She had her arms filled wid groceries that she 'd be takin' over on the ferry, and she shtopped on the levee, waitin' to be coaxed into havin' a word wid the likes of me and watchin' for the clue of a chanst.

"Good mornin', Mary," says I. "And how is the mule gettin' along?"

"Quite well, thank ye kindly," says she. "An' how is yerself?"

"I 've me health," says I.

"'T is too bad," says she, "that a mule

was n't some kind av a Christian animal, that he c'u'd appreciate all that 'll be done for him, an' him livin' among the cows an' bein' shtall-fed all the time. The widdy gives him credit for it all."

"For all of what?" says I.

"Hush! They 're engaged—t' be married," says she, in a whisper. "An' 't is nothin' all day but what 'll Misther Taggart have an' what might he want. An' 't is atin' lettuce three times a day we are because he likes the green taste av thim."

Wid that she sat down on the bench beside me, wid the baskets and bundles around her, while she w'u'd be waitin' for the ferry, and she told me it all, trottin' a bag of sugar on her knee.

"After ye left," says she, "an' it kem to the widdy's ears that his citizen's clothes was thravelin' home alone on the thrain, she got out the best suit that the late Misther Biggs left behind him, and she made him put thim on so that he 'd not be shtickin' to things. 'T was thin I saw she began to act more free and homelike till him than iver—an' ye can't blame her at all, for 't is an illigant, well-to-do bachelor man he is, wid none to care for him but the widdies an' orphans. She c'u'd niver be done blamin' herself for the shp'ilin' av his regayly clothes. And she wint at thim wid her buke av 'Three Thousand Receipts,' and she thried as many as they w'u'd shtand till she had thim ruined entirely. An' I says to meself, 'He 'll not be l'avin' now for a while, for he has no clothes av his own, an' he 'd have no right to be goin' away in the relics av Misther Biggs's.' An' I c'u'd see he made up his mind till it, for he continted himself as tame as a married man.

"'T was two nights after that I was sittin' in the parlor so 's to be lettin' thim have the porch t' themselves. An' I was hangin' me nose out av the front windy to get a whiff av the smudge fire that was buidled to kape the gnats away. An' av coorse I c'u'd not help hearin' that they wor' whisperin' saycrits, although I c'u'd n't tell for the life av me what 't was they wor' sayin'. But av a sudden I heard her whimperin' an' shnufflin' an' shtoppin' herself up wid her handkerchief, an' at that he gave a move that made the legs av his chair stutther on the boards.

"'What is it that 's ailin' ye, Missus Biggs?' says he, soft-like.

"'T is nothin' at all—nothin' at all. 'T will pass in a minute,' says she. "'T is only that ye look so natural—ye look so natural,' says she, all in a blurt. It escaped from her all at wanst as she was takin' her handkerchief from her mouth to say somethin' else. Wid that he began shp'akin' kind till her an' consolin' her on the shoulder. An' befure long she was cryin' on him comfortable-like, wid the handkerchief shpread like a bib on his chist to not be soilin' the coat.

"I was that disthacted thryin' to get an eye an' an ear to the crack av the shutther at wanst—an', d' ye know, 't is onpossible. An' betwixt choosin' bechune thim I made up me mind there 'd be more to hear than to see. But jist thin the big-throated hound saw the moon an' began to ullagoo at it for the night. An' I says to meself, 'I will get him away from there so that he won't be intherruptin' me.' An' after a minute I wint out on the porch as bould an' accidental as ye pl'ase an' laid hould av him for to haul him away. An' the widdy says to me, flirtin' her handkerchief be way av usin' it: 'That is right, Mary Ann; take him away. He can see the moon behind the barn as well as he can here.'

"Whin I was through tyin' him at a distance wid a piece av clothes-line, I kem through the kitchen an' med me way aisy-like to the parlor again an' put me ear till the shutther. For a bit av a while there was no word at all; 't was as quiet outside as forty women kapin' shtill at wanst. But widout kapin' me waitin' too long she began chattin' away, wid her cryin' all done, an' tellin' what they 'd put into the hundred-acre field, an' what into the tin-acre patch, an' how they 'd change the house inside an' put in a closet for his regayly clothes. Thin she kem to a shtoppin'-place. I put me eye to the crack, an' they wor' sittin' close together an' holdin' on like two in a shwing. 'T was thin I knew that it had taken place—what I had suspected."

"'T is the suspected always happens," says I.

"Yis, but to think av it happenin' whin I was away wid that nuisance av a dawg! An' now 't is all over but gettin' ready. He 's goin' to take her away to Brighton Beach. Where that is, I dunno."

"'T is a place where ladies go in shwimmin'," says I.

"D' ye mane it?" says Mary Ann, not

knowin' what to do wid her hands. "The ide-e-e-a! She told me that same, an' I thought she was jokin' me. She 's makin' a little alapaca shkert that doos n't come till her knees—an' barely that. T' think av it! 'T is little we know."

Wid that the ferry kem, and Mary Ann hurried away, l'avin' a big orange beside me. I sat till it w'u'd be time to coal up Number Twinty-wan and put the sand intil her, shmokin' me pipe an' thinkin' of the ways of the worruld.



MEMORIAL OF THE UNREMEMBERED

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

"Heu quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse."

WHOM I have loved Fortune loved not;
Whom I remember are forgot,
As though they never breathed this air
That to my listening soul sighs, "Where?"

My saints have on the earth no shrine
Save in this shattered heart of mine,
Whose trembling walls are sinking fast,
Whose incense hath not long to last.

My prophets none did heed nor trust;
My conquerors, conquered, bit the dust.
Not with their latest breath they knew
That deeds of theirs could none undo;

Nor consciousness of might or right
Sustained them in the gathering night,
But in all self-abasement they
From the great battle passed away.

Oh, somewhere be it otherwise
Than under these occluding skies!
Somewhere, in unimagined ways,
Be scored their triumph and their praise!

Where'er they dwell, to earth unknown,
I am content if me they own
Among their number,—theirs forgot,
Unsung, unshrined, exalted not,—

And if their shining brows (unstarred)
But bend on me their long regard,
And if their silence saith, "Have peace!
From tears for us—or pæans, cease!"

SANDY

BY ALICE HEGAN RICE

Author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and "Lovey Mary"

WITH PICTURES BY W. L. JACOBS

XI

"THE LIGHT THAT LIES"



DURING the summer Sandy worked faithfully to make amends for his failure to win the scholarship. He had meekly accepted Mrs. Hollis's torrent of abuse and the Meeches' open disapproval; he had winced under Martha's unspoken reproaches, and groaned over the judge's quiet disappointment.

"You see, my boy," the judge said kindly one day when they were alone, "I had set my heart on taking you into the office after next year. I had counted on the scholarship to put you through your last year at the academy."

"It was the fool I was," cried Sandy, in bitter condemnation; "but if ye 'll trust me the one time more, may I die in me traces if I ever stir out of them!"

So sincere was his desire to make amends that he asked to read law with the judge in the evenings after his work was done. Nothing could have pleased the judge more. He sat with his back to the lamp and his feet on the window-sill, and expounded polemics to his heart's desire.

Sandy sat in the shadow and whittled. Sometimes he did not listen at all, but when he did it was with an intensity of attention, an utter absorption in the subject, that carried him straight to the heart of the matter. Meanwhile he was unconsciously receiving a life-imprint of the old judge's native nobility.

From the first summer he had held a good position at the post-office. His first earnings had gone to a round little ship's surgeon on board the *America*. But since then his funds had run rather low. What

he did not lend he contributed, and the result was a chronic state of bankruptcy.

"You must be careful with your earnings," the judge warned. "It is not easy to live within an income."

"Easier within it than without it, sir," Sandy answered from deep experience.

After the Lexington episode Sandy had shunned Martha somewhat; when he did go to see her, he found she was sick in bed.

"She never was strong," said Mrs. Meech, sitting limp and disconsolate on the porch. "Mr. Meech and I never thought to keep her this long. The doctor says it's the beginning of the end. She's so patient it's enough to break your heart."

Sandy went without his dinner that day, and tramped to town and back, in the glare of the noon sun, to get her a basket of fruit. Then he wrote her a letter so full of affection and sympathy that it brought the tears to his own eyes as he wrote. These he took over and left at her door, then promptly forgot all about her.

For his whole purpose in life these days, aside from assisting the government in the distribution of mail and reading a musty old volume of Blackstone, was learning to dance.

In ten days was the opening of the county fair, and Sandy had received an invitation to be present at the fair hop, which was the social excitement of the season. It was to be his introduction into society, and he was determined to acquit himself with credit.

He assiduously practised the two-step in the back room of the post-office when the other clerk was out for lunch; he tried elaborate and ornate bows upon Aunt Melvy, who considered even the mildest "reel chune" a direct communication from the devil. The moment the post-office

closed he hastened to Dr. Fenton's, where Annette was taking him through a course of private lessons.

Dr. Fenton's house was situated immediately upon the street. Opening the door, one passed into a small square hall where the Confederate flag hung above a life-size portrait of General Lee. On every side were old muskets and rusty swords, large pictures of decisive battles, and maps of

afraid of any damned Yankee that ever pulled a trigger."

"Was he a rebel?" asked the unfortunate Sandy.

The doctor swelled with indignation. "He was a Confederate, sir! I never knew a rebel."

"It was the Confederates that wore the gray?" asked Sandy, trying to cover his blunder.



Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Half-tone plate engraved by R. C. Collins

"'YOU ARE SO B-BIG,' SHE SAID"

the siege of Vicksburg and the battle of Bull Run. In the midst of this warlike atmosphere sat the unreconstructed little doctor, wearing his gray uniform and his gray felt hat, which was reluctantly removed only at bedtime.

Here he ostensibly held office hours, but in reality he was doing sentry duty. His real business in life was keeping up with Annette, and his diversion was in the constant perusal of a slim sheet known as "The Confederate Veteran."

It was Sandy's privilege to pass the lines unchallenged. In fact, the doctor's strict surveillance diminished, and he occasionally was guilty of napping at the post when Sandy was with Annette.

"Come in, come in," he said one day. "Just looking over the 'Veteran.' Ever hear of Sam Davis? Greatest hero South ever knew! That's his picture. Was n't

"They did," said the doctor. "I put it on at nineteen, and I'll be buried in it. Yes, sir; and my hat. Would n't wear blue for a farm. Hate the sight of it so, that I might shoot myself by mistake. Ever look over these maps? This was the battle of—"

A door opened and a light head was thrust out.

"Now, d-dad, you hush this minute! You've told him that over and over. Sandy's my company. Come in here, Sandy."

A few moments later there was a moving of chairs, and Annette's voice was counting, "One, two, three; one, two, three," while Sandy went through violent contortions in his efforts to waltz. He had his tongue firmly between his teeth and his eyes fixed on vacancy as he revolved in furniture-destroying circles about the small parlor.



Illustration by E. J. Smith. Published by the Curtis Studio, New York City.
SHE WAGGED IN CONFUSION, THEN BLUSHED AND BOWLED

"That is n't right," cried Annette. "You've lost the time. You b-dance with the chair, Sandy, and I'll p-play the p-piano."

"N, you don't," he cried. "I'll dance with you and put the chair at the piano, but I'll dance with no chair."

Annette sank, laughing and exhausted, upon the sofa and looked up at him hopelessly. Her hair had tumbled down, making her look more like a child than ever.

"You are so b-bog," she said; "and you've got so many feet."

"The more of me, the love ye."

"I wonder if you b-b," she put her chin on her palms and looked at him sideways.

"Don't ye do that again," he cried. "Have n't I passed ye the warning never to look at me when you fix your mouth like that?"

She tried to call him a goose, though she knew that his were fatal.

A moment later she sat at one end of the sofa in pretended indignation while Sandy tried to make his peace from the other.

"May the lightning strike me dead if I

ever do it again without the asking! I'll be good now—honest to g-witness, Nettie. I'll shut me eyes when you take the hurdles, and be blind to temptation. Won't ye be putting me on about the hop now, and what I must do?"

Annette counted her fraternity pins and tried to look severe. She used them in lieu of scalps, and they encircled her neck, fastened her belt, and on state occasions even adorned her shoe-buckles.

"Well," she at last said, "to b-begin with, you must be nice to everyb-body. You must n't sit out more than one d-dance with one g-girl, and you must b-break in on every dance I'm not sitting out."

"Break in? Sit out?" repeated Sandy, realizing that the intricacies of society are manifold.

"Of course," said his mentor. "Whenever you see the g-girl you like dancing with any one else, you just p-put your hand on the man's shoulder, and then she d-dances with you."

"And will they all stop for me?" cried Sandy, not understanding at all why he should have the preference.

"Surely," said Annette. "And sitting out is when you like a girl so m-much that you would rather take her away to some quiet little corner and talk to her than to d-dance with her."

"That 'll never be me," cried Sandy—"not while the band plays."

"Shall we try it again?" she asked; and with much scoffing and scolding on her part, and eloquent apologies and violent exertion on his, they struggled onward toward success.

In the midst of the lesson there was a low whistle at the side window. Annette dropped Sandy's hands and put her finger to her lips.

"It 's Carter," she whispered. "D-dad does n't allow him to come here."

"Little 's the wonder," grumbled Sandy.

Annette's eyes were sparkling at the prospect of forbidden fruit. She tiptoed to the window and opened the shutter a few inches.

At the opening Carter's face appeared. It was a pale, delicate face, over-sensitive, over-refined, with the stamp of weakness on every feature. His restless, nervous eyes were slightly bloodshot, and there was a constant twitching about his lips. But as he pushed back the shutter and leaned carelessly against the sill, there was an easy grace in his figure and a devil-may-care light in his eyes that would have stirred the heart of a less susceptible maiden than the one who smiled upon him from between the muslin curtains. He laughed lightly as he caught at a flying lock of her hair.

"You little coward! Why did n't you meet me?"

She frowned significantly and made warning gestures toward the interior of the room.

At the far window, standing with his back to them, was Mr. Sandy Kilday. He was engaged in a fierce encounter with an unnamed monster whose eyes were green. During his pauses for breath he composed a few comprehensive and scathing remarks which he intended to bestow upon Miss Fenton at his earliest convenience. Fickleness was a thing not to be tolerated. She had confessed her preference for him over all others; she must and should prove it. Just when his indignation had reached the exploding-point, he heard his name called.

"Sandy," cried Annette, "what do you

think? Ruth is coming home! Carter is on his way to the d-depot to meet her now. She 's been gone nearly a year. I never was so crazy to see anyb-body in all my life."

Sandy wheeled about. "Which depot?" he cried excitedly; and without apologies or farewell he dashed out of the house and down the street.

When the Pullman train came into the Clayton station, he was leaning against a truck in a pose of studied indifference. Out of the tail of his eye he watched the passengers alight.

There were the usual fat women and thin men, tired women with children, and old women with baskets, but no sign of a small girl with curls hanging down her back and dresses to her shoe-tops.

Suddenly he caught his breath. Standing in the car door, like a saint in a niche, was a radiant figure in a blue traveling-suit, with a bit of blue veil floating airily from her hat brim. She was not the little girl he was looking for, but he transferred his devotion at a bound; for long skirts and tucked-up curls rendered her tenfold more worshipful than before.

He watched her descend from her pedestal, bestow an affectionate kiss upon her brother, then look eagerly around for other familiar faces. In one heart-suspending instant her eyes met his, she hesitated in confusion, then blushed and bowed.

Sandy reeled home in utter intoxication of spirit. Even the town pump wore a halo of glorified rosy mist.

At the gate he met Mrs. Hollis returning from a funeral. With a sudden descent from his ethereal mood, he pounced upon her and, in spite of violent protestations, danced her madly down the walk and deposited her breathless upon the milk-bench.

"He 's getting worse all the time," she complained to Aunt Melvy, who had watched the performance with great glee.

"Yas, 'm," said Aunt Melvy, with a fond look at his retreating figure. "He 's jus' like a' Irish potato: when he ain't powerful cold, he 's powerful hot."

XII

ANTICIPATION

THE day before the fair Sandy employed a substitute at the post-office, in order to



Drawn by W. L. Jacobs. Halftone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"THEN HE FORGOT ALL ABOUT THE STEPS AND COUNTING TIME" (SEE PAGE 547)

give the entire day to preparation for the festivities to come.

Early in the morning he went to town and, after much consultation and many changes of mind, purchased a suit of clothes. Then he rented the town dress-suit, to the chagrin of three other boys who had each counted upon it for the coming hop.

With this precious burden under his arm, Sandy hastened home. He spread the two coats on the bed, placing a white shirt inside each, and a necktie about each collar. Then he stood back and admired.

"It's meself I can see in them both this minute!" he exclaimed with delight.

His shoes were polished until they were resplendent, but they lost much of their glory during subsequent practising of steps before the mirror. He even brushed and cleaned his old clothes, for he foresaw the pain of laying aside the raiment of Solomon for dingy every-day garments.

Toward noon he went down-stairs to continue his zealous efforts in the kitchen. This met with Aunt Melvy's instant disapproval.

"For mercy sake, git out ob my way!" she cried, as she squeezed past the ironing-board to get to the stove. "I'll press yer pants, ef you'll jus' take yourself outen de kitchen. Be sure don't burn 'em? Look a-heah, chile; I was pressin' pants 'fore yer paw was wearin' 'em!"

Aunt Melvy's temper was a thing not to be trifled with when a "protracted meeting" was in session. For years she had been the black sheep in the spiritual fold. Her earnest desire to get religion and the untiring efforts of the exhorters had alike proved futile. Year after year she sat on the mourners' bench, seeking the light and failing each time to "come th'u'."

This discouraging condition of affairs sorely afflicted her, and produced a kind of equinoctial agitation in the Hollis kitchen.

Sandy went on into the dining-room, but he found no welcome there. Mrs. Hollis was submerged in pastry. The county fair was her one dissipation, and her highest ambition was to take premiums. Every year she sent forth battalions of cakes, pies, sweet pickles, beaten biscuit, crocheted doilies, and crazy-quilts to capture the blue ribbon.

"Don't put the window up!" she warned Sandy. "I know it's stifling, but I can't

have the dust coming in. Why don't you go on in the house?"

Mrs. Hollis always spoke of the kitchen and dining-room as if they were not a part of the house.

"Can't ye tell me something that's good for the sunburn?" asked Sandy, anxiously. "It's a dressed-up shooting-cracker I'll be resembling the morrow, in spite of me fine clothes."

"Buttermilk and lemon-juice," recommended Mrs. Hollis, as she placed the last marshmallow on the roof of a four-story cake.

Sandy would have endured any discomfort that day in order to add one charm to his personal appearance. He used so many lemons there were none left for the judge's lemonade when he came home for dinner.

"Just home from the post-office?" he asked when he saw Sandy enter the dining-room with his hat on.

"Jimmy Reed's doing my work to-day," Sandy said apologetically. "And if you please, sir, I'll be keeping my hat on. I have just washed my hair, and I want it to dry straight."

The judge looked at the suspicious turn of the thick locks around the brim of the stiff hat and smiled.

"*Vanitas vanitatum, et omnia vanitas,*" he quoted. "How many pages of Blackstone to-day?"

Sandy made a wry face and winked at Mrs. Hollis, but she betrayed him.

"He has been primping since sun-up," she said. "Anybody would think he was going to get married."

"Sweet good luck if I was!" cried Sandy, gaily.

The judge put down his fork and laid his hand on Sandy's arm. "You must n't neglect the learning, Sandy. You've made fine progress, and I'm proud of you. You've worked your way this far; I'll help you to the top if you'll keep a steady head."

"That I'll do," cried Sandy, grasping his hand. "It's old Moseley's promise I have for steady work at the academy. If I can't climb the ladder, with you at one end and success at the other, then I'm not much of a chicken—I mean I'm not much."

"Well, you better begin by leaving the girls alone," said Mrs. Hollis as she moved the sugar out of his reach. "Just

let one drive by the gate, and we don't have any peace until you know who it is."

"By the way," said the judge, as he helped himself to a corn-dodger and two kinds of preserves, "I'm sorry to see the friendship that's sprung up between Annette Fenton and young Nelson. I don't know what the doctor's thinking about to let it go on. Nelson is hitting a pretty lively pace for a youngster. He'll never live to reap his wild oats, though. He came into the world with consumption, and I don't think he will be long getting out of it. He's always getting into difficulty. I have had to fine him twice in the past month for gambling. Do you see anything of him, Sandy?"

"No," said Sandy, biting his lip. His pride had suffered more than once at Carter's condescension.

"Martha Meech must be worse," said Mrs. Hollis. "The up-stairs blinds have been closed all day."

Sandy pushed back the apple-dumpling which Aunt Melvy had made at his special request.

"Perhaps I can be helping them," he said as he rose from the table.

When he came back he sat for a long time with his head on his hand.

"Is she much worse?" asked Mrs. Hollis.

"Yes," said Sandy; "and it's little that I can do, though she's coughing her life away. It's a shame—and a shame!" he cried in hot rebellion.

All his vanity of the morning was dispelled by the tragedy taking place next door. He paced back and forth between the two houses, begging to be allowed to help, and proposing all sorts of impossible things.

When inaction became intolerable, he plunged into his law books, at first not comprehending a line, but gradually becoming more and more interested, until at last the whole universe seemed to revolve about a case that was decided in a previous century.

When he rose it was almost dusk, and he came back to the present world with a start. His first thought was of Ruth and the rapturous prospect of seeing her on the morrow; then a swift doubt came as to whether a white tie or a black one was proper; then a sudden fear that he had forgotten how to dance. He jumped to

his feet, took a couple of steps—then he remembered Martha.

The house seemed suddenly quiet and lonesome. He went from the sitting-room to the kitchen, but neither Mrs. Hollis nor Aunt Melvy was to be found. Returning through the front hall, he opened the door to the parlor.

The sight that met him was somewhat gruesome. Everything was carefully wrapped in newspapers. Pictures enveloped in newspapers hung on the walls, newspaper chairs stood primly around a newspaper table. In the dim twilight it looked like the very ghost of a room.

Sandy threw open the window, and going over to the newspaper piano, untied the wrappings. He softly touched the keys and began to sing in an undertone. Old Irish love-songs, asleep in his heart since they were first dropped there by the merry mother lips, stirred and awoke. The accompaniment limped along lamely enough; but the singer, with that ever his eyes and lemon-juice on his nose, sang on as only a poet and lover can. His rich, full voice lingered on the soft Celtic syllables, dwelt tenderly on the diminutive endearments, and his heart, overcharged with sorrow and joy and romance and dreams, spilled over in an ecstasy of song.

Next door, in an upper bedroom, a tired soul paused in its final flight. Martha Meech, stretching forth her thin arms in the twilight, listened as one might listen to the strains of an angel choir.

"It's Sandy," she said, and the color came to her cheeks, the light to her eyes. For, like Sandy, she had youth and she had love, and life itself could give no more.

XIII

THE COUNTY FAIR

THE big amphitheater at the fair grounds was filled as completely and evenly as a new paper of pins. Through the air floated that sweetest of all music to the childish ear—the unceasing wail of expiring balloons; and childish souls were held together in one sticky ecstasy of molasses candy and pop-corn balls.

Behind the highest row of seats was a promenade, and in front of the lowest was another. Around these circled a procession which, though constantly varying, held certain recurring figures like the charging

steeds on a merry-go-round. There was Dr. Fenton, in his tight Confederate suit; he had been circling in that same procession at every fair for twenty years. There was the judge, lank of limb and loose of joint, who stopped to shake hands with all the strangers and invite them to take dinner in his booth, where Mrs. Hollis reveled in a riot of pastry. A little behind him strutted Mr. Moseley, sending search-lights of scrutiny over the crowd in order to discover the academy boys who might be periling their time upon unlettered femininity.

At one side of the amphitheater, raised to a place of honor, was the courting-box. Here the aristocratic youth of the countryside met to measure hearts, laugh at the rustics, and enjoy the races.

In previous years Sandy had watched the courting-box from below, but this year he was in the center of it. Jests and greetings from the boys, and cordial glances from maidens both known and unknown, bade him welcome. But, in spite of his reception, and in spite of his irreproachable toilet, he was not having a good time. With hands in pockets and a scowl on his face, he stared gloomily over the crowd. Twice a kernel of pop-corn struck his ear, but he did not turn.

Above him, Annette Fenton was fathoms deep in a flirtation with Carter Nelson; while below him, Ruth, in the daintiest of gowns and the largest of hats, was wasting her sweetness on the desert countenance of Sid Gray.

Sandy refused to seek consolation elsewhere; he sat like a Spartan hero, and calmly watched his heart being consumed in the flames.

This hour, for which he had been living, this longed-for opportunity of being near Ruth and possibly of speaking to her, was slipping away, and she did not even know he was there.

He became fiercely critical of Sid Gray. He rejoiced in his stoutness and took grim pleasure in the fact that his necktie had slipped up at the back. He looked at his hand as it rested on the back of the seat; it was plump and white. Sandy held out his own broad, muscular palm, hardened and roughened by work. Then he put it in his pocket again and sighed.

The afternoon wore gaily on. Louder grew the chorus of balloons and stickier grew the pop-corn balls. The courting-box

was humming with laughter and jest. The Spartan hero began to rebel. Why should he allow himself to be tortured thus when there might be a way of escape? He recklessly resolved to put his fate to the test. Rising abruptly, he went down to the promenade and passed slowly along the courting-box, scanning the occupants as if in search of some one. It was on his fourth round that she saw him, and the electric shock almost lost him his opportunity. He looked twice to make sure she had spoken; then, with a bit of his heart in his throat and the rest in his eyes, he went up the steps and awkwardly held out his hand.

The world made several convulsive circuits in its orbit and the bass drum performed a solo inside his head during the moment that followed. When the tumult subsided he found a pair of bright brown eyes smiling up at him and a small hand clasped in his.

This idyllic condition was interrupted by a disturbance on the promenade, which caused them both to look in that direction. Some one was pushing roughly through the crowd.

"Hi, there, Kilday! Sandy Kilday!"

A heavy-set fellow was making his way noisily toward them. His suit of broad checks, his tan shoes, and his large diamond stud were strangers, but his little close-set eyes, protruding teeth, and bushy hair were hatefully familiar.

Sandy started forward, and those nearest laughed when the stranger looked at him and said:

"My guns! Git on to his togs! Ain't he a duke!"

Sandy got Ricks out of the firing-line, around the corner of the courting-box. His face was crimson with mortification, but it never occurred to him to be angry.

"What brought you back?" he asked huskily.

"Hosses."

"Are you going to drive this afternoon?"

"Yep. One of young Nelson's colts in the last ring. Say," he added, "he's game, all right. Me and him have done biz before. Know him?"

"Carter Nelson? Oh, yes; I know him," said Sandy, impatient to be rid of his companion.

"Me and him are a winnin' couple," said Ricks. "We plays the races straight

along. He puts up the dough, and I puts up the tips. Say, he 's one of these here tony toughs; he won't let on he knows me when he 's puttin' on dog. What about you, Sandy? Makin' good these days?"

"I guess so," said Sandy, indifferently.

"You ain't goin' to school yet?"

"That I am," said Sandy; "and next year, too, if the money holds out."

"Golly gosh!" said Ricks, incredulously. "Well, I got to be hikin' back. The next is my entry. I 'll look you up after while. So-long!"

He shambled off, and Sandy watched his broad-checked back until it was lost in the crowd.

That Ricks should have turned up at that critical moment seemed a wilful prank on the part of fate. Sandy bit his lip and raged inwardly. He had a wild impulse to rush back to Ruth, seize her hand, and begin where he had left off. He might have done it, too, had not the promenade happened to land Dr. Fenton before him at that moment.

The doctor was behaving in a most extraordinary and unmilitary way. He had stepped out of the ranks, and was performing strange manoeuvres about a knot-hole that looked into the courting-box. When he saw Sandy he opened fire.

"Look at her! Look at her!" he whispered. "Whenever I pass she talks to Jimmy Reed on this side; but the moment she thinks I 'm not looking, sir, she talks to Nelson on the other! Kilday," he went on, shaking his finger impressively, "that little girl is as slick as—a blame Yankee! But she 'll not outwit me. I 'm going right up there and take her home."

Sandy laughingly held his arm. It was not the first time the doctor had confided in him. "No, no, doctor," he said; "I 'll be the watch-dog for ye. Let me go and stay with Annette, and if Carter Nelson gets a word in her ear, it 'll be because I 've forgotten how to talk."

"Will you?" asked the doctor, anxiously. "Nelson's a drunkard. I 'd rather see my little girl dead than married to him. But she 's wilful, Kilday; when she was just a baby she 'd sit with her little pink toes curled up for an hour to keep me from putting on her shoes when she wanted to go barefoot! She 's a fighter," he added, with a gruff chuckle that ended in a sigh, "but she 's all I 've got."

Sandy gripped him by the hand, then he turned the corner into the courting-box. Instantly his eager eyes sought Ruth, but she did not look up as he passed.

He unceremoniously took his seat beside Annette, to the indignation of little Jimmy Reed. It was hard to accept Carter's patronizing tolerance, but a certain curve to his eyebrows and the turn of his head served as perpetual reminders of Ruth.

Annette greeted Sandy effusively. She had found Jimmy entirely too limber a foil to use with any degree of skill, and she knew from past experience that Sandy and Carter were much better matched. If Sid Gray had been there also, she would have been quite happy. In Annette's estimation it was all a mistake about love being a game for two.

"Who was your stylish friend?" she asked Sandy.

"Ricks Wilson," said Sandy, shortly.

Carter smiled condescendingly. "Your old business partner, I believe?"

"Before he was yours," said Sandy.

This was not at all to Annette's taste. They were not even thinking about her.

"How m-many dances do you want for to-night?" she asked Sandy.

"The first four."

She wrote them on the corner of her fan. "Yes?"

"The last four."

"Yes?"

"And the four in between. What 's that on your fan?"

"Nothing."

"But it is. Let me see."

"Will you look at it easy and not tell?" she whispered, taking advantage of Carter's sudden interest in the judges' stand.

"Sure and I will. Just a peep. Come!"

She opened the fan half-way, and disclosed a tiny picture of himself sewed on one of the slats.

"And it 's meself that you care for, Annette!" he whispered. "I knew it, you rascal, you rogue!"

"Let g-go my hand," she whispered, half laughing, half scolding. "Look, Carter, what I have on my fan!" and, to Sandy's chagrin, she opened the fan on the reverse side and disclosed a picture of Nelson.

But Carter had neither eyes nor ears for her now. His whole attention was centered on the ring, where the most important event of the day was about to take place.

It was a trial of two-year-olds for speed and durability. There were four entries—two bays, a sorrel, and Carter's own little thoroughbred "Nettie." He watched her as she pranced around the ring under Ricks's skilful handling; she had nothing to fear from the bays, but the sorrel was a close competitor.

"Oh, this is your race, is n't it?" cried Annette as the band struck up "Dixie." "Where 's my namesake? The pretty one just c-coming, with the ugly driver? Why, he 's Sandy's friend, is n't he?"

Sandy winced under her teasing, but he held his peace.

The first heat Nettie won; the second, the sorrel; the third brought the grand stand to its feet. Even the revolving procession halted breathless.

"Now they 're off!" cried Annette, excitedly. "Mercy, how they g-go! Nettie is a little ahead; look, Sandy! She 's gaining! No; the sorrel 's ahead. Carter, your driver is g-going too close! He 's g-going to smash in— Oh, look!"

There was a crash of wheels and a great commotion. Several women screamed, and a number of men rushed into the ring. When Sandy got there, the greater crowd was not around the sorrel's driver, who lay in a heap against the railing with a broken leg and a bruised head; it was around Ricks Wilson in angry protest and indignation.

The most vehement of them all was Judge Hollis,—the big, easy-going judge,—whose passion, once roused, was a thing to be reckoned with.

"It was a dastardly piece of cowardice," he cried. "You all saw what he did! Call the sheriff, there! I intend to prosecute him to the full extent of the law."

Ricks, with snapping eyes and snarling mouth, glanced anxiously around at the angry faces. He was looking for Carter Nelson, but Carter had discreetly departed. It was Sandy whom he spied, and instantly called: "Kilday, you 'll see me through this mess? You know it was n't none of my fault."

Sandy pushed his way to the judge's side. He had never hated the sight of Ricks so much as at that moment.

"It 's Ricks Wilson," he whispered to the judge—"the boy I used to peddle with. Don't be sending him to jail, sir. I 'll—I 'll go his bail if you 'll be letting him go."

"Indeed you won't!" thundered the judge. "You to take money you 've saved for your education to help this scoundrel, this rascal, this half murderer!"

The crowd shouted its approval as it opened for the sheriff. Ricks was not the kind to make it easy for his captors, and a lively skirmish ensued.

As he was led away he turned to the crowd back of him and shook his fist in the judge's face.

"You done this," he cried. "I 'll git even with you, if I go to hell fer it!"

The judge laughed contemptuously, but Sandy watched Ricks depart with troubled eyes. He knew that he meant what he said.

XIV

A COUNCIL OF WAR

WHILE the frivolous-minded of Clayton were bent upon the festivities of fair week, it must not be imagined that the grave and thoughtful contingent, which acts as ballast in every community, was idle.

Mr. Moseley was a self-constituted leader in a crusade against dancing. At his earnest suggestion, every minister in town agreed to preach upon the subject at prayer-meeting the Wednesday evening of the hop.

They held a preliminary meeting before services in the study of the Hard-Shell Baptist Church. Mr. Moseley occupied the chair, a Jove of righteousness dispensing thunderbolts of indignation to his satellites. A fringe of scant hair retreated respectfully from the unadorned dome which crowned his personal edifice. His manner was most serious and his every utterance freighted with importance.

Beside him sat his rival in municipal authority, the Methodist preacher. He had a short upper lip and a square lower jaw, and a way of glaring out of his convex glasses that gave a comical imitation of a bullfrog in debate. This was the first occasion in the history of the town when he and Mr. Moseley had met in friendly concord. For the last few days the united war upon a common enemy had knitted their souls in a bond of brotherly affection.

When the half-dozen preachers had assembled, Mr. Moseley rose with dignity. "My dear brethren," he began impressively, "the occasion is one which permits of no trifling. The dancing evil is one

which has menaced our community for generations—a viper to be seized and throttled with a firm hand. The waltz, the—the Highland fling, the—the—”

“German?” suggested some one faintly.

“Yes, the german—are all invasions of the Evil One. The crowded rooms, the unholy excitement, are degenerating and debasing. I am glad to report one young soul who has turned from temptation and told me only to-day of his intention of refraining from partaking in the unrighteous amusement of this evening. That, brethren, was the nephew of my pastor.”

The little Presbyterian preacher, thus thrust into the light cast from the halo of his regenerate nephew, stirred uneasily. He was contemplating the expediency of his youthful kinsman in making the lack of a dress-suit serve as a means of lightening his coming examinations at the academy.

Mr. Moseley, now fully launched upon a flood of eloquence, was just concluding a brilliant argument. “Look at the round dance!” he cried. “Who can behold and not shudder?”

Mr. Meech, who had not beheld and therefore could not shudder, ventured a timid inquiry:

“Mr. Moseley, just what is a round dance?”

Mr. Moseley pushed back his chair and wheeled the table nearer the window. “Will you just step forward, Mr. Meech?”

With difficulty Mr. Meech extricated himself from the corner to which the pressure of so many guests had relegated him. He slipped apologetically to the front and took his stand beneath the shadow of Mr. Moseley's presence. Prayer-meeting being but a semi-official occasion, he wore his second-best coat, and it had followed the shrinking habit established by its predecessors.

“Now,” commanded Mr. Moseley, “place your hand upon my shoulder.”

Mr. Meech did so with self-conscious gravity and serious apprehensions as to the revelations to follow.

“Now,” continued Mr. Moseley, “I place my arm about your waist—thus.”

“Surely not,” objected Mr. Meech, in embarrassment.

But Mr. Moseley was relentless. “I assure you it is true. And the other hand—” He stopped in grave deliberation.

The Methodist brother, who had been

growing more and more overcharged with suppressed knowledge, could contain himself no longer.

“That 's not right at all!” he burst forth irritably. “You don't hook your arm around like that! You hold the left arm out and saw it up and down—like this.”

He snatched the bewildered Mr. Meech from Mr. Moseley's embrace, and humming a waltz, stepped briskly about the limited space, to the consternation of the onlookers, who hastened to tuck their feet under their chairs.

Mr. Meech, looking as if he were being backed into eternity, stumbled on the rug and clutched violently at the table-cover. In his downfall he carried his instructor with him, and a deluge of tracts from the table above followed.

In the midst of the confusion there was a sound from the church next door. Mr. Meech sat up among the debris and listened. It was the opening hymn for prayer-meeting.

XV

HELL AND HEAVEN

THE events of the afternoon, stirring as they had been, were soon dismissed from Sandy's mind. The approaching hop possessed right of way over every other thought.

By the combined assistance of Mrs. Hollis and Aunt Melvy, he had been ready at half-past seven. The dance did not begin until nine; but he was to take Annette, and the doctor, whose habits were as fixed as the numbers on a clock, had insisted that she should attend prayer-meeting as usual before the dance.

In the little Hard-Shell Baptist Church the congregation had assembled and services had begun before Mr. Meech arrived. He appeared singularly flushed and breathless, and caused some confusion by giving out the hymn which had just been sung. It was not until he became stirred by the power of his theme that he gained composure.

In the front seat Dr. Fenton drowsed through the discourse. Next to him, her party dress and slipper-bag concealed by a rain-coat, sat Annette, hot and rebellious, and in anything but a prayerful frame of mind. Beside her sat Sandy, rigid with elegance, his eyes riveted on the preacher, but his thoughts on his feet. For, stationary

though he was, he was really giving himself the benefit of a final rehearsal, and mentally performing steps of intricate and marvelous variety.

"Stop moving your feet!" whispered Annette. "You 'll step on my dress."

"Is it the mazurka that 's got the hiccoughs in the middle?" asked Sandy, anxiously.

Mr. Meech paused and looked at them over his spectacles in plaintive reproach.

Then he wandered on into sixthlies and seventhlies of increasing length. Before the final amen had died upon the air, Annette and Sandy had escaped to their reward.

The hop was given in the town hall, a large, dreary-looking room with a raised platform at one end, where Johnson's band introduced instruments and notes that had never met before.

To Sandy it was a hall of Olympus, where filmy-robed goddesses moved to the music of the spheres.

"Is n't the floor g-grand?" cried Annette, with a little run and a slide. "I could just d-die dancing."

"What may the chalk line be for?" asked Sandy.

"That 's to keep the stags b-back."

"The stags?" His spirits fell before this new complication.

"Yes; the boys without partners, you know. They have to stay b-back of the chalk line and b-break in from there. You 'll catch on right away. There 's your d-dressing-room over there. Don't bother about my card; it's been filled a week. Is there anyb-body you want to dance with especially?"

Sandy's eyes answered for him. They were held by a vision in the center of the room, and he was blinded to everything else.

Half surrounded by a little group stood Ruth Nelson, red-lipped, bright-eyed, eager, her slender white-clad figure on tiptoe with buoyant expectancy. The crimson rose caught in her hair kept impatient time to the tap of her restless high-heeled slipper, and she swayed and sang with the music in a way to set the seawaves dancing.

It was small matter to Sandy that the lace on her dress had belonged to her great-grandmother, or that the pearls about her round white throat had been worn by an ancestor who was lady in waiting to a

queen of France. He only knew she meant everything beautiful in the world to him,—music and springtime and dawn,—and that when she smiled it was sunlight in his heart.

"I don't think you can g-get a dance there," said Annette, following his gaze. "She is always engaged ahead. But I 'll find out, if you w-want me to."

"Would you, now?" cried Sandy, fervently pressing her hand. Then he stopped short. "Annette," he said wistfully, "do you think she 'll be caring to dance with a boy like me?"

"Of course she will, if you k-keep off her toes and don't forget to count the time. Hurry and g-get off your things; I want you to try it before the crowd comes. There are only a few couples for you to bump into now, and there will be a hundred after a while."

O the fine rapture of that first moment when Sandy found he could dance! Annette knocked away his remaining doubts and fears and boldly launched him into the merry whirl. The first rush was breathless, carrying all before it; but after a moment's awful uncertainty he settled into the step and glided away over the shining floor, counting his knots to be sure, but sailing triumphantly forward behind the flutter of Annette's pink ribbons.

He was introduced right and left, and he asked every girl he met to dance. It made little difference who she happened to be, for in imagination she was always the same. Annette had secured for him the last dance with Ruth, and he intended to practise every moment until that magic hour should arrive.

But youth reckons not with circumstance. Just when all sails were set and he was nearing perfection, he met with a disaster which promptly relegated him to the dry-dock. His partner did not dance!

When he looked at her, he found that she was tall and thin and vivacious, and he felt that she must have been going to hops for a very long time.

"I hate dancing, don't you?" she said. "Let's go over there, out of the crowd, and have a nice long talk."

Sandy glanced at the place indicated. It seemed a long way from base.

"Would n't you like to stand here and watch them?" he floundered helplessly.

"Oh, dear, no; it's too crowded. Be-

sides," she added playfully, "I have heard so much about you and your awfully romantic life. I just want to know all about it."

As a trout, one moment in mid-stream swimming and frolicking with the best, finds himself suddenly snatched out upon the bank, gasping and helpless, so Sandy found himself high and dry against the wall, with the insistent voice of his captor droning in his ears.

She had evidently been wound and set, and Sandy had unwittingly started the pendulum.

"Have you ever been to Chicago, Mr. Kilday? No? It is such a dear place; I simply adore it. I'm on my way home from there now. All my men friends begged me to stay; they sent me so many flowers I had to keep them in the bath-tub. Was n't it darling of them? I just love men. How long have you been in Clayton, Mr. Kilday?"

He tried to answer coherently, but his thoughts were in eager pursuit of a red rose that flashed in and out among the dancers.

"And you really came over from England by yourself when you were just a small boy? Were n't you clever! But I know the captain and all of them made a great pet of you. Then you made a walking tour through the States; I heard all about it. It was just too romantic for any use. I love adventure. My two best friends are at the theological seminary. One's going to India,—he's a blond,—and one to Africa. Just between us, I am going with one of them, but I can't for the life of me make up my mind which. I don't know why I am telling you all these things, Mr. Kilday, except that you are so sweet and sympathetic. You understand, don't you?"

He assured her that he did with more vehemence than was necessary, for he did not want her to suspect that he had not heard what she said.

"I knew you did. I knew it the moment I shook hands with you. I felt that we were drawn to each other. I am like you; I am just full of magnetism."

Sandy unconsciously moved slightly away: he had a sudden uncomfortable realization that he was the only one within the sphere of influence.

After two intermissions he suggested

that they go out to the drug-store and get some soda-water. On the steps they met Annette.

"You old f-fraud," she whispered to Sandy in passing, "I thought you did n't like to sit out d-dances."

He smiled feebly.

"Don't you mind her teasing," pouted his partner; "if we like to talk better than to dance, it's our own affair."

Sandy wished devoutly that it was somebody else's. When they returned, they went back to their old corner. The chairs, evidently considering them permanent occupants, assumed an air of familiarity which he resented.

"Do you know, you remind me of an old sweetheart of mine," resumed the voice of his captor, coyly. "He was the first real lover I ever had. His eyes were big and pensive, just like yours, and there was always that same look in his face that just made me want to stay with him all the time to keep him from being lonely. He was awfully fond of me, but he had to go out West to make his fortune, and he married before he got back."

Sandy sighed, ostensibly in sympathy, but in reality at his own sad fate. At that moment Prometheus himself would not have envied him his state of mind. The music set his nerves tingling and the dancers beckoned him on, yet he was bound to his chair, with no relief in view. At the tenth intermission he suggested soda-water again, after which they returned to their seats.

"I hope people are n't talking about us," she said, with a pleased laugh. "I ought n't to have given you all these dances. It's perfectly fatal for a girl to show such preference for one man. But we are so congenial, and you do remind me—"

"If it's embarrassing to you—" began Sandy, grasping the straw with both hands.

"Not one bit," she asserted. "If you would rather have a good confidential time here with me than to meet a lot of silly little girls, then I don't care what people say. But, as I was telling you, I met him the year I came out, and he was interested in me right off—"

On and on and on she went, and Sandy ceased to struggle. He sank in his chair in dogged dejection. He felt that she had been talking ever since he was born, and was going to continue until he died, and

that all he could do was to wait in anguish for the end. He watched the flushed, happy faces whirling by. How he envied the boys their wilted collars! After eons and eons of time the band played "Home, Sweet Home."

"It's the last dance," said she. "Are n't you sorry? We've had a perfectly divine time—" She got no further, for her partner, faithful through many numbers, had deserted his post at last.

Sandy pushed eagerly through the crowd and presented himself at Ruth's side. She was sitting with several boys on the stage steps, her cheeks flushed from the dance, and a loosened curl falling across her bare shoulder. He tried to claim his dance, but the words, too long confined, rushed to his lips so madly as to form a blockade.

She looked up and saw him—saw the longing and doubt in his eyes, and came to his rescue.

"Is n't this our dance, Mr. Kilday?" she said, half smiling, half timidly.

In the excitement of the moment he forgot his carefully practised bow, and the omission brought such chagrin that he started out with the wrong foot. There was a gentle, ripping sound, and a quarter of a yard of lace trailed from the hem of his partner's skirt.

"Did I put me foot in it?" cried Sandy, in such burning consternation that Ruth laughed.

"It does n't matter a bit," she said

lightly, as she stooped to pin it up. "It shows I've had a good time. Come! Don't let's miss the music."

He took her hand, and they stepped out on the polished floor. The blissful agony of those first few moments was intolerably sweet.

She was actually dancing with him (one, two, three; one, two, three). Her soft hair was close to his cheek* (one, two, three; one, two, three). What if he should miss a step (one, two, three)—or fall?

He stole a glance at her; she smiled reassuringly. Then he forgot all about the steps and counting time. He felt as he had that morning on shipboard when the *America* passed the *Great Britain*. All the joy of boyhood resurged through his veins, and he danced in a wild abandonment of bliss; for the band was playing "Home, Sweet Home," and to Sandy it meant that, come what might, within her shining eyes his gipsy soul had found its final home.

When the music stopped, and they stood, breathless and laughing, at the dressing-room door, Ruth said:

"I thought Annette told me you were just learning to dance!"

"So I am," said Sandy; "but me heart never kept time for me before!"

When Annette joined them she looked up at Sandy and smiled.

"Poor f-fellow!" she said sympathetically. "What a perfectly horrid time you've had!"

(To be continued)



COLOR AT VESUVIUS

AND OTHER IMPRESSIONS OF A WEEK AT THE CRATER

BY CORWIN KNAPP LINSON

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR



FROM the heights above the Corso Vittorio Emmanuele at Naples there stretches before one a beautiful panorama. Over the housetops and domes and clamorous streets, tenderly brilliant beneath the azure of the southern sky; over the curving bay; across the stretch of plain and straggling village street; past gardens of vine and fig clustering about the white dots of houses; even unto the very mountain slopes, the view is never obstructed, but runs on and up to the sullen cloud that unceasingly trails its indolent length seaward. At one end of the picture a gay Neapolitan riot of color, at the other gray ash and harsh lava rock, with patches of smoky yellow where sulphur lies, and here and there rich mottlings of lower tones of black and bronze and orange-red.

The Funicular Railway climbs the cone like an immense steel ladder. The upper station is a little shed of a thing, as grimy and black as a coal-breaker, some hundred feet or more from the crater. Its proximity is startlingly suggested by the thundering challenge from above, and also by the intense heat and the numerous *funerole*—little holes and fissures underfoot which give out nauseous odors and intense heat.

Pouring from the crater, when I reached the station, were swelling volumes of smoke and white vapor, following upon explosions that sent great stones and fragments of hot lava hundreds of feet into the air, while cinders fell about me like a dry, black rain. It seemed more than ever an impertinence to think of making pictures of so unearthly a spectacle.

All vision and hearing absorbed in what was taking place, I stood, half suffocated at times by the swirling fumes. With a far-away and insistent turbulence, a dull booming came from the depths. The mountain seemed about to be rent in pieces—an impression no doubt due to the reverberations of sound-waves as the noise grew in volume, with a rattling and cracking as from a thousand rifles in succession, and a thunderous clamor as the flying rocks hurtled one against another. Then up shot a swift cloud of cinders, lapilli, and lava fragments, turning the blue into a dirty dun through which the sun gleamed luridly. I had placed myself to windward, yet I watched the falling rocks with a vigilant eye and some apprehension. I saw heedless visitors escape the hot shot by not five yards, and one great projectile fell near by, plowing its way into the earth and lying smoking and half buried. A moment of quiet followed, and then another explosion tore its way upward, pouring forth a coiling black cloud that blotted out the blue sky.

At first there were no stones at all on the south side. On the second night the wind changed, and the next day saw the ground black with them. Where I had worked, a huge piece of lava lay deep in the ash, with a long furrow behind it. It looked like iron slag. Others, striking the outer edge, had rolled down the smooth outer slope of the cone, leaving twisted tracks that wound out of sight.

The highest point on the summit was a projection of lava perforated like an immense composite chimney, continually giving out vapors and heat. All about the largest hole were mineral deposits in a



Color drawing by Corwin K. Linson

A NIGHT ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS



pattern of old rose, lemon, orange, red, greenish bronze, and black. To put one's head over this opening would be to challenge death. But I used the heap to better advantage, gazing from its elevation over the vibrant expanse of blue hills and flashing sea, with the sun glistening on the white cities that girdle the bay as with gems. Far below lay Pompeii, a black scar on the plain, the one wound on a fair land. But, turning about, I looked into a most awful chasm, an appalling abyss, a ghastly hole that appeared to be hundreds of feet across when the ever-shifting masses of smoke and steam cleared sufficiently to afford a view of the opposite side. No one visit ever gave me that view. It was only after repeated observation from all sides, as the veering wind permitted, that I gained my final impression of that awful opening. The columns of rolling smoke, the clouds of white vapor, for most of the time hid from sight all but the immediate

brownish-purple and yellow foreground, and its abrupt fall into the unknown.

Sometimes jagged rocks would appear, seared and stained and intensely forbidding in their suggestion of venomous life, as though they were the nests of serpents, so hideous was their slimy, glistening character and color. Mineral deposits,—yellow sulphur and white salt,—gray ashes, blackened and torn lava rocks carved into fantastic shapes, combined to give it this appearance. And the stupendous mystery of the source of all this horror, the eternal menace of it, the uncertainty of its action, and the certainty of its results, so grew upon me that my last ascents were made by sheer force of will, and I dreaded contact with a scene that was too awful ever to become familiar. I wondered of what stuff the imperturbable guides could be made; but certain I am that few of them enjoyed their environment.

I went down to the verge. The brink



Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

NAPLES AND VESUVIUS, FROM THE HEIGHTS NORTH OF THE CITY

was treacherously soft, with its coating of shifty ash on the ledge of lava overhanging the gulf; so, cautiously braced and bending forward less than a yard from the edge, I got a glimpse of the depths. The muffled muttering was the more impressive because impossible to measure or define. This clamor of unseen forces taps one's nerves. I could mark the discolored sides of the crater dropping in precipitous in-

great masses that held a certain grandeur in their silhouettes. Up and down, in and out, carefully feeling for places for our feet, or sometimes making good way over some old and hardened stream, we proceeded, the lava cracking all about us with the contraction of cooling, the under surface still glowing in the crevices. Once there came a sharp report as the top broke open a few feet away, revealing the vivid



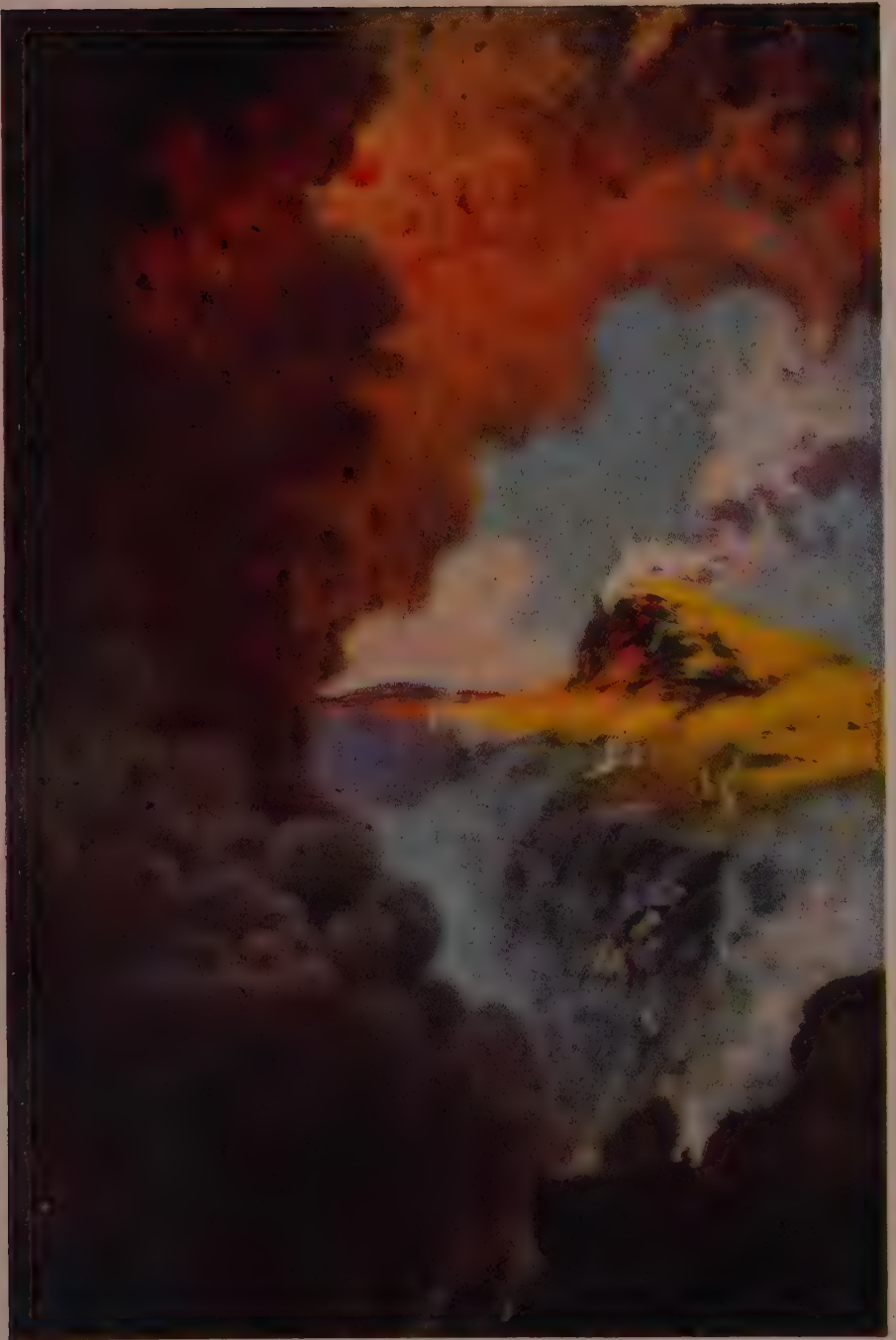
Half-tone plate engraved by Walter Aikman

SUNSET VIEW OF VESUVIUS IN JANUARY, SHOWING OLD AND NEW LAVA

cline, seamy, cracked, steaming at points with jets as from escape-valves. I did not linger where at any moment a violent explosion might cause the overhang to slip, as I afterward saw happen. I experienced a thrill, indeed, when, during a visit to Naples in the following year, I learned that the whole ledge upon which I had worked had disappeared within a fortnight of that time.

The ash cone lies like a monster ant-heap on the broad shoulders of the mountain. The streams of lava ooze from holes, slowly following their various courses, congealing soon into weird and curious shapes. Two nights, with my guide, I clambered over the rough and tortuous surface, our torches flaring out into the darkness upon

seam of fire. We soon reached the first fresh lava, moving in resistless flow. It was about two yards across, and as flat as a river where it issued at white heat. Farther on it darkened in color, and began to tumble and break and to pile up into ridges and cable-like coils. Beyond this was another stream that came from an opening some ten feet above and formed a cascade of fire. The heat was intense. Issuing thus in molten state, white hot or glowing red against the blackness of the night, its light diffused by the rising steam, revealing the uncanny shapes in stone all about, this night view of flowing lava is surely most impressive. There were streams of fire every few yards, and the heat drove us back more than once when the shifting



Color drawing by Corwin K. Lison

SULPHUR DEPOSITS AT THE CRATER OF VESUVIUS

wind brought the hot blast in our faces. I was content to remain in one place, watching a phase of nature's mountain-building that was at once beautiful and dreadful to see. But as the flow has no certainty of movement, and we could not rely on its leaving a solid footing under us from one moment to another, we cautiously retreated. When we had made our way back, I found the soles of my shoes were burned.

From the station I gazed back on the fiery streams forming a long line of moving red, and sending up a quivering veil of thin, flaming light, that met, high up, the cool darkness of the sky, with its setting of tranquil stars.

When, by day, I went out to study the lava-fields in the *Atrio del Cavallo*, I worked from the vantage-point of a heaped-up pile of rugged boulders. Two feet below the crust, the interior was at red heat, and I sat in the cold January wind over a pleasant, comfortable warmth. But to sit over volcanic fires is not the most tranquilizing of experiences, and involuntarily I glanced down now and again. Always I could hear the cracking, with dull thuds, as of thick ice breaking. My guide once jumped to his feet as a new stream burst out not twenty yards away. Having reassured himself that the seam was not extending our way, and that there was no immediate danger, he reseated himself, saying, "It is nothing; but he works hard to-day."

The lava-fields are among the most extraordinary of Vesuvian phenomena. Rock heaped upon rock,—not ordinary stone, but boulders such as might be made by fusing iron with coal refuse and glass,—rough, jagged rocks armed with teeth and claws and seamed with fire, scoriated, petrified streams, masses of matter resembling a monster's wrinkled hide, fantastic shapes, they lie jammed together by an irresistible force, twisted, thrown one against another in nightmare confusion.

The vast extent of stony acres under the bright sunlight is blackish gray in color, bare, monotonous, and desolate. At evening the sun gave it a tone of old copper, and the light, gradually fading, left it a dull bronze, deepening in tone until the night infolded it in gloom. Early in the morning, as one looked at it from the observatory, with the sun rising behind the mountain, it had the blue of a plum. It was wonderfully changeable in color, vari-

ously affected by every shifting angle of sunlight.

One night at the station the unkind winds brought sulphurous vapors from the crater and from the crevices in the side. The cinders blew against the windows and in between the shutters, playing a rattling tattoo to the accompaniment of the wind's dreary whistling. The sickening gases penetrated my room, and I covered my face with dampened towels to breathe easily, sitting in the blackness and wondering what other strange and untoward things would happen. In the morning the station area lay under several inches of powdery ashes.

Each successive visit to the crater deepened the feeling of awe with which I had come to regard that bellowing entrance to *Inferno*. Each day I could get different glimpses into the seething pit, but one day was like another in the fiendish din and smell of it all. I was glad indeed to turn my back upon it, on my last ride down the giddy slope of the *Funicular*, where it ever seemed as though the rocks below were flying up to smite me in the face. I made one last journey around by the devious paths to the crevices in the side. The blue walls of *Monte Somma* loomed through the rolling white steam-clouds that rounded up through the giant cracks. These crevices slant at a sharp angle in an almost straight line, bordered by the roughly tumbled lava upon which I stood, colored in brilliant yellows and various reds and blacks. I could not see the side beyond the constantly swelling steam, nor approach within ten yards for the evil smell of the place; and after noting the color-effect in a hasty sketch, I withdrew to a more healthful neighborhood.

For two days the carriage-road had been blocked along almost the whole of its length by the encroaching lava. In order to reach the observatory, near which I remained the last three nights, I was forced to make the intervening mile and a half over the new hot lava, crossing one live stream. At this point it was considerably surface-cooled, but still glowing, and broken into loose fragments and boulders that rolled along underfoot. It was quick work and sure stepping, cool head and hot feet. Glad I was to reach the remnant of good road at the end, hewn out of solid lava, and so find myself at the little house where I was to stay. A buxom matron

volubly welcomed me. My room, up a flight of steps, was one of the four in the house. The others were the family bedroom beyond mine, and the kitchen and the donkey-stable below. As I looked in at the little beast quietly munching his fodder, I saw several sedate hens perched comfortably upon his back. In a small building across the road, decorated as to outer walls with a startling representation of Vesuvius ejecting quantities of wine-bottles, I had my supper. As though my senses were not yet sufficiently saturated with ghastly odors, a charcoal fire was fuming at my feet to temper the chill of the evening. But I placed the stifling stuff by the window, which I opened, so that I might eat my macaroni in a sweeter air.

The family were still at the table in the kitchen when I joined them, making merry over bowls of soup and a bottle of wine. The matted heads of the four children bobbed hither and thither as their grimy hands snatched at bits of bread. The elders grinned their enjoyment, and the flickering candle sent out quivering shadows over the dirty white walls and low ceiling covered with utensils and dried herbs. An infrequent flash from some bit of copper struck a bright note in the smoky interior. Here, under the very shadow of Vesuvius, was a happy home and a picture for Rembrandt.

My room was a small one with terracotta walls and turquoise-blue ceiling, containing a bed, a rude armoire, table, and chairs. On the walls were some small photographs, chromos, crude oil portraits and landscapes, and two wax saints under glass. The whole family slept in the other room. As they could get to it only through mine, I had to retire last and be the first out in the morning. How they were stowed away, the four elders and the four children, I could not guess.

That night I saw a magnificent spectacle. I was watching the lava, that, from this new point of view, looked like red claws reaching toward me. Suddenly there shot up

from the distant crater, which until now had loomed in somber silhouette against the starry sky, an immense cloud of vapor lighted by the internal fire. It rose in majesty, and slowly floated away. Another came, and repeatedly this splendid illumination reddened the sky above it, accompanied by explosions like claps of thunder. Finally, the whole top was enveloped in a fiery mist, while it emitted blasts of apparent flame for about an hour. And ever there came a low buzzing, humming, throbbing sound, as of a vast mill of thousands of whirling wheels. Each night this ominous hum sounded in the stillness, seeming to come from the ground beneath; and through my pillow the tortured giant groaned this accompaniment to my slumber. Thus, nearly two miles away, on this ledge of natural rock that juts from the mountain like a spur between the lava-beds on each side, one can hear the noise of the subterranean conflict as one cannot even under the mouth of the volcano. I was told that during a violent eruption this hum becomes a dull roaring audible miles away.

On the last day I had occasion to revisit the station. The bridle-path had again been cut through the new lava, still hot, though hardened. I was first to use it, in the early morning, and alone I rode my pony over the rough new path. About midway I heard a now familiar sound up the slope, and saw coming, head on, twelve yards away, what appeared to be a moving stone wall about ten feet wide and six or eight feet high. It was slowly pushing onward, breaking, tumbling, grinding, crunching, implacable. Not ten minutes later, an impassable molten barrier lay across the path behind me, and man's little labor was rendered once more of no account. Looking westward toward Naples, I saw the long blue shadow of Vesuvius lying out over the valley, the apex just touching the town. Was it not dramatically suggestive, this steely finger stretched daily at the teeming city?





KEEGAN'S COUP AT KA

BY EDWARD W. TOWNSEND

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC R. GRUGER



"KEEGAN, would you like to go to the island of Ka with me?"

Keegan did not know that there was an island of Ka. Two islands, Manhattan and Coney, he knew well, knew every rood of, as one knows the paces between his sitting- and dining-rooms; and he had heard of others, as Fire Island, beyond Coney, but as to this Keegan reserved

doubts. None of these thoughts delayed his reply, but he answered at once, and with a bright smile, "Sure!"

Franklin Monroe, who had just received this assurance from Keegan, was the newly appointed minister at the court of Koo-lakoo, King of the Island of Ka. Monroe senior was a liberal contributor to the campaign fund of his party, so when he asked for a post in the diplomatic service for his son there was an embarrassment in the State Department which pervaded the White House when the President and Secretary faced, for the hundredth time, the fact that there were no vacancies in the service, while promises for such posts were vexatiously numerous.

"But," exclaimed the Secretary, with happy recollection, "there 's Ka."

And there was Ka, with no application for the post, because no one outside of the cabinet knew that a minister was to be sent there. The commander of the cruiser *Cleveland* had recently reported to the Secretary of the Navy that, putting into Ka for fresh fruit, he met there ships of the French, German, and British navies. Therefore, naturally, the cabinet resolved to hurry a minister to Ka. The post was offered to Franklin Monroe, and accepted gladly for the reason that Monroe had met the King of Ka during the latter's memorable tour of the world, and had ever since wished to accept the King's invitation to visit Ka, but had not asked him where it was. That and other needful knowledge was imparted to Monroe by the Secretary of State, and, official service being arranged, Monroe considered the question of a valet who understood his likes and dislikes relating to personal service. Keegan, of course! Keegan had risen from stable groom to house footman, thence to second butler in the Monroes' domestic service, and was the handsomest young man who ever sat by a coachman's side and, with moveless lips, commented on the passing show of the Avenue. He was keen-witted, good-natured, well-trained; so—Keegan, of course! He did not ask where or what Ka was; scorned the butler's belief that it was a heathen land; promised the housemaids

to write daily; and, with mind filled with unasked questions, learned somehow that to reach Ka there were days of railroad and weeks of steamer journey.

One day, after many of wonders, the ship, sailing over a purple sea, sighted land afar off; and there magically rose shadowy green mountains whose foot-hills swept down to a suave blonde beach, outside of which were bands of shimmering snow-white, glinting jade, lambent blue, where lazy billows broke over coral reefs guarding the island of Ka. In a placid bay there lolled to the lullaby of softly swelling waves four ships of war; and one was gloriously adorned with a palpitating flag which made Keegan's breast exult, and he was glad it was so, though he did not know why. Out from the landing in the cup of the bay came the *Cleveland's* launch, into which the minister and Keegan descended; and the ship went on and on through the purple sea to some haven of wharves and noise and toil, and Keegan pitied her.

At the landing Monroe was met by the King's chamberlain and the army of Ka, thirty-six soldiers and a general, whose surprising uniforms displayed the colors and fashions of most of the armies of Europe, being parts of the wardrobe worn by King Koo-la-koo on his tour of the world. Civilians in white calico cheered and laughed and wept in excitement, and as one man and woman believed Keegan to be the minister. To give éclat to the landing, Keegan had dressed in his house-footman's livery, and its resplendent gold and blue waistcoat rivaled the music of the *Cleveland's* band in its effect on the emotions of the Kayans. The new-comers went to the house prepared for the minister by Commander Parry of the *Cleveland*, and there the commander and his officers made prompt official calls. After greetings, and when Monroe had cooled the younger officers' hot desire to learn the score of the army-navy football game,—played six months before,—Parry drew Monroe aside and whispered, "Is that young man your secretary?"

"My valet."

"He must be your secretary of legation," said the commander, earnestly. "He must be, my dear Mr. Minister. The French, British, and German ministers have each a secretary of legation, and it is important

—imperative—that we have one. The crisis draws near; and if we do not have a secretary of legation, as the others have, our position will be intolerable!"

"What is our position?" asked Monroe, reflecting some of the commander's warmth.

"Critical!" replied Parry. "The French and German ministers have identical notes from their governments asking us to consent to the arbitration of Togola's claim to the throne. The British minister is free to act with you. You are credited to Koo-la-koo: if he is backed by us and the British, it's an even break *if* you have a secretary of legation. If you have not—why, the bulk of the native warriors will naturally take up arms for Togola. Plain, is n't it?"

"My goodness!" exclaimed Monroe. "I should say it was plain—painfully plain. Keegan!"

"Yes, sir."

"You are my secretary of legation."

"Yes, sir. Any orders, sir?"

"You have white flannel trousers; put on one of my frock-coats and silk hats, and come with me to the palace."

"Yes, sir."

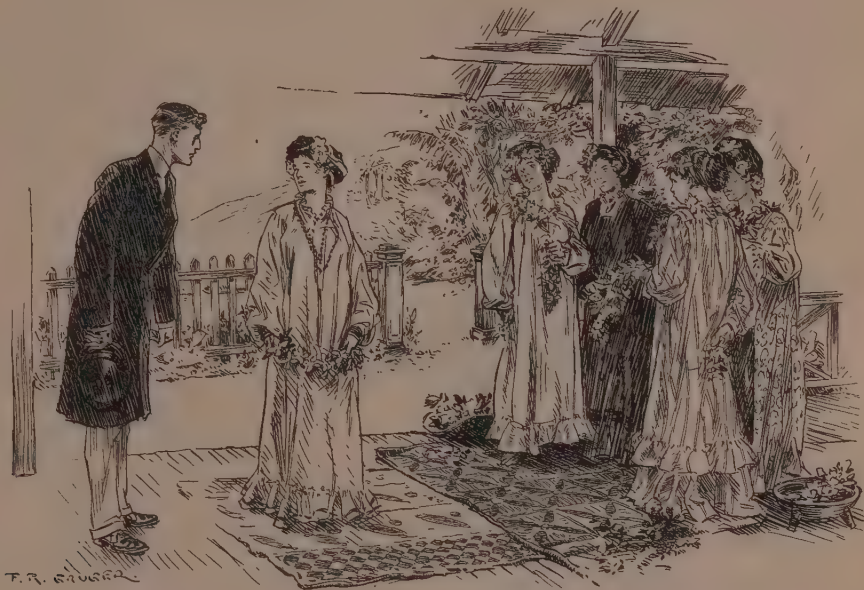
In a short time the party was at the palace, where the minister and his secretary of legation were presented to his Majesty King Koo-la-koo, with all ceremony. Keegan's bow to the King was an acrobatic triumph which impressed the attendants deeply, and Commander Parry was much moved by it. The King and the minister soon fell to recalling their experiences on the Continent during the King's tour of the world, and Keegan, bewildered by the jumble of events which he understood not at all, withdrew to a window, seeking chance to recover mental repose. On a wide veranda to which the window opened he saw what had a soothing effect on his tortured mind: a number of young women seated on mats, weaving garlands of flowers, and softly laughing and chatting as they worked. Each was dressed in a single long, loose garment, and all were barefoot except one, about whom the others grouped. She wore sandals and a frock of rich material; and she was the first to rise upon discovering Keegan. She smiled, bowed low, and said: "Your Excellency's la-al will be ready in a few minutes. I hope your Excellency is well, and had a pleasant voyage."

"I 'm fit as a two-year-old," replied Keegan, comforted. The maiden who had spoken resumed her seat and work, and Keegan sat by her side. "What is my la-al, sweetheart?" he asked. All the young women laughed, and Keegan smiled on them all in manner friendly.

"This is your la-al," replied the one who

royal princess made him faint for a moment. But he summoned his purpose to meet with calm front all things in this amazing upset of his life, so plunged for aid into small talk. "Do you have barge picnics here?" he asked.

"Barge? Picnic?" repeated the princess, with smiling inquiry.



"THIS IS YOUR LA-AL," REPLIED THE ONE WHO HAD ADDRESSED HIM"

had addressed him; and she flung over his head a wreath of flowers. "And this, and this," cried others, throwing their wreaths around his neck. Keegan was never embarrassed by attentions of the fair, and he thanked the young women with good heart and some playfulness of action.

"I am sorry you did not wear your uniform here," the sandaled maiden said. "My girls tell me it was grand. They were at the landing, but of course I could not go."

"What happened you?" asked Keegan, cheerfully, though suddenly possessed by certain distressful doubts.

"I knew you would call on my father, the King," she said.

This nearly did for Keegan. After so many emotional starts, to find that he had informally struck up acquaintance with a

"We have a barge—see?—and a tug to tow it up the North River. Music and dancing. Say, it 's great on moonlight nights."

Here was a world-language: moonlight, music, dancing! The princess understood. "Oh, we do not call it picnic, but *lauoah*," she said.

Keegan tried to repeat the word—la-u-o-ah—in the softly guttural vocables which slipped from her pouting lips, and that drew such a laugh he again felt nicely at ease.

"There will be one on the beach tomorrow evening," the princess continued. "My girls and young men give a *lauoah* to the American sailors."

"Will you be there?" Keegan asked, with such attempt to seem but impersonally curious that the princess's girls hid their

faces in their flowers to conceal their smiles.

The princess blushed through her warmly dark skin as she replied, "Sometimes I dress like one of my girls, and go to the lauoahs of the people."

The secretary of legation thought he caught a friendly intent in her accent, and learned on what part of the beach the lauoah was to be held.

my written instructions, which I have not had time to interpret in relation to the state of affairs I find existing here."

"That was well answered," said the French minister to the German, as they departed.

"It was," admitted the German, "though at first I thought we had him embarrassed. I think his secretary prompted him. Das ist ein geschickter, ausgezeichnete junge Mann, nicht wahr? A clever young chap, that secretary, eh?"

"Bah!" commented the French minister.

Keegan made the cheerful discovery that one of the *Cleveland's* Jacks was a New Yorker he knew, and had from him a fair statement of the situation. "It's like this, Keegan," Jack explained: "the Frenchman and the Dutchman are trying for to bluff us into letting somebody umpire Togola's claim for the King's job; first fixing it with him that they are to be the main guys, and we to get the ha-ha. See? A Jack on the Dutchman gives me the tip that they are to land arms for Togola; then if the umpire decides against him, Togola is to rough-house Koo-la-koo and claim the belt before we and the Englishman can get into the ring. See?"

Keegan saw. He had heard much before, but not until now had the pure light of common sense illumined the subject for him.

He went to the lauoah, and was more pleased than surprised when one of the princess's girls nodded to him and then to a palm-grove a little removed from the beach. He walked into the grove, which ran down on a point extending seaward and screened the cove where the lauoah was held from sight of the bay where ships were at anchor. Launches were sputtering between ships and shore, native boats were paddled about by parties of singers, but the water life had no attraction for Keegan as he and the princess strolled through the grove and out on the side away from where the lauoah gaieties made night tune-



F. R. GRANGER.

"IT 'S LIKE THIS, KEEGAN," JACK EXPLAINED"

On the following day the French and German ministers called on Monroe to present the case of Togola's claim to the throne. Monroe was dismayed. He had not thought of his duties as going beyond his written instructions to secure one of the feather robes for which the weavers of Ka were famous, and which the wife of the Secretary of State wanted for an operacloak. What could he say? "Spar for wind," whispered Keegan under his breath, and a load left the minister's mind. "Gentlemen," he said to his callers, "I shall give this matter you have done me the honor to present, my earnest study in the light of

ful. All boats were alike to Keegan, anyway, but no woman was like this one by his side. She noticed the boats, for suddenly, and with a start, she whispered, "That is a whale-boat!"

She pointed to a dark object he could scarcely distinguish from the shadows of ocean swells cast by the low-hanging moon. There came from it neither the click of oar-locks, the sputtering of a launch, nor the rhythmic dip and swish of paddles, yet it moved slowly toward the shore.

"It is a whale-boat—Togola's whale-boat!" whispered the princess, so affrighted that Keegan felt it his duty to draw her to him with an arm, protectingly.

"What 's doing?" he asked tenderly.

For answer she hurried him back with her into the grove, then along its shadowed edge until they reached a place beyond the landing toward which the boat seemed to head. It sheered off outside the reef surf-line, and coursed up and down, as if waiting for a landing-signal. "There are Germans in the boat," the princess said, "and cases."

"Cases of arms!" cried Keegan, a sudden thought revealing to him both the cause of her excitement and of the boat's muffled stealth. "Pali-ulee," he said, overlooking her title in his hurry, "can you count the number of men in the boat?"

"Six," she replied. "A German steering, two Germans and two Kayans rowing, and a Kayan at the bow piloting."

"And do you want them done?"

"Done, dear?" She, too, was hurried.

"Do you want them—oh, gee! what 's the word?—frustrated?"

"Yes, frustrated."

"Wait for me here. I'll get a gang of frustraters." He ran through the grove, and out upon the lawn of the lauoah-dancers. He found his friend Jack of the *Cleveland*, and in language which employs but few words told Jack to get six or seven good boys who knew the joy of a fight.

As Pali-ulee waited, the whale-boat ignored whatever had been the cause of delay, rose on the shoulder of a wave, swept over the reef, and silently made for the beach. The natives went overboard in waist-deep water, lifted out the cases, which they laid on the sand, and had the last of the heavy boxes landed when Keegan and his party reached the princess. The boat, lightened of its load, was dragged

up on the beach, and all its crew gathered around the cases in earnest discussion.

"Now!" whispered Keegan to his eager companions, "remember the rule for gang fighting: tackle the man opposite you, get in the first blow, and, when free, help your side partner. Ready!"

The charge was so sudden and fierce, and the enemy so unaccustomed to defend a fist attack, that Keegan's force soon won in a turmoil of tumbling Germans and natives. The latter were chased down the beach, the Germans into the water.

"Say," cried Keegan, when the sailors were in their boat, "I'm the secretary of the American legation, if you want to know who you've been introduced to."

"My minister will demand explanation of this in the morning," replied a man in the boat.

The cases of arms were removed to Minister Monroe's house, where he received them with miserable misgivings. "Really, Keegan," he protested, "this is an awful mess you've got me into. You should have let the thing go on. Then we could take it up diplomatically."

"Excuse me, sir: we can diplomatize better with the guns in our office than with Togola firing at our gang."

"Our gang?"

"Koo-la-koo's, sure. Have you seen his daughter?"

"But suppose the Germans demand explanation?"

"Explain nothing, sir. They were caught with the goods. It's not up to them to make a holler. They were n't playing ball according to rules."

"Ignored the status quo, you mean," corrected Mr. Monroe, a gleam of light brightening his outlook.

"Sure! Broke the statty ko all up, sir."

Diplomatically the incident was overlooked. Humanly it was the talk of the ships and the shore. The German minister did, however, refer to it hypothetically, in an interview with Mr. Monroe. "If such and such a thing should happen," he said, fairly stating the case, "what would the Americans do if the Germans complained?"

"The Americans," responded Mr. Monroe, carefully recalling Keegan's view, "would consider it an unfriendly act for the Germans to furnish arms to a pretender



"ONE MUST ACCEPT CARE WITH CAREER," SHE COYLY REPLIED"

who threatens to disturb a governmental entity the Americans desire to perpetuate."

"Ah," said the German minister. "Ah."

Keegan made friends fast and far. Most he sought those prominent natives suspected of leaning toward the pretender, and sounded them on their political ambitions. One would be an army officer—the uniforms were so gay. Another liked the customs service, because but two or three ships traded at Ka, and the duties were light. A third thought Koo-la-koo too devoted to cards and wine to rule so proud a people as the Kayans, and should abdicate in favor of the Princess Pali-ulee, beloved of the nation, as was her mother before her. With this sage Keegan discoursed often. He learned that the late Queen, sister of Togola, the pretender, was hereditary ruler, and Koo-la-koo had been her consort. Under the law of Ka, a surviving royal consort ruled if the heir apparent was a female. Had there been a royal prince, he would have succeeded on the Queen's death, but a princess must wait until the King dies or abdicates. Keegan no longer had to seek discontented natives: they sought him, because his ideas of politics were practical—and filled with hope. He hinted that the organizers who worked at the primaries, and took care of the polls when a parliament friendly to the King was to be elected, deserved the reward of victors. That was an electric spark: the organizers had been overlooked by Koo-la-koo in favor of personal friends.

Keegan began to see a light.

Months passed, and with each mail put off by passing steamers the situation grew more tense and grave. It was not clear why, but the tenseness and gravity grew. In the event of a certain possible war, it now seemed to cabinets that the balance of power at Ka would determine the balance of world power. Ministers at the court of Koo-la-koo went wan from futile conferences; the commanders of the war-ships were peaked by stress of everlasting vigilance. Only Keegan was calm. He was much in the company of Princess Pali-ulee; learned to play her plaintive-toned stringed instruments, to sing the songs she sang, to eat the creamy bread of Ka from his fingers without conveying it to his outer bosom instead of to his mouth; and the winsome, weaving dances of the Kayans were to him as the jigs of that far, far away life he once lived on the half-forgot island of Manhattan.

"Pali-ulee," he said to her as they sat in the palace veranda, "it'll be up to you to be boss of Ka one day: how do you like the looks of the job?"

"One must accept care with career," she coyly replied, as taught by her preceptor. "Yet it would be less repelling if I were sure to have—to be helped by one wise in politics." She paused, and gazed out into a somber cañon where a vagrant shower was disclosed by a broad and brilliant rainbow. Then she added tentatively, "My people tell me that you are wise in politics, Ke-ga-na." She blushed to pale the reddest flower of the la-al she fash-

ioned, all her maidens sighed, and Keegan thought her eyes the darkest, deepest, dearest he had ever looked into.

He answered gently, "Oh, I'm not so worse. I'd like to get a knock-down—introduction—to your uncle, Togola; for I think I could put things right in his district. All he wants is recognition and a fair rake-off. If he gets that he'll be regular, and not knife the party. Is n't that about the lay, Pali-ulee?"

"My uncle's heart is heavy because his followers are not received with favor at court," responded Pali-ulee.

"Sure!" assented Keegan. "I think I could put Togola wise if I could get next to the old boy."

"I make my yearly visit to him soon," the princess said. "He would welcome a secretary of legation."

Minister Monroe made an official occasion for Keegan's visit to Togola, so he had the *Cleveland's* launch and a marine guard for the trip. Pali-ulee and some of her maids voyaged in a catamaran canoe paddled by sixty men, and they loafed at their work to let the launch keep up with them in the thirty miles' trip to Togola's village. The marines pitched a large tent on the beach for the secretary; and after paying his call on Togola, Keegan had the pretender to his quarters for a talk.

"I hear you are a brave man, Ke-ga-na," said his guest. He had heard the story of the captured rifles.

"Oh, don't mention it," said the secretary, offering the warrior a glass of legation wine.

"The Germans talk well," Togola said. "They would expand the commerce of Ka, but the King is not for commerce. What am I to do? I own the only whale-boat on the island, and if there was more commerce there would be more lighter-gauge work for me. The Germans promise commerce."

"Sausages and sauerkraut!" Keegan commented, making a wry face. "You could n't eat it. But if you do business with us—my, my!"

"Would the Americans give me commerce?"

"Commerce!" Here he thought hard. "Something you can stand for: breakfast food and harvesters."

Breakfast food appealed to the noble Kayan. But what were harvesters?

"Harvesters!" exclaimed Keegan, with a rapturous look. "Harvesters are machines that do all your work: plant your totai, hoe it, irrigate it, drain it, dig it, and then turn it into flour. The latest style cooks it, too."

"It is wonderful!" exclaimed Togola. "Food, and no work!"

"It has sauerkraut beat to a finish," commented Keegan. Then he winked at Togola, smiled, and said, "You'd make a grand general of the army." Togola, who was a statesman as well as a warrior, smiled also. Then Keegan remarked, "Look here, old top; let's you and me get together and caucus."

When Keegan departed the next day the whole village saw him embark with song, tears, and laughter, after their kind; and Togola, holding the hand of his beloved niece Pali-ulee, smiled at the secretary, standing in his smart white clothes in the stern of the launch, and said something to Pali-ulee which made her blush and the natives laugh boisterously.



"YOU'D MAKE A GRAND GENERAL OF THE ARMY!"

Even Mr. Monroe found it difficult to contend that Koo-la-koo was a model ruler, though he deemed it part of his diplomatic program so to hold. Pleasantries of civilization had addressed themselves so ardently to the King that he was like to melt in their warmth. His only interest in government was in the work of the tax-gatherer; his nights were devoted to bridge

puzzled, and Minister Monroe had a hunted look and neglected his lunches.

"I tell you, Keegan, that Washington will call me down hard if I lose any point to the French or Germans. The eyes of the nations are upon us! You say that you and the princess stole the arms, and that Togola now has them. This is awful, Keegan!"

"Mr. Monroe, just stand pat and we'll win in a walk. First I get Koo-la-koo to chase himself—"

"Abdicate," murmured Monroe.

"And show him it does n't look like a crawl."

"Save his face," suggested Monroe.

"Yes, and put Pali-ulee in the job."

"Seat her on the throne."

"Sure! Then I'll make good for your Uncle Sammy."

"Guarantee exclusive privileges for the government at Washington," Monroe muttered.

"Exactly. Pali-ulee will do right if you get the other ministers to sign affidavits to stand for any treaty Koo-la-koo's successor makes. They'll think that Togola will be it—see?—and will let them butt into the

game on their own percentage of the gate receipts. On?"

It was after this conference with his secretary of legation that Mr. Monroe began to look hunted and neglect his lunches.

Timely passing of mail-ships brought prompt responses from four governments that the plan proposed by Mr. Monroe, for all to abide by any treaty the successor of Koo-la-koo might make with the nations represented at Ka, had been accepted by the cabinets concerned. Privately, the European ministers were congratulated on their skilful outwitting of Monroe.

Then, one day when the American marines chanced to be ashore to stretch their



"THE LANGUAGE THRILLED MONROE, WHO HAD WRITTEN THE SPEECH FROM POINTS BY KEEGAN"

and brandy, his days to sleep and complainings. He gave no heed to Monroe's good advice, and would conclude no treaty, holding off for a bribe. But the despair of the reformers and the rejoicings of the evil were alike forgot in the excitement caused, a short time after Keegan's visit to Togola, by the theft, on the same night, of the arms in the American legation and those of the army of Ka. None so indignant at the outrage as the American secretary, none wept more than Pali-ulee. Search was made everywhere, except in the camp secretly established by Togola, where Keegan was a nightly visitor. The French and Germans rejoiced, the British were

legs at land drill, Togola, at the head of two hundred armed troops, marched into the capital and demanded the abdication of Koo-la-koo. The perturbed monarch sent to the American legation for protection, and Keegan responded to the call. He had private audience with the King, to whom he said: "It's like this: you're up against a condition, not a theory, as Shakspeare says."

"Abdicate in favor of Togola? Never!" cried the King. "I wish now I'd never given him monopoly of the lighterage business. It pays too much."

"Well," replied Keegan, "if you insist, we'll cut out Togola. I'll send the marines here if you'll abdicate in favor of her Royal Highness Princess Pali-ulee. That's a fair compromise."

"Where do I come in?" asked the King.

"Pali-ulee gives you the lighterage monopoly, and Togola gives you the whale-boat."

"Done!" said the King.

"Sign!" said Keegan, laying before the King a document expressing in full all the terms suggested.

In an hour the officers of government were summoned to attend at the palace to swear allegiance to the new sovereign, and the ministers were invited to an audience. The American minister was accompanied by General Togola, who was also appointed collector of customs and taxes, prime minister, and chamberlain. Upon the assembled company being ushered into the throne-

room, they beheld in royal robes woven of tiny, brilliant feathers—the only two such robes in the kingdom—Pali-ulee, Queen, and her consort, King Ke-ga-na, for so he was proclaimed. In his address from the throne the King referred to his marriage that morning, by the chaplain of the *Cleveland*, to the Princess, now Queen Pali-ulee. This happy event, he said, lent a tinge of sentiment to the satisfaction he felt in "signing a treaty with the representative near our persons of the people of the United States."

The language thrilled Monroe, who had written the speech from points by Keegan.

The King continued, saying that while the treaty would give exceptional political and commercial privileges to the country so ably represented by his Excellency Mr. Franklin Monroe, it was their Majesties' wish to remain on terms of amity with all nations. As evidence of that wish, their Majesties cordially invited the representatives of other powers present to attend the coronation ceremonies as guests of honor.

After listening to a concert of patriotic American airs played by the band from the *Cleveland*, the French and German ministers walked away together. A silence of some length was broken by the German, who remarked: "Das ist ein geschickter, ausgezeichneter junge Mann, nicht wahr? A keen youngster, Keegan, eh?"

"Oh, you said that before," replied the French minister, with some show of annoyance.



F. R. QUERRA

"YOU SAID THAT BEFORE," REPLIED THE FRENCH MINISTER

THE SECLUSION OF ROSALIA

A "SEXTON MAGINNIS" STORY

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

WITH PICTURES BY ARTHUR I. KELLER



RS. THEOBOLDS, wife of the president of Collamore College, had determined to enjoy herself. She was a tall, graceful woman, sufficiently old to have two sons among the sophomores and juniors at Yale, but, being a blonde, she would have looked younger if it were not for the two deep, upright wrinkles on her forehead, caused, the frivolous said, by twenty years' association with the wives of the members of the faculty of this celebrated "fresh-water" college. The long vacation was a week old, and Mrs. Theobolds had now no fear of the educators and students that are the necessary evils of college life. She could now wear the blue kimono, cut rather low in the neck, which Willie Curtice had sent to her from Manila, and imagine herself, on this lovely June morning, young again. At the breakfast-table, which sparkled and glittered about a big blue bowl filled with yellow roses, she waited for the president, who was taking a leisurely shave. The room was filled with the scent of magnolias from the back garden, while through the French window the red glow of a big bed of peonies seemed to tint the air.

Mrs. Theobolds was a woman of high principles; she discouraged gossip among her equals, but she believed that it was good for her inferiors to open their hearts to her. Lewis Maginnis had come over, as usual on Saturdays, with a basket of chickens and fresh eggs from the Curtice place, which he and Mary Ann, his wife, managed with varying degrees of success. As usual,

Maginnis had been shown into the presence of "Madam President," as some of the wicked ladies of the faculty had called this long-suffering woman. Collamore College, by the way, is three miles from Bracton, so that Maginnis's walk was not a long one, and a somewhat shorter distance from the city in which the bishop lived. The monastery of St. Thomas Celino was visible from the college. There Maginnis often rested in his walk for converse with his friend Brother Felix, who was unlike in all ways the friend of his dreams, the sympathetic Brother Gamboribus.

"'T is not for the likes of me to complain to the likes of you, ma'am," said Maginnis, as he fixed on the basket at his feet his brown eyes, the gentle innocence of expression of which had made Mrs. Theobolds his firm friend; "but if ever a man was tormented, it's me. Women are a saycret society among themselves, ma'am; and the man—savin' your presence—is always on the outside. I don't say that my mother-in-law is n't a good woman; but, after drivin' me and Mary Ann out of the house, ma'am, to seek our own little home, Herself writes last week that she's dyin' with the misery in her back, and Mary Ann must go to her at once, with the twins. 'It's a trick,' says I, knowin' the ways of the world. 'Herself's no more sick 'an I am.' Then Mary Ann howls with grief. 'It's a broken heart she has, Maginnis,' says she, 'for the loss of the twins; 'an I'll go to her if it costs my life,' and off she went. And here I am, with the boarder, the little colored orphan, and the other three children with me. 'It's my

duty,' says Mary Ann. It 's a saycret society—savin' your presence, ma'am—the women are."

"I trust that your boarder, Mrs. Wetherill, is in good health," said Mrs. Theobolds, evasively.

"Rosalia O'Keefe keeps to herself," answered Maginnis, raising his eyes and blushing, for he felt the thick sandy stubble on his cheek as he raised his hand; "and she 's good to the children. She was gloomy enough when she came. Her husband has lost his money,—Herself wrote it to Mary Ann,—and he has left her," added Maginnis, with a sigh, "for no reason at all except that the ladies over here did n't like her."

"I trust, Maginnis, that you will contradict that," said Mrs. Theobolds, severely. "Dr. Wetherill was called away to read a paper before some learned societies in the North, and his wife closed her house on the campus and, as you know, went over to board with you. Dr. Wetherill has not been very long a member of our faculty, but both he and his wife are highly respected. Two friends of his from a German university have been visiting my husband. They are eminent professors, and they are in search of an American doctor for a special branch; but all our younger professors are unmarried or have no children, and they want, it seems, a man with a family. Believe me, Dr. Wetherill has had no money difficulties."

"Herself knows," said Maginnis, doggedly. "'T is natural enough," he added, "that even the Dutch should n't want a doctor without experience. 'Maginnis,' said Mary Ann, just before we expected the twins, 'I 'll have no whipper-snapper of a doctor that has no children of his own.'"

Mrs. Theobolds abruptly changed the subject.

"Some of the Italians on the railroad would be better if they went to church, I fancy,—any church. Perhaps, if you would speak to your priest, he might look into the matter."

"Is it of the Dagos you 're talkin', ma'am?" asked Maginnis, his face catching the tint of the peonies. "There 's no religion in them—livin' on garlic and tomatoes, as they do, and hangin' St. Joseph by the neck if he does n't give them what they want."

"Ah," said Mrs. Theobolds, with a sigh, "I often think that if they could be taught to go direct to their Creator—" She paused, for she feared that she was approaching delicate ground.

"Sure, you don't expect the Almighty to waste his time with the likes of them!" exclaimed Maginnis. "Has n't he given them enough Eye-talian saints of their own kind, with just enough sense to understand them? Father Blodgett—but he 's a convert, with the Protestant drop still in him—thinks like you, ma'am; but he 'll find out. And, sure, ma'am, I 'm sorry that poor Rosy O'Keefe's pride has had a fall; I suppose that her and the doctor just had a bit of a row, as most married folks have—the best of us, ma'am?"

Rather ashamed, Mrs. Theobolds assented; and Maginnis, having discovered, as he thought, that Rosalia's husband was a doctor out of a place, and that there had been a lovers' quarrel, stooped to show his patroness the symmetry of the eggs and the freshness of the chickens. His heart went out to Rosalia.

"Sure," he thought, "even Herself could never hold anything against Rosalia, now that she 's down in the world."

Before he left, Maginnis managed to permeate the air with so much reverence for beauty that Mrs. Theobolds felt that the blue kimono had indeed made her young again.

A little later, Maginnis, with his empty basket, stepped into the monastery garden to see his friend Brother Felix, with whom, on various accounts, he had opened business relations. Brother Felix, with his brown robe tucked up, was clipping the box hedges that bordered the main approach to the monastery. An amiable smile shone on his placid face, and he received with a nod of the head the twenty-five nails Maginnis had borrowed from him a month before.

"I 'm not envyin' you," said Maginnis, pulling up his blue overalls and looking thoughtfully at the stout brother; "but I 'm just wonderin' whether you 'd look so much like a smilin' baby if you had a mother-in-law. It was n't till after Eve ate the apple that mother-in-laws came into the world at all, at all."

Brother Felix shook his head and tried to dig up a stiff bit of plantain from the gravel with his big toe, a process which

his sandal made easier. Brother Felix was stout and cheerful, but he took life seriously and silently.

"Atam might have been better by his lone self," he said at last, tying the white cord more tightly around his waist, and clipping a few feet of the hedge. "But I do not know. It is foolish to think. It is better to pray."

Maginnis asked after the German professors, who, one of Mrs. Theobold's retainers had told him, were sojourning in the monastery. "If your wife makes not long away," said Brother Felix, "I will send them to board with you. They are very learned men, and they bring letters from Germany to the father abbot. At first," continued Brother Felix, wiping his shears with a wisp of hay, "I thought they came to our holy house for religion; but I find out that it was for the beer. We make good beer; they are infidels, but *gemüthlich*."

Maginnis waited while Brother Felix silently shook his head until his little brown skullcap threatened to fall off.

"*Ach, sehr gemüthlich*," he added. "They are professors from Prussia—Herr Doctor Brachstein, who is old, and Herr Doctor Scherm-Weinhausen, who is younger. They lived at the college, seeking for a doctor to take home with them who knows the American ways; they talk to me when I take water to them. They liked not the American ways at the college. The ladies were too fine, and there were no children about; there were many dinners at night, but no *Gemüthlichkeit*; there was no home. They will give much money to our American doctor; but they do not like to have at home their wives, who are as grand as court *Damen*, who cannot care for the home or the children. Such doctors' wives would be a bad example to the female youth of the fatherland. They are infidels," said Brother Felix, slowly, "but about women they are right."

"Is it truth you 're tellin' me?" demanded Maginnis, intensely interested.

Brother Felix unearthed a small sorrel root.

"Germans do not lie: the Irishers cannot understand that. Shall I get you some beer?"

The monastery was prevented, by the prejudices of the bishop, from selling the excellent beer, the secret of which its friars

had imported; but there was no law against giving it to the neighbors, and some of the neighbors, consequently, seemed to love the friars as themselves.

"All in good time," exclaimed Maginnis, his face intent; "tell me about these Dutch."

"They are not Dutch," said Brother Felix; "they are Prussians."

"It 's no time for nonsense," answered Maginnis. "The Dutch are all the same. Am I to understand that they 're lookin' for a married doctor with children? and that they would n't take one from the college? It 's wantin' to be even with the black Orangemen up there I am! There 's that stuck-up O'Keefe girl marryin' out of her own people," he soliloquized, while Brother Felix patiently cleaned the path of almost invisible weeds. "I warned her,—the saints know I warned her,—and the college people don't think she 's their equal, and the proud Irish blood in her has rose up against her husband, and she 's a lone woman again! Sure, she 's only a Tip; but blood 's thicker than water any day. The black Saxon crowd at the college shall see our Irish girl go ahead of them, or I 'm not Maginnis."

"They are not bad people," said Brother Felix. "You speak too much against holy charity. The herr professors—I have heard them talk—find many learned men at the college; but they do not like the ladies: they are too *amerikanisch*. They like women who take care of the children, who make the coffee, and who will not corrupt the manners of the good German female youth."

"Oh, holy Moses!" said Maginnis, "I wish they 'd take Herself! You 'll send them to me as boarders, though what I 'm to do with them, with only the little nigger to help, I don't know."

"*Ja wohl*," answered Brother Felix, amiably. "Their beer can be sent to them every day. They have been with us long enough."

"If Rosalia O'Keefe only had a child or two! Bad cess to him! Why did n't that Wetherill meet her four years ago? It 's a great chance entirely for a young doctor to get a big practice in a foreign country, and Rosalia will be best away from the college upstarts. Do these Dutch, or Prooshins, speak English at all?" Maginnis asked gloomily.

"A few vorts," Brother Felix replied; "but they speak Irish already."

Maginnis's face clouded: for a moment it seemed as if not even the sacred robe of Brother Felix could save him from vengeance; but the friar's face was so bland that the insulted one controlled his wrath.

"You 're an omadhaun to believe it; sure you know they 're Dutch!"

Brother Felix always left the truth to itself. He did not repeat his assertion; the abbot had said it.

"But if Rosey O'Keefe *only* had children!" said Maginnis, meditatively.

Brother Felix had been told that Professor Brachstein was the author of the well-known monograph on the Celtic element in Basque, and that the great Scherm-Weinhausen had thoroughly analyzed all the noun-prefixes in a remote Kerry dialect; but he had forgotten this. Brachstein read old Irish, but Scherm-Weinhausen, who had spent several summers in Ireland, spoke modern Irish with a pronounced Berlines accent. They had learned no English, as they had been informed that Boston and New York were Irish cities. They had come to America for amusement. Incidentally, they hoped to consult with an American doctor of philosophy about the advisability of founding a chair for the study of American institutions in their own university.

"And do you mean to say that the Dutch know the holy Irish speech?" Truth was plainly written on the face of Brother Felix. "Sure, it beats the world!"

"And you must now go to Germany to learn Irish," Brother Felix said, with a gleam of chastened triumph in his eyes. "That I know already."

Fire came into the face of Maginnis. The friar stepped aside, for on the path from the monastery were the two savants.

Herr Doctor of Philosophy Brachstein seemed to be over sixty years of age. A stiff brush of gray hair, in which his keen blue eyes were almost lost, covered his head and nearly all his face; his gray cloth sack-coat was rumpled, and his soft hat and baggy gray trousers were of the same slightly soiled tint. He swung a big oak stick and talked rapidly. Scherm-Weinhausen was about ten years younger; he wore an Alpine hat with a green feather in the black band, a white waistcoat, a dark-green sack-coat, with extremely tight trousers

and yellow spats. A pointed blond beard, a wide and sympathetic smile, and heavy gold spectacles completed the aspect of a man who, in his own domestic circle, was considered a model of fashion.

"*Ach*, then, beloved friend," Doctor Brachstein was saying, in a deep voice that suggested cool caverns of rippling beer, "I admire the soul-myths; and if Christianity is, as our own Von Schleicher says, only an invention to influence men who have no taste for virtue moral, yet—"

Brother Felix could stand this no longer; he made up his mind to rid the monastery of the infidels. He turned from Maginnis and explained him in good Hanoverian.

"*Ach*," said Brachstein, beaming benevolently at Maginnis, "he will take us to lodge—so? And his house is quiet, and there is a *Hausmutter* with little children there; and our beer will be sent—so?"

Herr Doctor Scherm-Weinhausen also beamed, and began to talk in fluent Irish as to terms.

"Holy saints!" murmured Maginnis, "the creature would speak well enough if he had n't had the bad luck to have a Dutch mother."

Scherm-Weinhausen was very bland; the terms suited him. No, there were no other boarders? The Frau Professorin Wetherill, whose husband he had known in Germany? *Ja wohl*. And the Herr Doctor Wetherill had no children, and his wife was a too fine court *Dame*, like the wives of the others, doubtless?

Maginnis's face became illuminated as by the passing of a great thought.

"Is it a fine lady she is?" he exclaimed in his native speech. "She can do her own washin'—and she has three of the most beautiful children you ever set eyes on!"

"That is well. I like the shrill voices of children in the house," said Scherm-Weinhausen, who had six of his own; "but not in the night."

"Not in the night," echoed Professor Brachstein, solemnly, in German. "I love better music in the night."

"Is the Frau Doctorin Wetherill musical?" asked Scherm-Weinhausen.

"She sings like an angel!" declared Maginnis.

"So?" exclaimed Scherm-Weinhausen, and the arrangement was complete, much to the delight of Brother Felix, who gladly guaranteed that a sufficient supply of the

monastery beer should be conveyed to the Brierly spring-house twice a day.

Late in the afternoon the two professors, with long and capacious pipes in their mouths, strolled up the rocky lane which led to Brierly. The great bed of pink and crimson peonies on the ill-kept lawn delighted them; and catching the two older Maginnis children, who were playfully teaching a captive toad to jump over oak twigs, they began to romp like two big boys. Life was *gemütlich* at last.

Just at this time Rosalia Wetherill was in her lowest spirits. Confident in her riches, she had tried to enter a new world, and her coin, valuable as it seemed, was looked upon as counterfeit. She was sure that Guy loved her; she knew that he believed that she was the most beautiful woman in the world. On the very last morning, before she had gone away from him to eat her heart in anger, he had quoted from his favorite sonnet:

"You were so slow to draw the graceful shade
Of tremulous eyelash which deep shadows
made
That from the darkness shot a star's long
ray."

She was not sure that she understood it, but she wanted to understand it; she wanted to be a part of Guy's mind, of his soul. Mere beauty, she knew now, could not secure *that*. She remembered, with hot blushes, that one of the women at the college had pronounced her "crude." If she had not felt herself to be crude in comparison with these more cultivated women, she would not have gone off, in silence, irritated with him, with herself, with all things. While the women of the faculty were arranging competitive courses of Little Neck clams and soft-shell crabs for the Germans, she had fled to this retreat in desolation, with the word "crude" ringing in her ears. Would Guy ever come to *think* that word when he thought of her? She had left him before he *could* think it. Her first longing to return scorn for scorn had died out. If Guy had married a woman of his own set, his wife might have held her own. That masterful father of hers—the last appeal in all cases since her babyhood—could not aid her in this new world. When she saw Brachstein and Scherm-Weinhausen coming up the lane, she powdered her face lightly, encircled her waist

with a new satin girdle, and went downstairs, a vision of beauty, clothed in diaphanous white. Little Mary, the youngest of the Maginnis children, wept aloud, and she returned to comb the child's golden hair and make it presentable.

Rosalia's brunette color, set off by the glowing reddish hair above, and illuminated by one of those soft white frocks which only women in the South understand, seemed to cloud the splendor of the peonies, as, with the pretty little blue-eyed Mary by the hand, she dawned upon the vision of the Germans. They dropped the Maginnis boys, and clicked their heels together.

Scherm-Weinhausen said nothing; he merely blushed and, an unusual sign of emotion, took his pipe from his mouth. Maginnis, watering-pot in one hand and a pan of young peas in the other, stood watching the effect.

"And the lovely little child-angel! How like she is to her mother! Ah, the gold of the hair! She is so like!" said Scherm-Weinhausen to Maginnis.

"She is," said Maginnis, relapsing into English; "she is the very spit of her."

Rosalia was not unaware of the impression she had made, and her heart began to soften. They were, it is true, uncouth persons, who could not speak her language, and yet they were not without taste. She, who loved children, dragged the small Maginnis boys into the house with much laughter.

Scherm-Weinhausen followed her with admiring eyes.

"Ach," he said slowly, "I am homesick"; and then to Maginnis, in his own Kerry dialect: "The beautiful Frau Wetherill is a good mother; I can see that she loves her children. She is a noble mother."

"True for you," answered Maginnis, forgetting, in the artistic fever of the moment, that the learned man knew no English. "She 's a mother, all over. Sure it do be bringin' tears to my eyes to see her workin' with thim children. They 're the apples of her eyes. She 'll not let them out of her sight. 'Maginnis,' she says to me one day, 'it 's as lonely as a lost soul I 'd be widout me three young ones. Maginnis,' says she, the tears runnin' down her nose, 'it 's only three I have, but they 're like the three leaves of the shamrock.' And, as to her husband, he has n't much practice,



Drawn by A. I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"'I 'M JUST WONDERIN' WHETHER YOU 'D LOOK SO MUCH LIKE A SMILIN' BABY IF YOU HAD A MOTHER-IN-LAW'"

because he is young, but a better doctor does n't exist." Maginnis was obliged, by the blank look on Scherm-Weinhausen's face, to translate this speech into Irish, which he did, with variations suited to the theme.

After tea, in which mugs of beer played a prominent part, Rosalia carried the sleepy little Mary up to bed.

"Charlotte!" murmured Brachstein. "Ach, dear friend, I read the 'Sorrows of Werther' again, as in my youth."

"She made the salad of potatoes," said Scherm-Weinhausen, strophically; "there was enough onion in it. It is so soothing with the good beer!"

A week of clear days passed, each like the other; but every day the weight on Rosalia's heart grew heavier. Maginnis watched her and chuckled.

On the night before the day of their departure, the two professors sat on the rickety porch and smoked until the moon came up and Rosalia appeared. Maginnis, puffing at a clay pipe, seated himself on the lowest step. The soft rhythm of insects, broken by the distant chant of frogs,

smote the silence, and the air was rich with the scent of honeysuckle and of heliotrope.

"It is *gemüthlich*," said Brachstein, looking at the profile of Rosalia as she stood near the peony-bed.

"There was enough onion in the potato-salad," murmured Scherm-Weinhausen, happily.

"It may be that the frau would something sing?" suggested Brachstein, after a long pause of comfort. Scherm-Weinhausen repeated the suggestion to Maginnis.

"Whisht!" said Maginnis; "she 'd be afraid of wakenin' the children. Her mind is just full of the children, day and night. If you wait awhile, maybe we 'll get her to sing 'The Harp that Wanst'; but it 's a sad song for her," added Maginnis, his artistic instinct fired by the receptivity of his auditors.

"She is young to be sad," said Brachstein, who caught the words. "She is young—so?"

"'T is the mother's heart," said Maginnis, pensively.



Drawn by A. I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

MAGINNIS'S INSPIRATION

"*Ach, so!*" answered the grizzled Brachstein—"the mother's heart."

Scherm-Weinhausen nodded responsively. "She has known sorrow, and a song is sad to her."

"The children were sick," said Maginnis, in a sepulchral voice; "and 'The Harp that Wanst' was their favor-*ite* song," he added, dropping unconsciously into English. "I mean the song she sang them asleep with."

Scherm-Weinhausen understood, and gave the version to Brachstein.

"Like Thekla," answered Scherm-Weinhausen, through the moist waves of the heliotrope scent, which even the pipe-smoke could not dissipate. "Ah, the soft heart!"

"Owls!" said Rosalia to Maginnis.

"Owls is no name for him," promptly retorted Maginnis; "they're more like bats with smoke-stacks—Dutch bats, at that." He chuckled; a week before he had written on a postal card to Wetherill: "Come home at once. Your wife needs you."

Of course Wetherill would come. Of course these German owls would choose

him for the place in their benighted land. Rosalia had captured them. Maginnis shook with laughter until the rickety porch trembled. And the college people! They'd be as mad as Cromwell was on the day he could n't hang a Limerick man!

While Maginnis chuckled, Rosalia went into the drawing-room and, opening the piano made for a Mrs. Curtice in the fifties, began to sing "Violets" in the German language.

"*Ach*, that is lovely!" said the impressionable Scherm-Weinhausen, waking suddenly from a slight sleep. "The English speech is sweet!"

When she had played the "Stephanie Gavotte" and Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," Rosalia said good night very amiably. She went into the room of the sleeping children, and solaced herself by such maternal cares as warding off drafts and replacing coverings.

"You hear her beyond?" asked Maginnis.

"I hear," said Scherm-Weinhausen.

"She is sayin' her prayers over the chil-

dren," said Maginnis, pathetically. "The saints forgive me!" he breathed piously.

"The mother-soul is truly divine," said Scherm-Weinhausen. "If religion did not exist, the mother would make us invent it, as Von Schleicher says. And the salad with the onions, Maginnis,—a small portion with beer would be truly *gemüthlich*."

"Thou didst know the Herr Doctor Wetherill?" asked Brachstein, when the "small" portion of the delectable salad had been produced.

"At Schleswigstein," answered Scherm-Weinhausen. "He was as a soul-brother to me."

"You seldom spoke of him before," said Brachstein, between two long draughts of beer.

"*Ach, Himmel!* no," said Scherm-Weinhausen, artlessly; "I did not know I loved

him so much until I saw his well-born wife."

"Maginnis," called out Rosalia, before breakfast the eighth morning, "I would whip those boys of yours within an inch of their lives if I could. They've torn down all the wild grape-vines in the lane!"

And then, as their father did not move, she made a dash at Thomas Francis Meagher Maginnis, just as he had jumped into the peony-bed, and held him fast. He was a stout boy of five, but Rosalia was not only strong but scientific; and, as she manipulated Thomas, her sleeves rolled up from her beautiful arms, Brachstein, startled by the outcry, came out upon the gallery. With precision the strokes of Rosalia's large white hand delivered their message physiologically and psychologically.



Drawn by A. I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"ACH, THE MOTHER-HEART!" SAID BRACHSTEIN

"ACH, THE MOTHER-HAND!" REPEATED SCHERM-WEINHAUSEN

Brachstein called Scherm-Weinhausen, and they stood in the shaking gallery in ecstasy. Rosalia's face was almost as pink as the peonies, but she gave chase to Dominic Raymond, and the succeeding operation was even more effective.

"*Ach*, the mother-heart!" said Brachstein.

"*Ach*, the mother-hand!" repeated Scherm-Weinhausen. "It is a pity we must leave to-day. We have been happy."

After breakfast the professors packed their bags; their trunks were already on the way to the steamer. Brachstein, looking out of his window, saw a tall, spare young man with gold-rimmed spectacles and long legs suddenly appear from the lane and put his arms about Rosalia, who had been narrowly examining the young grape-vines.

Brachstein called to Scherm-Weinhausen to witness the moving sight. They both sighed.

"*Ach*," Brachstein said, "if the Herr Doctor Wetherill was not a specialist in physiological psychology, we might have suggested him for sociology at Schleswigstein."

"*She* would be a good example for our female youth," said Scherm-Weinhausen, with a kind of divine despair; and they watched the lovers.

"Guy!" said Rosalia—"oh, Guy! I have been so lonely! But why did you come? I don't deserve it. A minute ago there seemed nothing in life for me."

Guy looked proudly down upon her.

"We two, we two—and what 's the world?"

"Will you always think that?"

"To be sure!" he said ecstatically.

"If I had been more worthy, if I had been more like the others—oh, Guy, I have failed you, I have failed you, and I can never be worthy of you! I wish—and I hope you'll understand, dear—that we could get away from here." She paused for a moment, and he looked disquieted, and then she added, with the old decision that had deserted her of late: "Guy, I *must* go abroad—I must have my chance to learn the things those other women know. Why, they laughed—I know they did—at my German!"

He did not answer in words. After a time he said, "You are foolish, dear; you are too humble."

She sighed and shook her head.

"Later," he said. "There is no chance at present."

She sighed again.

"It is a blessed sight!" said Brachstein. "Let us see that the beloved children of their heart are with them at this moment."

Scherm-Weinhausen nodded. He went out upon the rickety gallery, where the Maginnis children were now playing, and seized the amazed Mary and Thomas Francis Meagher. Brachstein followed with Dominic Raymond. Maginnis, leaning on his spade in the shade of the oaks, watched this scene. Rosalia and Wetherill were in an atmosphere of all delight.

Scherm-Weinhausen thrust the two children forward, while Brachstein tried to force Dominic Raymond into Wetherill's arms.

"O friend of my youth," Scherm-Weinhausen exclaimed, "I welcome thee! And now let the children of thy heart greet thee!"

"Good morning," said Wetherill, rather stiffly. "I did not know that you were here." And then he noticed with amazement the struggling Maginnis infants.

"Thou art fortunate in thy wife and thy children," said Brachstein. "We have been of thy household. We wished that thy children should share in thy happiness."

Rosalia, who did not in the least understand, frowned slightly.

"Whose children?" asked Wetherill, stunned.

Maginnis came forward hastily. What had been said, he did not know; but his artistic soul whispered to him that it was time for a climax.

"The buggy is waitin'," he said; "your bags are in it. Sure, you'll be late if you don't go."

The puzzled professors dropped the children, turned, and said farewell in German. "The Herr Doctor Wetherill is mad," said Brachstein.

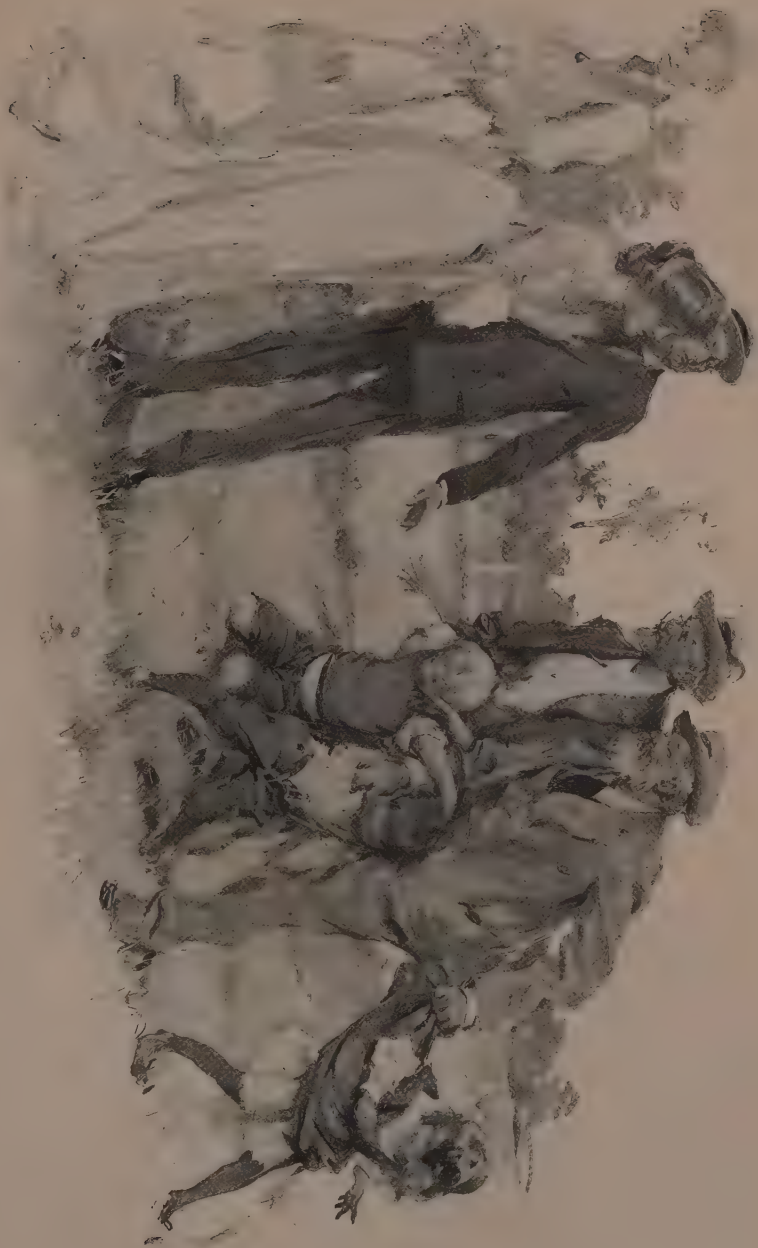
"He is mad," said Scherm-Weinhausen.

Wetherill turned angrily to Maginnis, whose soft brown eyes, full of reproach, met his.

"What does this mean, sir? Father Blodgett has told me before this of your outrageous—"

"Stop, doctor," said Maginnis, meekly. "Don't say anything you may be sorry for. You are a gentleman, or I'd never have lent my own children to you. D'ye mind that now? I'll say no more."

And Maginnis walked over to the potato-



Drawn by A. I. Keller. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington

"ROSALIA, WHO DID NOT IN THE LEAST UNDERSTAND, FROWNED SLIGHTLY."

patch, with the halo of martyrdom over his sandy head.

"'T was fine while it lasted," he said, an artistic glow in his soul; "and if he's missed spoilin' the Dutch and gettin' his fees among the foreigners, it is not my fault. Rosalia O'Keefe is only a Tip, after all. But," he resumed, "if ever I did a good turn, even to the length of sacrificin' my own innocent children, this was one—may the saints forgive me! I'll never tell anybody but Mary Ann. Och!" and he chuckled until the spade in his hands trembled. "'T was *fine* while it lasted!"

In the afternoon of this eventful day Maginnis, at the point of a metaphorical bayonet, was forced to make an ornate *apologia*. For others it would have been an embarrassing confession; for him it was as the act of a martyr.

"Is it ashamed of havin' such fine children you'd be?" he asked at last; and Guy was obliged to extenuate his own conduct.

It was not until August that conscientiously written letters of explanation reached the doctors at Schleswigstein. These learned men sat in the town concert-garden, in the cool of the evening, and talked the matter over. They were bewildered, but edified.

"His well-born wife has the mother-

heart," said Brachstein; "and he is worthy. I am thinking."

"I have thought," said Scherm-Weinhausen.

Brachstein inadvertently allowed the lid of his stein to remain up. By this token his friend knew that he was indeed thinking deeply.

"Sociology is, after all, but the highest philosophical expression of physiological psychology," Brachstein remarked, when the band had played the overture to "Tannhäuser" and a transcription based on Bach. "To write such a letter he must be ethical, and he knows the American tendencies."

Scherm-Weinhausen nodded. "With such a wife, he must be ethical. We will recommend him to the faculty—so?"

"It is done, then," said Brachstein, closing the lid over his beer with a click.

And so it happened that Rosalia had her wish,—the gods and the Irish having fought for her, as they generally fight for a lady in distress,—and late in September she stood, expectant, timid, triumphant, on the threshold of the Inn of the Crowned Eagle, very near the famous university of Schleswigstein, to the precincts of which her husband had recently been invited.

DEATH, THE ANGEL FRIEND

(IN MEMORIAM—G. F. WATTS, R. A.)

BY H. D. RAWNSLEY

FROM the clear heights where Love his life had brought,—
 Love of his fellows, love of all the good
 Whose fire revivifies a nation's blood,—
 He saw the farther heights his spirit sought.
 There fame and name were neither sold nor bought,
 There pride and even Mammon's mighty brood
 Might be transformed, through power of brotherhood,
 To give, not get, and think as Christ had thought.
 Tireless he toiled in hope, whose harp's last string,
 Unbroken, made sweet music to the end.
 The "Utmost for the Highest" here below
 Was truth enough for any man to know.
 And, working, oft he heard an angel's wing;
 Then rose at last and went with Death, his friend.¹

¹ The painter told me that often, as he worked at his easel, he heard the sound as of an angel's wing, and looked round, thinking that Death, his friend, had come to call him.—H. D. R.

KOREA AND THE KOREAN EMPEROR

BY W. F. SANDS

Formerly Adviser to the Imperial Household of Korea



NE might more easily write a book upon Korea than an article, there is so much to be said by one who has studied the country, so much to be compressed into a short space, so many false impressions to be removed.

Korea is uninteresting to the tourist, unless he comes from China. The natural scenery, the green of the valleys, the groves and forests, the chains of hills and mountains extending in every direction "like the waves of a petrified sea," as one of the French missionaries writes—all have a soothing and grateful appearance to the eye wearied with the immense yellow-gray monotony of China. Still, there are no "resorts," no places of public interest, no shops or "curios," to charm the traveler in search of novelty; nothing but the delightful climate and beautiful landscape, the picturesque but wretched thatch villages, and gray-walled, tile-roofed, one-storied cities; nothing but a simple people arrested in their development two thousand years ago, who stand blinking, one might say, and stunned in the brilliant light of modern civilization, into which they have too suddenly emerged.

This stupefaction—I can think of no better term to express their mental attitude—and hesitancy to adopt that which they do not yet understand, offend the up-to-date Occidental; the slowness and uncommercial spirit of the Koreans, their patriarchal simplicity, are compared with the restless activity of Japan, their near neighbors, vastly to the disadvantage of Korea.

The corruption of the ruling class is

cited as a proof of their utter degeneracy; and yet the business man who condemns this does not fail to use it to his own advantage. Even the unusual submissiveness of the people to their rulers, their respect for authority, does not meet with approval; and they are condemned as lacking in spirit, as unfit to govern themselves, because they submit patiently to great abuses, knowing no other form of government.

One cannot but receive a different impression, however, when, studying them sympathetically, one sees them as they really are. The causes of Korea's unprogressiveness and general wretchedness are not far to seek, nor is this state irremediable, in spite of first impressions.

The task of introducing the reforms necessary is undoubtedly a difficult one, rendered doubly so by the conflicting political and territorial interests of Korea's neighbors; but I maintain, nevertheless, that it is very far from being a hopeless and impossible task, and I am supported in my opinion by such men as General Legendre and Mr. Greathouse, who preceded me in Korea.

Oppressed by her neighbors for centuries, and overrun with war; her people decimated; her cities, her temples, and her libraries sacked and destroyed; her nobles and maidens driven off to China, and her artisans to Japan; the most ambitious and unscrupulous of her subjects constantly stirred to intrigue and conspiracy by foreign powers, it is small wonder that Korea has endeavored to shut herself off from the world, and, by becoming the "Hermit Kingdom," has effectually barred the way to all progress.



From the painting from life by Hubert Vos

THE EMPEROR OF KOREA

That the Korean is uncommercial, unwarlike, and submissive is no good proof that he is unfit for self-government.

He comes of stock entirely different from that of his two great neighbors,—China, the merchant nation, and Japan, the warrior,—and shows entirely different characteristics.

The Koreans are essentially an agricultural people; their customs and traditions seem to demonstrate that they were at one time pastoral nomadic tribes. They are undoubtedly of Turanian origin, with a strong admixture of Chinese and Manchu, in consequence of the many invasions to which they have been subjected from the very beginning of their history; but they seem to lack the strain of fighting Malay blood which is so evident in the composition of the warlike Japanese.

On the contrary, they are characterized by a peaceable and hospitable disposition, though they have fought well when they have had to fight, and have showed themselves at times far ahead of their neighbors in inventive genius.

It was the Korean Admiral Ye who invented the iron-clad ram modeled like the back of a turtle (probably not unlike the Confederate ram *Stonewall*), "mounting two heavy guns forward," and firing shells, by means of which he defeated the Japanese war-vessels, destroyed their convoys, and, cutting off their provisions, forced the Japanese armies, in 1592, to withdraw to Fusan at the height of their victorious campaign, leaving the country a wilderness and the resistance on land annihilated. So bloody, according to tradition, was this campaign that the first Korean troops entering Seoul after the evacuation were attacked by packs of savage dogs become wild from feeding on the victims of the Japanese soldiery. Not one of its inhabitants was left alive in the city.

To indicate the extent of the ravages wrought all over the country, it is sufficient to mention the "Mound of Ears" which was built in Kioto during the campaign. It is said that the ears and noses of over two hundred and fourteen thousand persons were cut off, packed in salt, and sent to the capital of Japan as trophies. In the retreat to the sea, during which this ghastly harvest was gathered, the Japanese warriors destroyed Kyeng-Ju, the wonderful old city from which their country had

drawn its art, its literature, and its religion: for the Koreans at that time were on a much higher plane of civilization than the Japanese. The old archives state that the troops were filled with awe and admiration; but they burned the city, nevertheless, with all the public buildings, libraries, and temples, and looted and destroyed three hundred thousand private dwellings as well.

It is to this campaign that we owe the perfection of the Satsuma ware of Japan. Colonies of Korean pottery-workers were transferred to Japan, where their art and skill were used in the development of the native ware. The Korean industry never recovered, and the country is still a land of ruins from that war.

Our navy has evidence of this. It is said in the official report of the fight at the Kang-Wha forts, in 1871, at which five of our war-vessels were present, that the "Koreans fought with desperation rarely equaled and never excelled by any people." In 1866, a force of French sailors from six men-of-war, after capturing and burning the town of Kang-Wha, were routed by the Koreans and suffered severe losses in spite of their superior armament. During the winter of 1901-02, when the Russians, organizing their "drives" after the English method in the Transvaal, had cornered the "red-beard" robber bands and what was left of the Boxers in the inaccessible mountains and forests of the upper Yalu and Tumen rivers, these brigands, forced to seek an outlet somewhere, crossed the border into Korea, looting and foraging and burning villages. A chain of frontier posts was organized, with from fifty to a hundred soldiers in each, supported by a militia formed of the tiger-hunters of these districts, to whom were issued Mauser rifles. These men, commanded by young officers trained under General Dye and his successor, General Ye Hak Kiun, in the imperial military academy at Seoul, did good service, and after a number of sharp skirmishes completely stopped the raiding parties and forced the robber bands back on the Russian lines. These tiger-hunters, by the way, are most excellent material for scouts and sharp-shooters. They are trackers and woodsmen from their early youth, untiring and absolutely fearless, as a man must be who will face a tiger with a match-lock smooth-bore gun carrying fifty yards

more or less accurately, and loaded with three rough iron pellets but little larger than buck-shot.

Yet these same men will submit to the greatest abuses on the part of the government, and to the most brutal ill-treatment from foreigners. One may, without provocation, strike in the face a man who has just shot a tiger without a sign of fear, and he will not defend himself. Oppression by his superiors is to him in the natural order of things; it is tradition with him that the "government"—that is, the nobles, or *yang-ban* class—may not work, and must be supported in idleness by the people. It "has always been so" in his own country, and he knows nothing of what goes on outside; he accepts the inevitable, and makes the most of it, well content if he can retain enough out of his earnings to feed and clothe himself and his family, and die quietly on the spot where his father was born.

But take the average Korean out of these surroundings, and he is a very different man. Educate him and leave him his earnings, give him one generation of clean, strong government, and Korea will cease to be the "bone of contention," the "plague spot of the East"; she will no longer "stew [I quote from the Japanese and English press of the far East] in her very unsavory juices," but will become instead the very garden-spot of the East. The country is rich in mineral and agricultural wealth, and nothing is needed for its progress and development but peace and education. All other conditions are favorable.

That the Korean people are capable of education has been proved by history, and it is being proved again to-day by mission schools and wherever their students go in America or in Europe.

They gave to Japan its art, its literature, and its religion; even printing in Japan received a stimulus from Korea, through the introduction of movable types.

The only student who has gone to England for his education graduated in London at the head of his class in mining engineering, and now occupies a trusted and lucrative position in the English mining concession in Korea.

Those who have gone through the Japanese military academy at Tokio have invariably led their classes, and earned the

respect of the Japanese officers, their instructors and superiors.

There are many Korean students in America, and hundreds more, not only willing but anxious to go there to study, if they could see any future field for activity in their own country. As long as they do not know whether their descendants are to be Japanese or Russians, they remain disheartened, and their country is too weak and too exhausted by centuries of fighting for them to decide their fate by arms.

In the midst of this wretchedness and the apparent hopelessness of ever reducing to order these varied elements of discord, the Emperor occupies, without doubt, the most unenviable position possible to a sovereign.

From my first audience I was greatly interested in his character, and endeavored, as far as the strict Oriental etiquette allowed, to penetrate his mask and reach his real self.

Though I saw him frequently, his conversation was always coldly formal; and it was not until two years later, when, at his request, I left the American legation to become his confidential adviser, that I realized that the "Son of Heaven" is, after all, a man, and has, in spite of his education and environment, very human ambitions and desires. Once in his service, the Emperor's whole attitude changed. It was no longer the impersonal manner of a sovereign toward the official of another country, but rather that of an intelligent but untraveled man, bound hand and foot by tradition and intrigue, on the defensive against every one, but seeking information of every kind, even the seemingly trivial, in order to enlarge his horizon and adapt the knowledge gained to his own needs. He rarely gives an opinion, but questions always, asking in what way certain measures might best be adapted to Korean conditions in order to obtain the best results.

He is painfully aware of his ignorance of the manners and customs of the Occident, and his desire to be in no way behind his royal and imperial cousins of Europe exposes him to constant mortification and expense. Taught by a lifelong experience, he is suspicious of every one, but his confidence may always be gained through his affections and religion. He appreciates

frankness, even if the subject is unpleasant; if he approves, he does not hesitate to say so; if not, he rarely shows displeasure, but dismisses the subject temporarily with a "Think it over carefully and report to me again." Everything he does betrays, in spite of occasional mistakes, his great desire to advance the best interests of his country—to be the founder of a new and progressive dynasty; but he is hampered on every side by the difficulty of breaking with century-old traditions, by his lack of modern education, the difficulty of striking the right course in the midst of the conflicting advice forced on him by each foreign legation at his capital, and by his lifelong and well-grounded fear of personal violence, which has necessarily affected his character. Four decades of this life have made him timid and distrustful. He endeavors, consequently, to do too much himself, thus overtaxing his strength and capacity. This he is the first to admit, but returns the same answer to all remonstrance: "Whom can I trust?" The great difficulties with which he has to contend are too little appreciated.

He is, of course, an absolute monarch, but one does not pause to think how greatly his actions must be influenced by his surroundings. He is little known by foreigners, and therefore greatly misrepresented. It is too easy for some disappointed concessionaire, or some diplomat baffled in an enterprise redounding greatly to his own credit and incidentally to the commercial or political interest of his country, to throw all the blame for his disappointment on the "vacillating policy of the Emperor." It is too easy for the traveling correspondent, book-writer, or tourist, picking up his information in hotel lobbies from disgruntled place-seekers, or from hired interpreters and guides with a smattering of English, to depict the ruler of Korea as a libertine and weakling, or as a tyrant actuated solely by cupidity or fear.

I have known him, I may say intimately, through six most trying years, and other Americans have stood in the same relation to him before me, and several distinguished men have died in his service; but all who were disinterested have formed the same opinion of him: a kindly, courteous gentleman, deeply, almost morbidly religious, and sentimentally devoted to the memory of his murdered wife and her son; a ruler

anxious to do his duty by his people, but greatly hampered by the difficulties of all sorts which have beset him since his earliest childhood.

In 1863 the King died without issue, leaving his country not yet recovered from the terrible devastation of 1592-98, and the internal troubles, famines, and disease which further decimated the unfortunate people during the following centuries. A distant cousin, the father of the present Emperor, an unscrupulous and mercenary prince, placed his thirteen-year-old son upon the throne, and declared himself regent, with the title of "Tai Won Kun," by which he became well known later to foreigners. The young King was secluded carefully, and kept, much as the Emperor of China has been kept, from all knowledge except such as he might gain from the Chinese classics. He was married, during the year after his coronation, to the daughter of one of the nobles of the Min clan, a powerful family of whose influence the regent was desirous. This young girl, well-educated, clever, and ambitious, took up, with the help of some of the members of her clan, a struggle with the regent for the emancipation of the King and the independence of Korea from Chinese suzerainty and from all other foreign influence, which ceased only with her assassination, at the instigation of the Japanese minister, by Japanese *soshi* (hired ruffians) and police in 1895. Although a pronounced friend of progress, she had decided ideas as to the means to be used; her motto seems to have been "Korea for the Koreans," and she wished the development of her country to come from the inside, and to be primarily for the benefit of her own people, whereas the Japanese, equally progressive, were preparing a future colony for Japan. They had driven out the Chinese and acknowledged Korea's independence in the name of civilization and progress, but for their own ends. The regent died in the following year, and the King, upon the invitation of the Russian government, whose influence thus appeared openly for the first time in Korean affairs, escaped from the Japanese, by whom he was held a prisoner in his palace, to the Russian legation. The Japanese withdrew from Seoul, their influence broken temporarily, and the King, taking the title of Emperor in token of Korea's independence and to show his absolute

equality with all other sovereigns, called about him a cabinet composed of the most liberal and capable of his nobles, and took up the work of reform. His reign properly dates from these events, as up to this time his life had been a continual struggle with the regent and with the Chinese government.

At the real beginning of his reign, in 1895, he consequently found before him a task almost beyond the strength of any one man. The poverty of the country, exhausted by war and bad management; the corruption of his nobles; the apathy and indifference of his people; and the ignorance, born of centuries of seclusion, of all classes alike—all, combined with the intrigues of neighboring and professedly friendly powers bent upon absorbing his little empire, or of exploiting it for the benefit of their own countrymen, formed a combination of adverse circumstances which would have taxed the powers of a stronger and better-equipped ruler.

In all this little drama Americans have played a very active part. Our treaty with Korea was signed May 24, 1882, and for nearly twenty years Americans have been the chief advisers of the government, a fact of which our government has, I think, taken too little account. General Dye, of Egyptian fame, recommended most warmly to Korea by General Grant, reorganized the army and founded the military academy. The work he did has not been entirely eradicated, in spite of the strenuous efforts of both Russians and Japanese. Judge Denny, sent to Korea by Li Hung Chang, at the request of the Queen; Mr. Greathouse, in the departments of justice and the Foreign Office; General Charles Legendre, who served with distinction in the Civil War and in our consular service in China, and was prominent in the work of reforming the Japanese government,—all men of great ability,—have done work in Korea which will be appreciated if the present crisis passes and the Japanese government, in accordance with its promises, withdraws its armies and leaves Korea to develop without fear of interference from its neighbors and take its place among modern civilized nations.

The Emperor has always had a strong leaning toward Americans. From the first he has shown it in every way. Immediately after the signing of the treaty, he received

the American minister, Mr. Foote, with marked cordiality; whereas the Japanese Emperor refused to see the foreign representatives for fourteen years after entering into relations with the Western powers, and then consented only because literally forced to do so; and nearly thirty years passed after the signing of the treaties with China before the foreign ministers received their first audience. The Emperor has always had many friends among American missionaries, notably Dr. Horace Allen, who, attached to the Presbyterian mission at Seoul, entered the service of the Korean government, accompanied their first embassy to Washington, when Korean independence was recognized by the United States in spite of the protests of the Chinese, and was appointed later to the American legation at Seoul. He was made minister, a well-deserved promotion, at the request of the Emperor, and holds a unique position in the country, through the confidence placed in him both by his own government and by that of the Emperor. The American missionaries, who outnumber all others combined, have undoubtedly done much good through their hospitals and schools, in spite of the misplaced zeal of some, who endeavor to inculcate in the people ideas of liberty and equality which they cannot understand, and for which they are not yet ripe. In all the districts to which they have had access they have prepared the way for a national educational system based upon a judicious combination of the "learning of the East and of the West."

Since the beginning of his contact with Western civilization, the Emperor's one consistent policy has been to profit by the American spirit of commercialism, and to make of it a buffer against a too great Japanese influence on one side and Russian aggression on the other.

It was his opinion that there would be no danger to Korea from Russia until Manchuria had been assimilated, while the danger was very real and pressing from Japan, in search of an outlet for her surplus population, and threatened with annihilation should the Russians be before her in seizing the territory best suited to receive this surplus. Indeed, the Japanese "jingo" press, the Japanese inhabitants of Korea, through their chambers of commerce, and the military party in Japan,

have for the last two years openly advocated the annexation of Korea.

The Emperor is well aware of the value of commercial interests in modern diplomacy, and therefore endeavored to check the present danger and offset the future by creating a third power in Korean politics—an American party, based upon tangible commercial interests. Hence the number of American advisers always near him in all the most important positions open to foreigners.

For this reason, also, he has given liberal concessions for railways, banking and mining privileges, electric traction and lighting franchises, waterworks, and other public improvements. He has granted every facility for carrying out these works, and only insists that they shall be of the best. All the material for these works comes, as far as possible, from America. He has subsidized American mission schools and hospitals. For years it has been his object to create a heavy national debt held in America, so that, through the personal influence of the capitalists concerned, our government would be forced to take a special interest in Korean affairs.

Unfortunately for his work of reform, he has failed to secure the coöperation of the conservative party among the nobility, who fear the new ideas; the so-called "progressive" nobles being mercenary opportunists, who form a Russian party one day, and a pro-Japanese party the next, as their personal interest dictates. They are, when in power, as corrupt as they ever were under the old system. Of the real progressists there are very few, and all labor under the great disadvantage of insufficient knowledge of modern methods.

Characteristic of the Emperor is his appreciation of the fact that intelligence and worth are not necessarily confined to men of noble birth, which might, under the influence of foreign education, change this most despotic ruler of the world into the most democratic of sovereigns.

He has had for many years a number of men about him who come from the lowest ranks of Korean society—several of them lacking education and polish, but all noticeably energetic and practical. One of these, a miner, has risen, by his shrewdness in business matters and unswerving—I might say, unscrupulous—devotion to the imperial family, to the entire control

of the revenues of the Emperor. Certain of the foreign diplomats in Seoul found this man extremely useful, and further strengthened his hand until, from managing the private affairs of his Majesty, he began to exert an enormous influence in every branch of the government, and became in consequence unbearable to the ministers of state and to the nobles. So strongly did the court disapprove of his meddling that the whole cabinet petitioned to the throne for his removal, and, in accordance with the century-old custom, knelt in a body, clad in sackcloth, at the main entrance to the palace, awaiting the imperial answer.

With all regard for their age and rank the Emperor "regretted," and then told them, as they still did not disperse, that their action was distasteful to him. Finally, annoyed at the old gentlemen's trembling insistence, he said to the bearer of their memorial: "Go tell the prime minister and the cabinet that I have treated them as etiquette demands that high nobles shall be treated, . . . and that they have acted with the characteristic thoughtlessness of my nobles"; then, quite losing his temper: "Tell them that this one low fellow of whom they complain shows more ability and more devotion than they, with all their blood and all their finely worded petitions. Show me one gentleman who can take his place, and I will dismiss him. As for the members of the cabinet, I can find to-morrow a dozen members of the oldest and highest families who will embroil my affairs quite as successfully as they do."

This same "low fellow" was removed by the Japanese to Tokio soon after their occupation of Korea, where he is being schooled for future use.

A petition was brought to the Emperor one day from a ragged foreigner at the gate. The man was some stranded "beachcomber," probably a deserter, who, after exhausting the charity of the foreign community, had thought of this new way of raising money. The Emperor, after hearing his story, sent him a hundred yen (fifty dollars). One of his courtiers remonstrated at his sending so generous a present to a man who, had he been deserving, would have found relief at the consulate of his country. "That man," replied the Emperor, "has made me a more delicate

compliment than any of the professional flatterers I have about me; for he has come to me, as every loyal subject should, like a child in trouble to his father."

Allowing for the Oriental love of fine phrases in the one case, and in the other for the patent inadvisability of dismissing a valuable servant without prospect of replacing him, I still think that the Emperor is sincerely desirous, as far as his education permits, to be really a father to his people, and to infuse new life into his court by replacing the degenerate hereditary nobility by men of education and integrity, drawn from the more virile lower classes.

The finances of the country have been kept in a continual state of disorganization by the efforts of the Russians on one side and the English and Japanese on the other. Financial affairs are at present controlled by the British, who use all their influence to benefit the Japanese and to exclude every one else.

The other nations represented at Seoul, openly jealous of the favor shown to Americans, demand equal privileges under the most-favored-nation clause of their treaties, and have combined systematically to block all progress rather than allow the development of the country by Americans, seeing, no doubt, in Korea a miniature of the "American peril" in Europe.

Lack of unity in the American party brought about a total loss of American prestige during the period of acute tension which preceded the present war. The Emperor, in despair of achieving his object with the help of Americans, decided to throw in his lot with the less immediately dangerous of his aggressive neighbors, trusting to European intervention, later, to save him from becoming a vassal of the Russian empire. He came to an understanding with the Russian authorities, and asked for troops; and it was doubtless the knowledge of his intentions which urged the Japanese government to prompt action. This step was doubtless a mistake, but had his wishes met with the response in America which they deserved, it would not have been necessary, and Russia and Japan would not have had the Korean pretext for war.

Since the occupation of Korea by Japanese troops, American influence is again in

the ascendancy. The railway operations undertaken by the Japanese since the outbreak of the war, the energy with which they are fortifying all the most important points, and the openness with which their officers speak of annexation do not reassure the Emperor as to their intention to evacuate his country when the war is over. The removal of pressure from other quarters has enabled him to recur to his original policy of securing the friendship and moral support of the United States. The recent exorbitant demands of the Japanese representative for salt, liquor, and tobacco monopolies, for sole forest and stream rights, and for the cession of all unoccupied lands in Korea to the Japanese government, together with the high-handed arrests of all who dare to disagree with him or to oppose these measures, have created an excitement in Korea which has not been equaled since the opening of the country, and any anti-Japanese or anti-foreign movement of the Korean people will be directly traceable to this cause.

Whether he succeeds or not in enlisting the aid of America, the Emperor, in his loneliness, cannot but command our sympathy. This war will decide whether Korea is to disappear before the tide of civilization in the East, or to float safely with it.

In the meantime we have lost what is more to us than the mere trade of so small a country—I mean the prestige of having proved ourselves the friend of the weaker nations struggling to take their place in the civilization of the world. It is too late now to take the position in the East which was offered to us through the friendship and confidence of the Emperor; for even if the Japanese government does not officially announce a protectorate over Korea, that unfortunate country will become more and more a Japanese colony through regulated immigration, and through the acquisition by Japanese capitalists, or by the government itself, of all foreign interests.

It is also to be regretted from a commercial standpoint, for the unique position which we enjoyed in Korea was a fulcrum for all the East, and, had we used our advantages, would undoubtedly have been of immense value to us, not only in the country itself, but more particularly in China and Japan.

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

AND ITS FOUNDER, HENRY LEE HIGGINSON

BY RICHARD ALDRICH



THE Boston Symphony Orchestra is Mr. Henry L. Higginson's yacht, his racing-stable, his library, and his art gallery, or it takes the place of what these things are to other men of wealth with other tastes. It is a remark that he himself once made in disavowing any philanthropic ends when he set up in the city of Boston a musical organization that has few peers in the world of music anywhere. And though few will be persuaded to accept his disavowal as a complete expression of the case, it is true that Mr. Higginson has found in the establishment, the upbuilding, and the maintenance of a consummate artistic institution the keen personal delight that other men take in perfecting a collection or pursuing supremacy in a sport. If horse-racing is the sport of kings, there is also something regal, even imperial, in the possession of an orchestra. Kings had their court bands for their courtly pleasure a century and two centuries ago—bands which, in continental Europe, have evolved into royally endowed artistic establishments for the benefit of the people; and even into the nineteenth century the splendid Austrian princes, upon whom a fine old crust of feudalism lingered later than upon any others of the anointed, maintained for their own delectation, in their own palaces, great orchestras and great composers, whereof Joseph Haydn, serving the house of Esterházy as a liveried menial, is the classical exemplar. Mr. Higginson's orchestra, whatever he may declare as to his own motives, has been for twenty-three years as much

for the benefit of his townsmen as for himself; and, in a way by no means indirect, for the benefit of his countrymen.

Henry L. Higginson, born in New York, but brought up in Boston as a scion of a Boston family socially and intellectually most distinguished, passed in his youth through the days of the Germania Orchestra and the Harvard Musical Association and the other local institutions that decorated the town with the epithet of "musical," and that contributed in large measure to that connotation of "culture" still inseparable from its name. The young Higginson, no doubt, like the good Bostonian he has always been, thought these things were all they should be or could be, till he was sent to Vienna to complete his education.

There he saw a great light. He associated much with musicians and musical amateurs, and heard what orchestral playing might be at the hands of accomplished musicians constantly in training under great conductors. Then and there he formed the resolution that when his time came he would give to Boston an orchestra on a higher plane than all its culture had ever known; an orchestra the members of which should not be summoned to its service upon occasion from other pursuits, but whose business should be its business; an orchestra that should not be dependent upon the caprice of the public, or limited in its scope by the conservatism of a clique.

His time came in the midst of a successful business career, when, moreover, Boston was ripe for the experiment he intended to try. The old Harvard Musical

Association had shriveled up to nothing. To take its place, there was a newly formed Philharmonic Society supporting an orchestra upon the casual basis that was the only possible one under existing conditions. Its purposes were sincere, but it was glad to retire from the field when, in February, 1881, Mr. Higginson made public his intention of establishing a new orchestra in a new way. There was in Boston at the time a clever young baritone singer, musical through and through, a man of uncommon intelligence and force, and in certain ways of rare accomplishment. To Georg Henschel, though he was without experience as an orchestral conductor, was intrusted the organization of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He proved, not unnaturally, to be far from an ideal conductor, since the art of conducting is not inborn, but is acquired by great toil and long experience; but he did well the pioneering work for the new orchestra.

As he organized it, it numbered seventy performers. There were twelve first and eleven second violins, eight violas, nine cellos, nine double-basses, and the number of wood- and brass-wind players usual in a small orchestra.

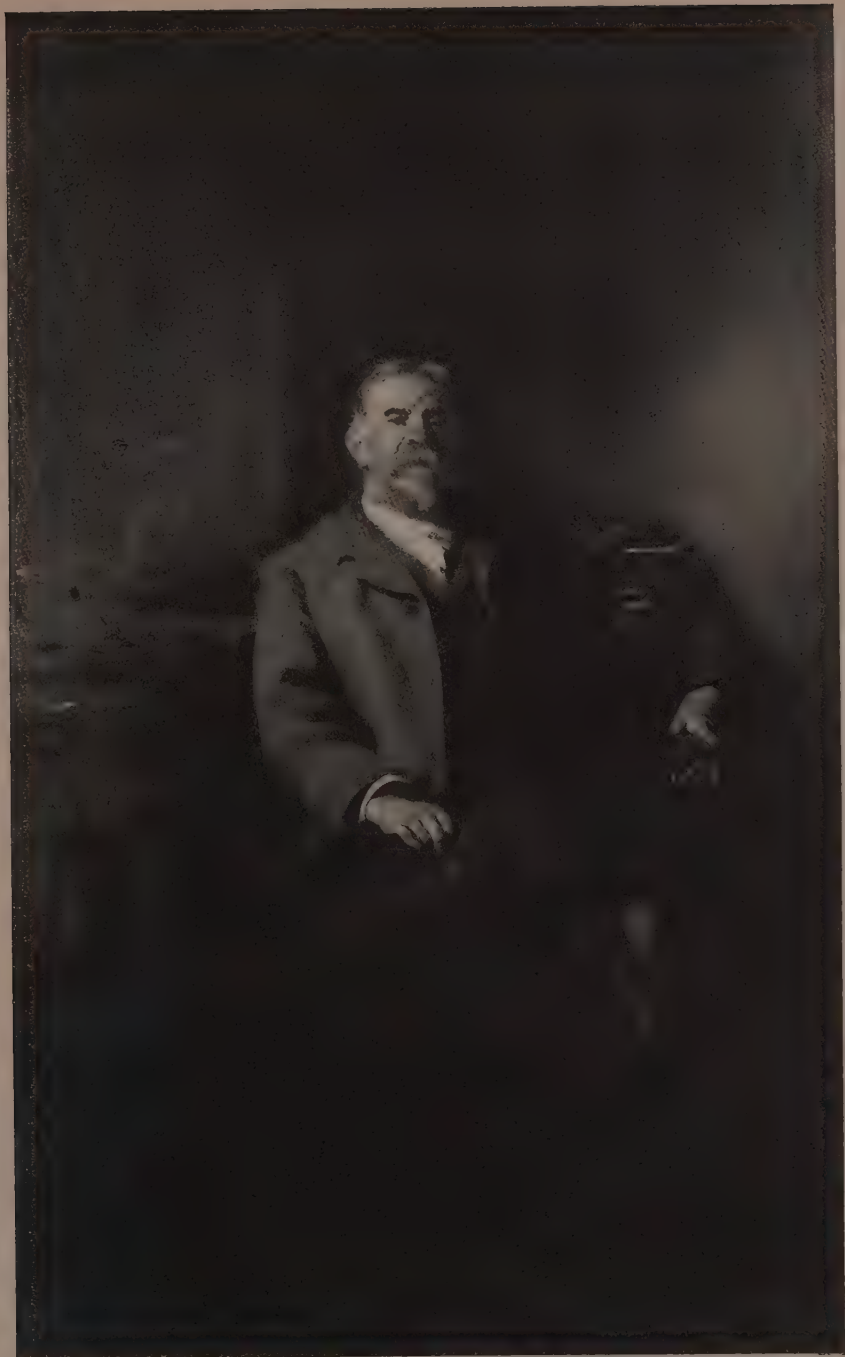
The growth of the orchestra is shown by a comparison of these figures with those of its present constitution. There are now, when all the players are in requisition,—which, of course, they are only in the most modern compositions,—about ninety men; namely, sixteen first and fourteen second violins, ten violas, ten cellos, eight double-basses, four flutes, three oboes, one English horn, three clarinets, one bass clarinet, three bassoons, one contra-bassoon, four horns, four trumpets, three trombones, and one player each of the harp, tuba, timpani, bass drum, cymbals, triangle, and tambour. It gave its first concert on October 22, 1881. The purpose was at first to make it minister specially to listeners of limited purse. The best places cost fifty cents; at the so-called public rehearsals, on the afternoons of the day preceding the concerts,—really exact duplicates of the concerts themselves,—there were seats for twenty-five cents. But the concerts speedily became not only popular but fashionable. There was great competition for tickets among those of unlimited as well as of limited purse, and advantage was soon taken of this eagerness by the institution

of an auction sale at the beginning of each season for the choice of places. Some have said that this has tended to restrict the popular privileges upon which emphasis was laid at first, and to increase the reliance put upon the support of wealth and fashion. Some have affirmed, too, that attendance upon these concerts is for many in Boston only a compliance with fashionable necessity. Yet for twenty-three years, week after week, the hall has been filled, often to the very limit of its capacity. Now, Boston is doubtless not to be judged as other towns; but it is hard to believe that, even in Boston, the necessity of being fashionable after the Boston manner can continue to constrain hundreds to weekly boredom unremittingly for twenty-three years, with few signs of relief yet in sight. It is almost easier to believe that love of music has really permeated the several strata of Boston society, and that the audience goes to the concerts because it wishes to hear them.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra was not founded to provide an instrument for any particular conductor, but its conductors have been summoned to fill the need it created—a fact that should be taken into consideration by zealous but not always wisely prompted orchestral founders elsewhere. It has had four different men at its head in the course of its existence, each a man of special qualification in certain directions, who has not escaped fiery ordeals of criticism for one reason or another, especially at home. It has been observed that the angel Gabriel would be disparaged by the American public if he came in contact with it long enough; and in Boston the critical faculty has always been highly developed.

At least Mr. Henschel's standard of taste was high and his temperament stood him often in good stead where skill and routine failed him. What he accomplished was worth the doing. He returned to Europe in 1884, to be succeeded by a man as different in type, in ideals, and in method as could well be imagined.

Mr. Higginson had seen and heard Wilhelm Gericke in Vienna as Hans Richter's colleague at the Imperial Opera, and as conductor, also, of the Society of Friends of Music. Keen, alert, of imperious and overmastering will, with all the technic and routine of the difficult art of conducting



From the painting by John S. Sargent, owned by the Harvard Union. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

HENRY LEE HIGGINSON

at his fingers' ends, not without a certain pedantic quality to restrain the musician's temperament, which increasing years have rather mellowed and softened than intensified, he found his orchestra a body of men loosely knit together and sorely in

in large measure, through the improvement of the personnel.

There were many veterans and some incompetents of the earlier dispensation in the orchestra when he came to it, who had found in it a "pleasant refuge" for declin-



Drawn by S. Ivanowski

THE KETTLEDRUMS

need of the rigorous discipline that makes for perfect mobility and adaptability in orchestras as well as in armies. There is something of the martinet in Mr. Gericke's nature, and he needed all he had in those first years of the formative period. The greatest distinctions of the Boston orchestra, its perfection of ensemble, its brilliancy, its plasticity, its beauty of tone, are his work. He achieved them not only through drill and the instillation of an ardent feeling of *esprit de corps*, but also, and

ing years. Many new men came from Europe at his summons,—young men of eager blood, like the "young lions" of the Conservatory orchestra that were the delight of Berlioz in Paris,—for whom the orchestra was not a refuge, but a field for ambitious and energetic labor.

It was a fortunate chance that brought Mr. Kneisel, Mr. Loeffler, Mr. Svecenski, Mr. Roth, Mr. Giese, the Adamowski brothers, Mr. Schuecker, and still others in the earlier years, and that has since

added such men as the ill-fated Pourtau, and Mr. Longy, to name only a few of many accomplished players who have helped make the Boston Symphony Orchestra admired as "a band of virtuosi." Their coming caused wailing and gnashing of teeth in certain quarters. It is not a pleasant task to dismiss veterans who have deserved well; but it sometimes must be done, and the need for it must never be lost sight of, as New York has found to its cost. The violinist's arm gets unsteady, his fingers uncertain; the oboist's throat and tongue muscles, continuously strained in forming the tone of his capricious and difficult instrument, become relaxed and inefficient; the clarinetist loses his front teeth and is as one bereft of hope; the trumpeter's and the hornist's lips forget their cunning, and as musicians they must all give way long before, as men, they are used up.

Strange though it may seem, it is a difficult undertaking to secure the best men from abroad as orchestral players in the



Drawn by S. Ivanowski

AN OBOE



Drawn by S. Ivanowski

THE LEADER

American Promised Land. There is a stronger force than the Musical Union to keep them out. Seasons are short, engagements are limited, opportunities for players of other than the stringed instruments, in case they should lose their positions, are few. Nor is it possible to pick out good men abroad with certainty. Not all the undertakings of the Boston Symphony conductors in this direction have been fortunate. It stands upon the records that, having heard many aspirants during a certain summer in Europe, one of Mr. Higginson's conductors personally chose and brought over sixteen new men. Every one of them proved quite incompetent and had speedily to be sent back. On another occasion it was desired to obtain a new clarinetist to take the place of one of the veterans just mentioned. The old one was dismissed with an indemnity for the breaking of his contract. The new one was sent, at the conductor's request, from Vienna by a celebrated conductor, who certified to his competency, truly believing him, no doubt, to be "good enough for America." Before he had gotten half through his first rehearsal with the orchestra it was clear that the new man would not do at all. He was

not even allowed to play at the ensuing concert, but was sent away with a blessing and the year's salary he had contracted for—shipped to a distant city where he could play in a theater and be as little as possible a thorn in the flesh of Boston. The veteran was hastily recalled and reëngaged, naturally at an advance in salary sufficient to assuage his wounded feelings.

The American life, and his strenuous part in it, caused Mr. Gericke, after the season of 1888–89, to return to the quieter atmosphere of Vienna; and to succeed him Arthur Nikisch was summoned from his post of conductor at the Neues Theater—the municipal opera-house—of Leipzig. He was just then emerging into that fame that has since made him one of the most distinguished, and, it may also be added, one of the most highly paid conductors in the world; but he had not quite arrived at it then, and the series of concerts that he had conducted the previous winter in Berlin had been a disastrous financial failure.

In Boston he did much in the next three years to bring himself into prominence as one of the most original, daring, and intensely subjective of the modern school of conductors—a man who, with certain exaggerations and affectations, is illuminated by the living flame of genius. As about his predecessor, so even more about him, was Boston rent into contending factions. So it was also about his successor, Emil Paur, who, having stepped into Nikisch's position at the Leipzig opera, stepped into it again in Boston as one who came to tide over an emergency. For after Mr. Ni-

kisch's contract had been canceled in 1893, under circumstances of some stress and strain, Mr. Higginson fully expected to secure for his orchestra Dr. Hans Richter. It is not perhaps generally known by how narrow a margin the great Viennese conductor, then as now recognized as one of the most gifted and authoritative in the world, failed to come to this country. He had just had trouble in the intriguing court circles of the Austrian capital, where the

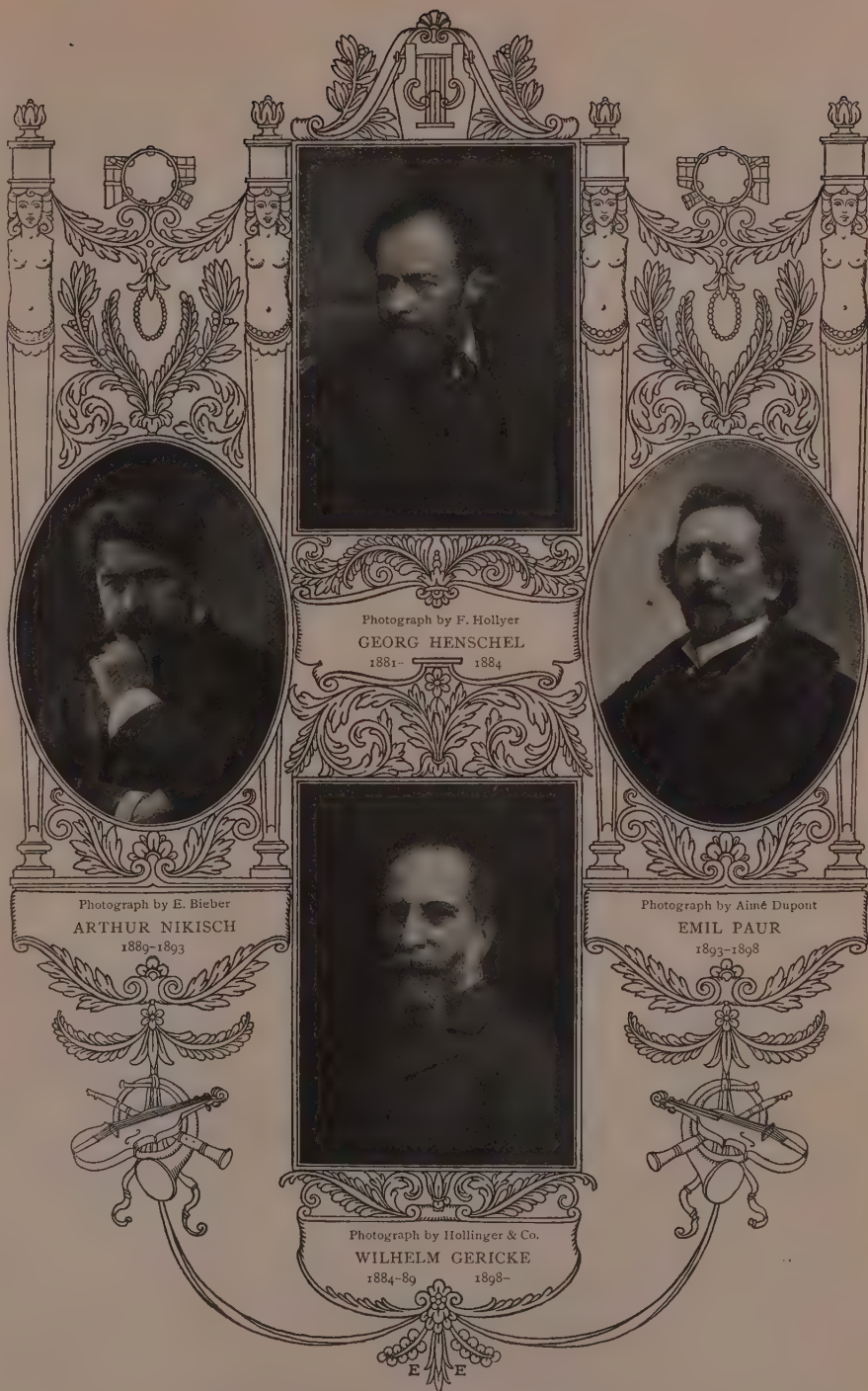
strings that direct the management of the Imperial Opera are pulled. He was disgusted and ready to leave Vienna. He had actually signed a contract with Mr. Higginson and was expected in Boston. Then came salve to his wounded feelings, *auf hohen Befehl*, in the shape of a decoration and an appointment to the post of *Hofkapellmeister* at the opera on the death of Hellmesberger. So he calmly ignored his American contract and stayed. Mr. Paur exercised a rude but vigorous sway for five years, when he was succeeded, in 1898, by Mr. Gericke, who returned to a place that had been kept warm in the hearts of his admirers during the nine years of his absence.



From a photograph
FRANZ KNEISEL

ing the nine years of his absence.

It would be wrong to neglect the part that was played in the upbuilding of the Boston Symphony Orchestra by Franz Kneisel, whom Mr. Gericke took as a lad of twenty from the post of concert-master of Bille's orchestra in Berlin, and put in the corresponding post in Boston in the autumn of 1885. To the eye of the audience the concert-master—so we somewhat unintelligibly translate the German word *Konzertmeister*, ignoring the more descriptive French name of *chef d'attaque*—is the



THE CONDUCTORS OF THE BOSTON SYMPHONY SOCIETY



Drawn by S. Ivanowski

A SOLOIST

man who plays at the forefront of the first violins at the left of the conductor. But he is a much more important personage than that fact alone would imply. Now, the importance of the concert-master's function depends on a number of things, largely the nature and habits of the conductor, and the personal force of the concert-master himself. It is rather the fashion nowadays to try to belittle the importance of the concert-master, as a result of the growth in the artistic position of the conductor. But where the best relations exist, the concert-master is given a responsible burden in the carrying on of the orchestra. He is, in a way, the autocratic conductor's grand vizir, his executive officer, one of his chief means of making effective his wishes; and, where the right relation exists, his best friend and right-hand man. His functions resemble those of a constitutional monarch's prime minister. The king can do no wrong. If all goes well in the orchestra, it is the conductor's achievement; if anything goes amiss, it is very likely to

be the concert-master's fault. He must always see that all the instruments are in tune with one another before rehearsals and concerts begin. In most cases he sees that the violin parts are properly marked for bowing and phrasing, which he determines himself, in order that all shall play alike—though not always is uniformity of bowing considered indispensable. If there is a misunderstanding between the conductor and a player, the concert-master's good offices are invaluable in setting it right. He advises the conductor as to the deficiencies or excellences of individual players, and may often be called upon to assist in engaging new men. If the conductor makes a mistake,—and even the greatest conductor does,—the concert-master is there to see that the force of it is broken in some way. Few conductors are thoroughly familiar with the details of the technic and the limitations of all the orchestral instruments, their possibilities in the way of phrasing and the production of special effects; for, though most conductors have begun their careers as performers upon some instrument, their playing days are past and they have other things to think of. So, if the conductor gives a direction as to phrasing or accentuation that is im-



Drawn by S. Ivanowski

A CLARINET

practicable, or if he demands something that cannot be done, the concert-master must be ready, after the rehearsal, to explain to the bewildered or derisive player that he is not to understand thus and so exactly as he thought, but rather this and that, which was what the conductor really meant; and likewise adroitly to intimate to the mistaken autocrat that some slight modification of his desires would be ad-

perity of the orchestra only less than that of the conductor himself. It may easily be seen how valuable a man of force and tact, of accomplished musicianship and fertile resource, may be in such a place, or how futile one must be who has not these qualities. It is only needful to say that Mr. Kneisel, during the eighteen years he was concert-master, was the very ideal of what a concert-master should be; and that, with-



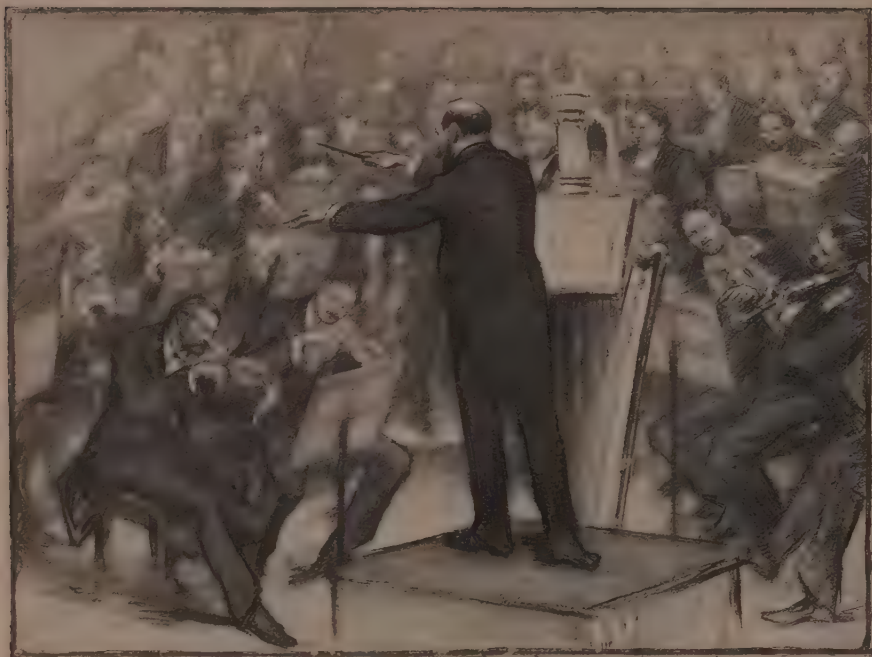
Drawn by S. Ivanowski

THE BOX-CIRCLE

visible. In case of direst need, should conductor and orchestra lose touch with each other in a public performance, the concert-master must divine the cause of the trouble, and, through his intimacy with the men and his knowledge of the conductor's wishes as well as of the score, bring them together again with the sound of his instrument, at a critical moment more potent than the conductor's stick. Or, should a soloist miss a cue or make a false entrance, he must, if possible, give such a hint or catch up such a missing strand as shall set the unlucky one right. In short, his office is of an importance to the pros-

out services such as his, the Boston Symphony Orchestra could scarcely have attained the perfection it has. The orchestra has at present, in Professor Willy Hess, a player of style, authority, and technical accomplishment, and a man of the vigorous and commanding personality needed for its concert-master—one who is carrying on the best traditions of his office in the economy of the orchestra.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra is the creature of Mr. Higginson's will, and never has been anything else; and if he should choose to-morrow to disband it, it would cease to exist. He has made it what he



Drawn by S. Ivanowski

THE ORCHESTRA, MR. GERICKE LEADING

desired; but he has never interfered with the absolute authority of his conductors, and he has always upheld their hands and met their wishes in a way that has often entailed great and sometimes extravagant expense. Indeed, the price of the Boston Symphony Orchestra has never been measured by the guarantee of salaries and rentals. There was once one of Mr. Higginson's conductors who thought that the tone of the violins—the greatest glory and strength of the organization—would be improved if all the players had instruments of the same make and quality, instead of such as each individual had chosen or been able to possess himself of. Nothing would do, therefore, but that he should send to Germany and import for the score or more of his violinists a set of violins by one maker. The experiment was tried for a time, but the results were not what were expected, and most of the instruments are now packed away in the store-room, gathering dust. Again, that the orchestra should have the assurance of a home from season to season and from week to week, it was necessary to secure control of the old

Music Hall, and Mr. Higginson found himself a real-estate owner by virtue of possessing an orchestra. But even ownership did not bring peace and quiet. The Boston elevated railroad was projected, and one of its surveys took its line directly through the sacred statue of Beethoven, threatening the demolition of the ancient, barn-like, and drafty, but acoustically excellent, auditorium. An immediate movement toward the erection of a new hall was necessary; and though the proposed line was changed and the hall was left untouched, the movement, after some years, resulted in the erection of the new hall in another quarter of the city—a hall erected, to be sure, by a company, but one whose financing approached in one way or another close to Mr. Higginson's pocket.

An orchestra is a kind of microcosm, a miniature of the outside world, in which there are the leaders, the aristocrats, and the followers, the hewers of wood and the drawers of water, though a spirit of civic unity must inform them all. And, as in the outside world, the material rewards vary with the powers and the position of

the individuals. The terms under which the Boston Symphony players are engaged are very various. The rank and file are for the most part under annual contracts for a season of twenty-nine weeks (of which twenty-four are devoted to the Boston concerts, and five to traveling), at a salary of from thirty or thirty-five dollars a week upward. The chief players—the first violin, or concert-master, and some of the other best violinists, the first cellist, the first performers on the other instruments—receive more, up to an annual salary of five thousand dollars, with engagements of several years. Some receive weekly salaries of various amounts guaranteed for various periods of time beyond the regular season, sometimes as long as forty-five weeks in the year. The conductors have received salaries of about eight or ten thousand dollars.

The contract that each member has to sign requires that he shall have, "a good and suitable instrument and keep it, at his own expense, constantly in the best condition"; that he shall "support to the best of his ability all rehearsals and performances," and "play to the best of his ability as a musician." He shall comply with the instructions of the conductor as to music, deportment, and order; shall play at no balls and at no other orchestral concerts or rehearsals in Boston or elsewhere without permission. One proviso that seems a little curious at first is that "the conductor shall have full power to regulate the pitch of the orchestra," until it is remembered that in case of some of the wood and brass instruments a change of the standard of pitch would mean the procurement of new instruments. There are fines imposed for lateness at rehearsals: five dollars for a period not exceeding fifteen minutes, ten dollars for a longer one, and ten dollars for absence, unless there is sufficient excuse. There are certain penalties and indemnities which Mr. Higginson is entitled to claim on the non-fulfilment of contract stipulations. It may be remarked, however, that the contract is much more severe than Mr. Higginson is; and the pound of flesh is rarely exacted, and then only for the sake of discipline.

Such a thing could never happen, for instance, as happened to Dr. Richard Strauss in New York last spring, when he was rehearsing his enormously difficult

"Symphonia Domestica" for the eighth or ninth time with an orchestra supposed to have some claims to at least a season's permanency. An unlucky horn-player made a mistake that the composer had repeatedly corrected at previous meetings, and when Dr. Strauss angrily threw down his baton and reproached the musician for inattention and neglect of his directions, the culprit replied: "But, Herr Doctor, I have n't been here before—I 'm a substitute!" Playing in the theater orchestras is forbidden; but if, in a few occasional instances, it is tolerated, it is because a special necessity is recognized. Many of the players teach; but few beyond the violinists and cellists have that resource open to them. The purpose is—and it is effectively realized—to make the orchestra, during the season, a united body of men with but one main object in view and free to devote themselves to it—following a single director's counsels of perfection, with as little as possible to weary them or to distract them from it. How high an ideal that is, and how few of the great orchestras of the world make any pretense of reaching it, is perhaps not often realized. Mr. Thomas's Chicago orchestra is one of them. The orchestra of the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam is one. Are there many others? The Gewandhaus players in Leipsic, those of the Vienna Philharmonic, and those of the great Paris orchestras have their operatic and other duties; the members of the Berlin Philharmonic are subject to the wear and tear of almost daily popular concerts. Mr. Henry J. Wood has just fought his way through almost bloody strife to the point of forbidding the men of his Queen's Hall orchestra in London to rehearse through substitutes. The orchestras that are so entirely devoted to the sole object of their orchestral concerts are indeed rare.

But twenty-nine weeks' salary is not enough to support the rank and file of Mr. Higginson's men throughout the year. Hence arose the "Pops" of the early Boston summer-time. Not chiefly to supply his fellow-citizens with fantasies on "Carmen," Strauss waltzes, and sarsaparilla, but to lengthen the period of his men's earnings, Mr. Higginson, twenty years ago, began to give a series of concerts of light music in the Music Hall, lasting for eight weeks after the close of the regular season. The leading players take no part in these,

except that upon one of them is annually bestowed the brief glory of conducting. But even when these eight weeks are ended, the lesser players of the orchestra find that they still have a famine period to reckon with before the rehearsals are taken up again in the autumn. There remains for them the "summer snap," the orchestra of the summer hotel, in which four or five players whom the proprietor proudly advertises as "from the Boston Symphony Orchestra" provide agreeable diversion for the guests. The matter is harmless and unimportant, except for the specter of the Musical Union that it has evoked, and that has in recent years increasingly troubled the serenity of the orchestral brotherhood, touching chiefly the interests of the lesser men. Mr. Higginson's position as to the union is very positive. He thinks that unions are an excellent thing; he believes in them—but not in the "closed shop." He is willing that his men should belong to the union, but not that they should compel the unwilling to do so. He has told the players frankly—and they all know that he means it—that if the union undertakes to dictate in the Boston Symphony Orchestra, or to interfere in any way with its management or the freedom of its members, he will pay off all hands and disband the organization on the spot. Recent events, resulting in the resignation from the Union of all of the Symphony men who belonged to it, seem to have relieved this situation.

Within a couple of years the members of the orchestra have had still another resource to look forward to in time of need, in the shape of a pension fund established in imitation of the general practice in Germany. Such a fund in such an organization has certain features of doubtful expediency, into which it is not necessary here to inquire too closely; but it has also its obviously advantageous ones. And as it has also the sanction and support of the founder, there is good reason to hope for its increase in usefulness.

It might be supposed that, after twenty-three years, everybody who knows the orchestra knows that back of it stands Henry L. Higginson. Yet it was only a few months ago that its manager, Mr. Charles A. Ellis, who with his assistant, Mr. F. R. Comee, has guided its fortunes skilfully and in the spirit of Mr. Higginson's purpose from the

very beginning, received a note from an unknown but ardent admirer of the orchestra, who thought that it was such a very good thing, such a great public benefit, that some rich man like Mr. Carnegie ought to back it up and support it.

Mr. Higginson knew, when he embarked upon the scheme of his orchestra, that it would cost him heavily; and it has. He recalls with a certain grim amusement a conversation with a local musical *entrepreneur* who anxiously tried to dissuade him from it as from a mad folly. "Why, Mr. Higginson, you will never be able to make it pay," was the final argument. And it never has "paid." He estimated that it would burden him, on the average, \$20,000 a year, which it has—and more. Mr. Higginson has never taken the public into his confidence as to the orchestra's finances, but it may be said on the highest authority that it has cost him as much as \$52,000 in a year; that in one season it paid its expenses, and only one, though in another it lacked only \$2000 of doing so; and that last season, after several more prosperous ones, the deficit mounted up again to \$40,000. It may also be said, on the highest authority, that Mr. Higginson has made provision for the continuation of the orchestra on the same lines after his death. Mr. Higginson is not a wealthy man in the modern acceptance of that term, and what the orchestra costs him in money comes out of his annual earnings. What it has cost him in time and trouble, in annoyances great and small, in perplexities, in demands upon his patience, wisdom, and sense of justice, no man may know. He is always accessible to his players, in his busy hours and out of them, and they seldom have shown any hesitation in coming to him as to an unfailing friend, counselor, and guide, or as to a tribune of last resort.

According to the founder, however, the establishment of a Boston Symphony Orchestra is a perfectly simple thing. "All you have to do is to set the game going and back it up. It does not require anything more than that." It is not necessary to talk about it; and as for New York's annual chatter about a "permanent orchestra," so long destitute of results, he says there are plenty of men in New York who could start and maintain such an orchestra as his as well as he could, if they wanted to. The essential, besides wisdom,

is liberality. When a well-known wealthy amateur of London, desirous of carrying out a similar plan, consulted Mr. Higginson about some of the details of his expenses, he was told not to worry too much about the bills. "You don't worry about your wine bills nor about your cigar bills, nor about your wife's dressmaking bills,"—Mr. Higginson was addressing a millionaire,—"and you must treat your orchestra's bills in the same way."

What a permanent orchestra may involve in expenditure above what its public pays to hear it may be judged from the reports of similar organizations that do reveal the facts. In one recent year the Philadelphia Orchestra acknowledged a deficit of nearly \$80,000. The comparatively modest Pittsburgh Orchestra, a year ago, called upon its guarantors to make up a loss of about \$40,000. In the first ten years of its existence the Chicago Orchestra sank about \$300,000. In the beginning Mr. Higginson was heavily burdened; and especially a source of great expense was the visits to distant cities which the orchestra began to make in 1887. But since it first presented itself in New York in that year it has built up a very

large and substantial body of admirers here—as large as the hall can accommodate; and in the other cities included in its five monthly pilgrimages—Brooklyn, Philadelphia, and Baltimore—it has met with similar success. It gives many concerts in all the large cities of New England that can be reached from Boston overnight, and it could play still more frequently to the advantage of its treasury did the conductor feel equal to standing the strain of more traveling.

It is in ways such as this that Mr. Higginson's achievements with the Boston Symphony Orchestra have spread their benefits far outside of Boston. He has raised the standard of orchestral playing in this country immeasurably, and has created a taste and a demand for what was unknown before he began his work. He has set Chicago, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and Cincinnati to an emulation of Boston; and has made many good people in New York very uneasy in their desire to do so. He has caused American music to be spoken of with respect and admiration by every European musician. And all the lovers of music in his own country ought to rise up and call him blessed.

A NEW DISCOVERY AT POMPEII

A FRESCO REPRESENTING THE ORIGIN OF ROME

BY PROFESSOR ETTORE PAÏS

[THE new methods of illustration make it possible for us to present herewith, for the first time, a reproduction in color of the latest important pictorial discovery at Pompeii. The picture here reproduced in small was brought to light under the then director of the National Museum of Naples, and of the excavations at Pompeii, Professor Ettore Païs, who has prepared for the readers of *THE CENTURY* a popular account of this interesting painting. Signor Païs is now Professor of Ancient History and Classical Antiquities in the National University of Naples, and a member of the Academy of Sciences there. He is lecturing during the present year in America, before various universities and other audiences.—EDITOR.]

THE fresco which is here presented to the readers of *THE CENTURY* has never before been published in color. It was discovered recently at Pompeii, in that part of the buried city which faces Vesu-

vius. It was, under my orders, placed in the collection of Pompeian wall-paintings at the National Museum of Naples, which I had the honor of reorganizing. The fresco belongs to that inexhaustible series

of new paintings which are continually coming to light in the unearthing of the city of Pompeii. For it must be remembered that Pompeii was being rebuilt when it became so suddenly and tragically buried by the eruption of 79 A.D. Pompeii had, indeed, been seriously damaged by an earthquake which had visited it sixteen years before; and the citizens, on recovering from their great loss, had undertaken to rebuild their city.

Since that memorable year, Vesuvius has had many terrible eruptions, but not one has produced such vast and awful consequences. The inhabitants of Naples and vicinity have at last given their confidence to the grim monster. They erect their houses upon the very slopes of the mount, and Torre del Greco is constantly exposed to the greatest dangers. From this fact there has arisen the saying that Naples commits the sins, whereas Torre pays the penalty.

Recently, when all the foreign papers and journals expressed such terror at the fresh explosions, the Neapolitans tranquilly enjoyed the spectacle offered by the mount which renders beautiful that happy country.

On the whole, the scene represented by the new fresco is of easy and clear interpretation. There appears, in the background, the highest peak of the Alban Hills, namely, Monte Cavo, where, in the historic age, rose the temple of the Latin League, and on the slopes of which, in the legendary age, was situated the palace of the kings of Alba, mother of Rome. At some distance from the Alban Hills, the artist has skilfully represented the Palatine, on the summit of which is seen a small temple. By the side of this temple reclines the vestal virgin Rhea Silvia. Before her, and on another elevation of the hill, is seen a second temple; and, from the fire burning on the altar before it, it is evident that the temple is sacred to Vesta. In the center of the scene Mars appears, descending toward the sleeping vestal. The Sun, driving a chariot drawn by two white coursers, and three persons clothed in spotless togas are witnesses of his descent. It might be said that the latter are bewildered at the sight of the god descending from the sky; but it is more probable that they do not see the god, but are, instead, witnesses of the sin of Rhea, who has abandoned Vesta's holy fire.

To this scene there succeeds a second group, represented on another hillock. The vestal, whose guilt has been discovered, is thrust forward (together with another woman), wearing the aspect of a disconsolate and convicted person. It is easy to recognize in the former Rhea Silvia, who is being led out from the prison; in the latter, her faithful friend Anthos, daughter of King Amulius. Anthos, indeed, had obtained from her father a promise that her cousin Rhea Silvia should not be condemned to death. On the third hillock is seen the most noteworthy group of the fresco. A figure, which in the original is not clearly visible, is guided toward the Lupercal by Hermes, who bears the caduceus in his left hand, and with his right points to the twins Romulus and Remus. These are represented as being nursed by the wolf. Near them is the *figus ruminalis*, and in the lower corners of the painting are two figures. Of these, the one which bears the aspect of a river deity sits near the shores of the Velabrum—that is, near the pool formed at the foot of the Palatine by the waters of the Tiber.

A careful study of the fresco offers inexhaustible material for discussion to the student of art, of topography, or of Roman religion. It will suffice us here to note that our painting presents in the main the officially recognized tradition of Rome's origin—a tradition accepted as early as the times of Hannibal by the earliest Roman historian.

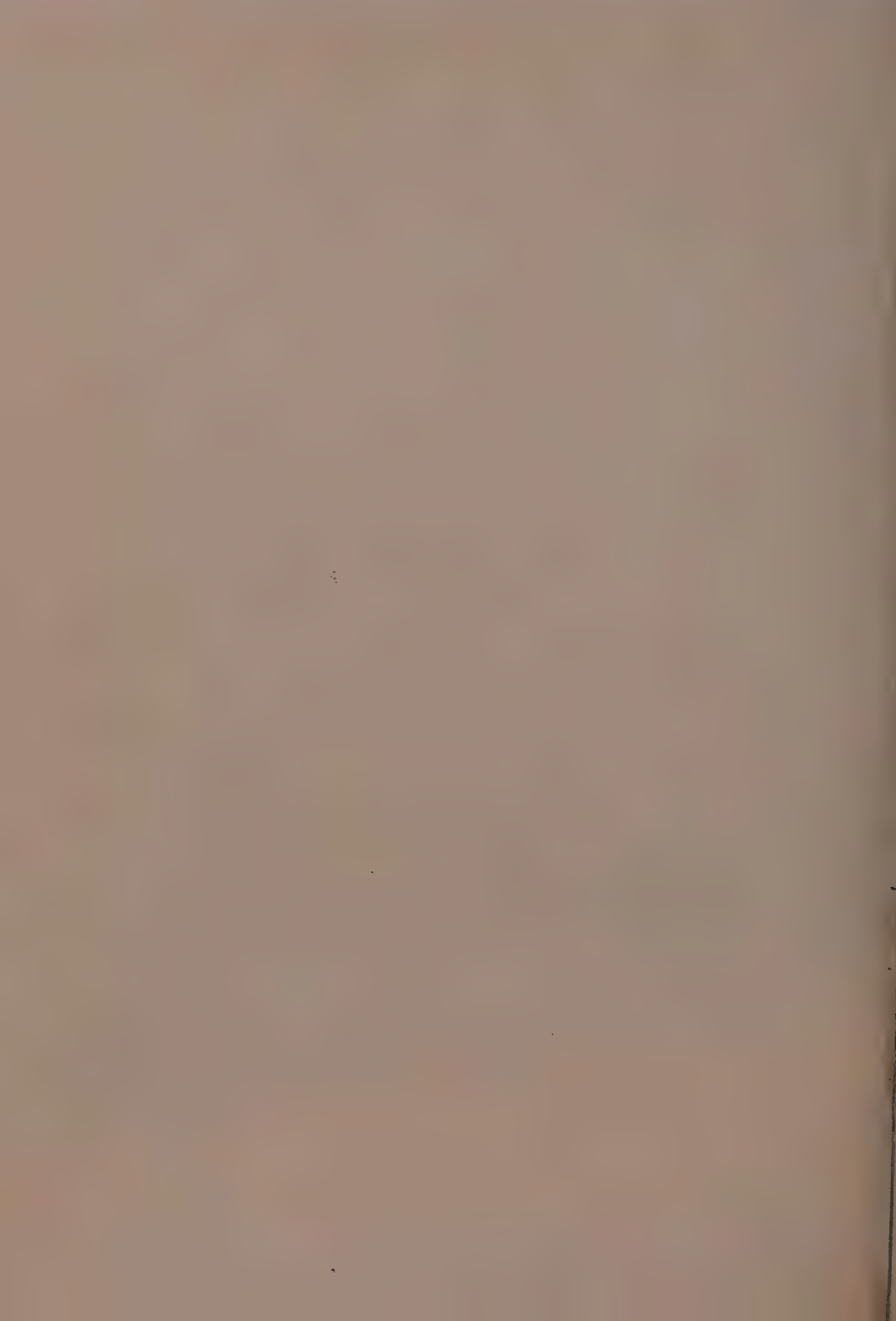
Archæologists and topographers will surely find abundant material for discussion, whether endeavoring, with the aid of this fresco, to establish the primitive form of the Palatine, or questioning to which divinity was sacred the temple near which Rhea Silvia lay sleeping, or investigating the identity of the divinity by the side of the Lupercal and of Hermes. Perhaps the fresco joins to the original legend the version preserved by Ovid, in which Acca Larentia, the nurse of Romulus, and at the same time the mother of the Lares, was accompanied by Hermes. This version endeavored to connect the two Lares worshiped on the Palatine with Romulus and Remus. Finally, it is not improbable that the nymph Tiberina, who contemplates the scene, is Juturna, placed by Ovid in relation with Acca Larentia, her sister.

The fresco belongs to the last stage of



Color drawing after original in the Naples Museum

A POMPEIAN FRESCO



the development of Pompeian wall-paintings. Consequently, the traditions therein depicted represent the last phase of the evolution of the legend. The fresco was, in all probability, a copy of a famous painting preserved at Rome. In its varied and successive scenes, our painting, as other Pompeian frescos (such as that of Dædalus and Icarus), bears the most evident characteristics of Alexandrine art—an art which, as regards Pompeian frescos, has been most ably studied by Helbig.

However, there was more than one legend current concerning the origin of Rome, and the one represented in our painting, and briefly narrated by Livy, is far from being the most ancient. The legend which spoke of Rhea Silvia as the mother of Romulus became official only in the times of Hannibal (that is, in 204 B.C.), when, for political reasons, Rome thought fit to receive the cult of Rhea Idæa. To this goddess there was granted a temple on the Palatine only in 191 B.C. Before reasons of alliances induced Rome to accept this Asiatic cult, various other opinions had been expressed concerning the origin of Rome. It would take too long to enumerate them here. For our purposes it will be sufficient to state that the earliest legend represented Romulus and Remus as having been reared by a she-wolf. But the *lupa* was, originally, Acca Larentia herself, who later was transformed into the unchaste wife of Faustulus, the shepherd who found the twins on the Lupercal. Likewise, Faustulus, at first a god of the Palatine, was later, as the result of the fusion of myths clearly distinct, lowered to human level and declared chief shepherd of the Alban king.

In a volume concerning the most ancient Roman legends, shortly to be presented

to the American public, I demonstrate that Faustulus and his wife, Acca Larentia, were in origin not human persons, but divine personifications of the goat and the she-wolf, the sacred totems of the Latin nations. With such religious conception is to be connected the sodality of the "Luperci," who, with their ceremonies, vividly recall the primitive cults. Side by side with this primordial element (present in all the transformations of the legend), there constantly appears that of the *figus ruminalis*, to be found also in our fresco. The ancients considered the fig-tree as a symbol of fruitfulness. A wild fig-tree, or, as the ancients called it, the *caprificus*, was present in nearly all the most sacred places of Rome, such as in the Comitium, near the temple of Saturn, and at the Lacus Curtius. The shape of the fruit, and the milk which it gives, caused the ancients to apply to it the same name as that given to the breasts—namely, *ruma*. In its turn, the conception that trees were sacred and animated by divinities caused the belief that the fig-tree at the base of the Lupercal was sacred to Jupiter Ruminus and to the pastoral goddess Rumina. All favors the belief that, just as there were cities in Latium called Ficana and Ficulea, so the most ancient community of the Palatine should have called the city Rome from the sacred tree near the Lupercal and near the Porta Romanula.

This new Pompeian fresco, which serves to swell the number of monuments illustrating the origin of Rome, is a new proof that the Italian soil, archæologically speaking, is not by any means exhausted. On the contrary, it is destined for still many generations to disclose numerous documents proving the intensity and vigor of the ancient Italian civilization.



WHEN LOVE COMES

A GIRL'S LETTERS TO HER IDEAL

BY KATE WHITING PATCH

Author of "The Princess and the Boy"

I

THE FIRST LETTER



MY DEAR IDEAL: This is my birthday and I am seventeen. I have been so busy with other things all these years that I have not had much time to think of you; but now I am sure I ought to make up my mind about you and decide what you are like, so that I may be sure to know you when we meet. For of course I shall meet you some day. Some elderly people smile in a disagreeable way when a girl mentions her ideals, and declare that such things are not to be found in this life; but I do not believe it. I am sure the poets knew, and the happy people never say such unpleasant things. At any rate, I would rather believe in you and look forward to the day when you will come to love me in the way I want to be loved.

I am sure that I am old enough now to put away childish things and think seriously of the future, so I am going to write you this letter, my dear. It will help me to see you and think of you as a real person. Of course I can't send it to you now, for I do not know your name nor where you live,—unless it be in one of my "castles in Spain,"—but I will save it, and some day I shall give it you—perhaps.

I am sitting in the window-seat in my room, where I came to look over my birthday books. Perhaps they inspired me to write this letter, for Madeline gave me a dear little volume of love-poems called "Tender and True," and mother's gift was the little old blue-and-gold edition of Tennyson which father gave her before they were married.

I have been reading over the "Idylls of the King," and, oh, I think they are splendid! And I love the "Day-Dream," too, and "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," and the "Miller's Daughter."

I was talking about them to Miss Ireson, our English teacher, this morning. She is always lovely and sympathetic, though her hair is quite gray. "Ah, well," she said, with a smile and a little sigh, "we all have had our Tennyson days." I wonder what she meant? Has she missed finding *her* ideal? It's a great shame, for she is so sweet and dear I am sure he would have loved her the way King Arthur's knights loved their ladies. Perhaps they did meet, and were parted again. Oh, I don't think I could bear that!

I sometimes wish that the world to-day was more like the world King Arthur lived in. It would be lovely to be wandering in some sylvan spot,—perhaps to have lost my way there, a damsel in distress,—and then to look up and see you riding through the woods in shining armor, ready to help me. Of course you would kneel before me and ask my troubles, and then you would lift me upon your powerful steed and mount yourself, and you would feel very tremulous when you felt my little hands clasping your arm (only they are not *very* little!), and I should feel so safe and happy; and I'd love the wave of your chestnut hair, and the set of your broad shoulders; and when you turned to look at me, my eyes would look straight into your great gray ones (I think they are gray); and when you smiled, my heart would melt right into yours; and then we would ride away to King Arthur's court, and the queen would attire me for the bridal.

But I 'm a little afraid you might not love me at first sight, as the knights used to love, for I 'm not beautiful. Sometimes I think I am a little bit pretty, and Madeline says my hair is beautiful; but it is not so beautiful as hers. Hers is like curling threads of sunshine; but mine is darker, though it 's very curly, too—like sweet-pea vines, Madeline says. My eyes are yellowish brown,—perhaps you would call them amber,—and my nose is of the kind Tennyson describes as "tip-tilted, like a flower," which sounds ever so much prettier than to say it turns up a little.

And you? You can't be a knight in armor, and I do not know that I am sorry, after all, for fighting is dreadful; but I am sure you are knightly and chivalrous in spirit, and that you will wear my colors in your heart, even though it is no longer the fashion to flaunt them before the world.

Of course I hope you are handsome; but I shall love you just the same, if you are my ideal in every other way, even if you are plain.

There is a little poem in the book Madeline gave me which I like. It begins:

Pure and true and tender
My love must be;
Handsome, tall, and slender
My love may be;
But if the first be his
Who loveth me,
My heart will rest in bliss
And constancy.

I think that is the way I feel.

Pure and true and tender
My love *must* be.

It is that that would make me love you. And you would be strong, for Sir Galahad said:

"My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure."

And when you come to me you will say, as he did:

"I never felt the kiss of love,
Nor maiden's hand in mine."

I think Sir Galahad was the finest of all the knights, and I should like your face to be like his.

"God make thee good as thou art beautiful,"
Said Arthur when he dubbed him knight.

I should like to see the quest of the Holy Grail burning in your eyes. I should like to know that "in the strength of this" you rode,

Scattering all evil customs everywhere.

But, ah! "my knight, my love," I should want you to let me help! I should want to polish your white armor and go on the quest with you.

Would n't it be beautiful to work together for some great good? And I suppose there is work to do, even though we are not so picturesque in our ways of doing it as they were in King Arthur's day.

But don't you think Sir Galahad could have been just as fine if he had loved Sir Percivale's sister the way you will love me, and made a little home with her somewhere in the world—a home to come back to when the day's quest was over?

I have been sitting here a long time thinking about you and writing this letter. There is a grape-vine growing about the window, and it is in blossom now, and, oh, so sweet! Down below a rambler-rose reaches its blossoms toward me. Any one could climb up the grape-trellis. If you were like Romeo you could come so on a moonlit night; but I 'd rather have you ride up bold and unafraid on your white charger. I 'd even rather have you run away with me, if it were necessary (Lochinvar was splendid!), than to be the least bit sneaky, even though you could say such beautiful things as Romeo did.

And where are you now, I wonder? Perhaps you are at college (I hope it is Harvard); and, sitting in your window there, maybe *you* are thinking of me, as Sir Edwin Arnold dreamed about his future wife. Don't you know the poem? It is in the little book Madeline gave me.

Where waitest thou,
Lady I am to love?

That is the way it begins, and I like the other verses, too:

It is the May,
And each sweet sister soul hath found its brother;

Only we two seek fondly each the other,
And, seeking, still delay.

Thou art as I;
Thy soul doth wait for mine, as mine for thee.
We cannot live apart.

'T is the May light
That crimson all the quiet college gloom;
May it shine softly in thy sleeping-room—
And so, dear wife, good night.

I have quoted only parts, but it is all lovely; and do you know, as I read it, it seemed to me just as though you were talking to me.

But perhaps you are not in college at all. Maybe you only long to go, but have not money enough. Perhaps you have a poor mother and sisters to take care of, and have to do work that you dislike, and are wondering if you can ever do the things you want to do.

Oh, yes, you shall, dear; and I do not care a bit what you are, nor how poor and lowly, if only you are Sir Galahad.

Yes, I am going to call you, that until I know your true name. It will make you seem more a real person to me; and I want you to seem real, for I can't write letters to a shadow. There is another reason, too, why I want you to seem real. I want to save all I have for you. I don't want to waste a bit of love on any one less worthy.

School-boys don't count. They just make us begin to think of *you*; but it is sometimes easy, I'm afraid, to play at loving when a young man is nice to you and dances well and says pretty things, and perhaps wants to take your hand when it is not necessary—and such things as that. If he is handsome and nice and all, a girl may forget sometimes and be silly; but, you see, if you are very real to me, O my knight, I sha'n't forget. I shall be looking for you always, and I think I shall know when it is *not* you, and I shall not want to be foolish, even in fun, and then be sorry. And I hope very much that you won't, either.

I wonder if you will ever really read this letter. I shall put it in the secret drawer of my desk to save for you; and I don't believe I shall even tell Madeline, though she is my dearest friend.

If I do not meet you before my next birthday, I will write again on that day.

What shall I do with all the days and hours
That must be counted ere I see thy face?

I suppose you won't be likely to come before I am through school. Girls used to know their fate at my age when mother was young, but it seems to be different now.

I shall not even think of you often, I'm afraid; but deep down in my heart I shall remember that this letter is hidden in my desk, and that somewhere in the world you are waiting, as I am waiting here.

Good-by, my future dearest.

Your Sweetheart.

II

THE SECOND LETTER

I AM sitting out here in the woods, O my Sir Galahad. It is my birthday again, and I have come here to be alone and to think my own thoughts. I am sitting on an old log which is soft and mossy, and the ground at my feet is carpeted thick with the little green partridge-vine, all pink now with its sweet twin flowers. There are delicate young ferns, too, all about me; and everything is cool and quiet and green, and the soft air is full of that delicious woodsy odor.

It is a beautiful spot in which to spend one's eighteenth birthday. There is a dear little green path wandering away from where I am sitting off into the woods, and if I could only see *you* coming toward me down that path, I should be perfectly happy.

Oh, my dear, my dear—*have* I met you? If he is not you, he is so very like you that my cheeks grow hot and my heart leaps whenever I see him; but if he were you, surely he would know me—and I am not sure he knows.

He is older than I am,—six years older,—and he is very wise and good and fine. Every one likes him—the mothers and fathers and boys and girls, and the little children most of all. He is always doing kind and pleasant things; and yet he is not a bit of a prig. He loves fun and good times and outdoor things (you should see him play tennis!), and he rides a white horse as Sir Galahad should. I said he was wise. He can talk splendidly about great things, and his eyes glow when he is talking, as though he, too, had seen the Holy Grail. He has read a great many books, and he particularly loves Ruskin. "His writings are as beautiful as a summer

day"—that is what he said; and I have begun to read "Sesame and Lilies," and I love it, too. I wish I could be like Ruskin's ideal woman. Then, perhaps, he—you—would love me.

It is his face that makes me think he may be you, it is so full of light.

Is thy face nobly radiant and as pure
As e'en God could have stamped it?

And his eyes,—deep, wonderful gray eyes,—when they meet mine I feel as though they looked right through to the very heart of me.

Yet I do not think he knows.

This has not been a very happy year because of him. There have been some days, some hours, when my cup of joy has been full; but there have been other miserable hours—because I do not know.

If I were sure he was you, I could wait happily forever until he should find it out; perhaps I could even be happy if he never did, just because of the love in my own heart. I think I could say, like that woman in the poem:

Not as all other women may,
Love I my love; he is so great,
So beautiful, I dare essay
No nearness, but in silence lay
My heart upon his path,—and wait.

I would not lift it if I could;
The little flame, though faint and dim
As glow-worm spark in lonely wood,
Shining where no man calls it good,
May one day light the path for him.

Yet if, some day, when passing by,
My dear Love should his step arrest,
Should mark my poor heart waiting nigh,
Should know it his, should lift it—why,
Patience is good, but joy is best!

Yes, I really think I could love like that.

Yet it would be sweet to be sure he knew, too. Once in a while I have caught a look in his eyes that seemed to understand what my eyes must try to hide. But even if he never did, so long as I could make life sweeter for him in any way, I could be content. Once he had a sorrow come to him, and I wrote a little note and tried to tell him how I grieved for him; and, oh, his answer was so dear! He told me I was a friend "a little different from other friends,"—those were his words,—

and that he was grateful for me. I carried that letter about with me for a long time before I opened it; and when I did at last, and read his words, I was so happy it almost hurt. And that makes me think I could even be happy if he cared more for some one else, so long as I could give anything to him and be sure I was to him the friend he calls me.

You see, I tell you all this, my dear Sir Galahad, because I want you to know. If you and he are one, then I shall not mind his reading it some day; and if you are not he,—if you are to bring me a thing more glorious still,—why, then, dear lover-to-be, I shall still want to confess to you all the wanderings of my girl-heart in its search for you.

I have just been reading over the letter I wrote you a year ago. It sounds very sentimental; but I am afraid this is more so, because then I was only dreaming about you, and now I have caught the flash of your armor. No one knows about you except Madeline. She says Sir Lancelot is *her* knight.

Who loveth me must have a touch of earth, she quotes when I declare my reverence for you; but, oh! I'd rather see the glory in your eyes than the burning love in Lancelot's.

I wonder if I shall ever write you another letter. I wonder what this new year holds for me. School will be over and done with in a few weeks, but there is still so much to learn—so much to do to make myself worthy of you.

But my soul while it strives grows better,
And I feel the stirring of wings
As I stumble, doubting and dreading,
Up the path of his stronger treading,
Intent on his beckonings.

Oh, my dear, my dear, is this to be a happy birthday, a happy new year?

The "Unlessoned Girl" who waits for you.

III

AT NINETEEN

OH, MY DEAR SIR GALAHAD: I am so lonely for you! Madeline is engaged. She told me in the birthday letter she wrote me (for she is away visiting), and I have been crying about it up here in my room. I can't help crying, for I do not know him,

—the man she is engaged to,—and I am sure I have lost her. It just seems as though I could not bear it; but I suppose I could if *you* were only here. Then I should not feel so left out.

Madeline says *he* is a king of men—not Lancelot, but King Arthur himself. Perhaps, when the true one comes, he is King Arthur to every girl. Maybe you are not Sir Galahad, after all.

I always call *him* Sir Galahad to myself —the man I was thinking of last year when I wrote to you out in the woods. He has gone away now to Germany to study, and I miss him, though I did not see him often. I am not sure that you and he are one; but he must be your shadow, for I want you to be like him in almost everything. I still like him better than any other man friend I have. Yet I am not silly about him as I was last year.

Jack brings home some of his college friends almost every Sunday, and they are nice boys. I like to talk with them and dance and walk with them, and I don't mind their saying and doing pretty things; but, somehow, if I feel for a minute that any of them is really beginning to care in a way I do not—why, I just want to run away to you and hide.

Not but what some of them have ways like you; I suppose that is what makes me like them; and if I could only take the mind of one and the heart of another and the face of a third, and so on, I might make something like my ideal man out of the combination.

I can't bear girls who flirt and lead a man on and pretend to care, just for the fun of it. It frightens me to death when I think there is any chance of one proposing; and, anyway, I would rather keep them friends. But sometimes, when a man is nice and it is moonlight, or there's a lovely waltz playing, or you are out in some woodsy place together, or something like that—well, it is hard not to feel that perhaps you do care a little yourself. I did not suppose I could ever have such foolish feelings or waste a bit of my heart on any one till I saw you; but I suppose I'm just like other girls, after all, and perhaps my heart is just trying to find out what it wants.

But I want to tell you a strange thing. If ever I do get foolish that way, or likely to forget you, my future dearest, for a

little, Sir Galahad—the Sir Galahad I have met—is sure to come in some way and remind me.

Sometimes I happen to see him or hear of him, or maybe it is a letter; but whatever it is, it makes me dissatisfied with anything less fine than he is, with anything less true than you will be.

So I cannot help but be glad and grateful for him.

I wish Madeline would come home. Perhaps I shall feel better when I see her and her "king." She says I am to be her bridesmaid when she is married, and that her "dearest" has a friend, a delightful Harvard man, whom she is anxious to have me meet. Well, I do not want to meet him, but I *should* like to meet you this day!

Thou comest! all is said without a word.

Will it be that way, I wonder? Are you thinking of me and longing for me, too? People are always talking of the joy of youth, but I think we can be very miserable when we are young. It is Madeline's letter that has made me miserable to-day, and that is why I turn to you for comfort.

Of course there have been lots of jolly, happy times this past year; but I have not been happy all the time, as I thought I should be the year I was eighteen.

There have been troublesome things to think out; the wise talk of those college boys has bothered me often; they seem to believe in so little, and when I begin to argue quote from great books I have never read. *You* won't do that, will you? You believe in the quest of the Holy Grail as I do.

I am going out for a walk now to try and get happy again, for I ought to be happy on my birthday.

Good-by, my dear Ideal.

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone bewep my outcast state,

Haply I think on thee.

And you are always shining and beautiful
and bright whenever I turn to you.

IV

THE FOURTH LETTER

"THEN come kiss me, sweet and twenty;
Youth's a stuff will not endure,"

sang Jack as I came down to breakfast this morning.

Yes, I have left my "teens" behind me. How old it seems—"twenty"! It makes me feel a little sober, too. Youth is slipping away.

Jack seemed to be in an Elizabethan mood, and a teasing one, for while I opened a little book that had come through the mail with birthday greetings, he looked over my shoulder and chanted dismally:

"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying."

"Then be not coy, but use your time;
And while ye may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may forever tarry."

Jack thinks I am growing old and losing golden opportunities. In other words, he would like me to think I loved his dear chum and room-mate.

What confession have I to make this time, O dear waiting one? Well, two good men have been giving me much to meditate upon of late. One of them is this very friend of Jack's—a dear, good fellow. Much about him makes me think of you. He has not a face like Sir Galahad, but his eyes say things that his lips stumble over; for I have not encouraged him to be articulate in that way. I like best to have him talk about the books he likes, for I like them too, and he is as fond of poetry as I am. His college study is full of books—and, oh, such rare and interesting editions! I could spend hours browsing there, and find it all the pleasanter to have him for a guide and shepherd on such pleasant pasture-ground.

Madeline says a girl could almost marry him for his books, as some creatures marry for money.

Yes, and when I think sometimes of this, and of his good heart and chivalrous nature, there are moments when I feel very fond of him; yet when he begins to look unutterable things it makes me nervous.

You would not, I'm sure.

The other man is Madeline's cousin, and he is jolly and likable, and has big, dark eyes, and a way with him that makes me glad I am a girl.

I am afraid I am not going to be at all

a "new woman." I am not independent, and I don't want to be. I should always like you to hold my jacket and put on my rubbers or tie my shoe, even though I do know how to do those things for myself; and I hope you will like to bring me flowers often, and write nice little notes, and remember always the special days in our calendar. But oh, my dear, I was feeling blue the other day, and thinking of these two men and what they would have of me if I would let them ask for it; and then I remembered that I was quite twenty years old, and I said to myself that perhaps *you* would never come, after all, and that perhaps if I could only be "sensible," as Jack says, and tuck away some of my dreams, I might be happy—as happy as most people—if I should listen to either one and say, "Yes."

But that night I had a letter from across the sea—a letter from Sir Galahad (do you know, he is always that to me now, and you are—just *you*). It was written on a lonely evening when he was thinking of home, he said; and he talked of the old days in such a way that the letter made me happy and miserable both at once. I felt as though I had seen the ghost of something once very dear, and the vision was so precious I cried over it.

But the doubts were gone. I knew then that I could never say, "Yes," in that way. If you do not come, I must stay alone forever. But you will come.

V

AT TWENTY-ONE

I HAVE been setting my desk in order—destroying old letters, answering neglected ones, and preparing to begin the new year afresh. In the secret drawer I found the little bundle of epistles addressed to *you*, and as I read them they seemed so very foolish and ridiculous I almost decided to burn them with the other rubbish.

Oh, what a little goose-girl I was! Could even *you* refrain from smiling over such nonsense? And yet, do you know, while I smiled and my cheeks grew hot, the tears came rushing to my eyes; and the tears saved the letters. They seemed a piece of me, and I could not give them up. Instead, I am going to write you this once more, and tell you a truth that the re-reading of these foolish things has taught

me. I know now that you are *not* Sir Galahad, but the good human king himself.

Thou art the highest and most human too,
Not Lancelot, nor another.

I have met Sir Galahad. In the beauty of his face and the loftiness of his spirit I thought I read the highest; but now I understand the king's sorrowful charge to his knights as they set forth on the quest that was for Galahad and Percivale alone, while the rest would but follow wandering fires.

"Galahad, Galahad," said the king, "for such As thou art is the vision, not for these."

Yes, and with his eyes so full of the vision, how should he see the woman at his side, save as through a gentle mist? If Sir Galahad—my Sir Galahad—ever marries, he will be tender and true, indeed; but his wife will live in a great loneliness, as he must ever live. Nay, I think the warm, sweet human loves are not for him. Fit knight is he for the untried maiden heart, and her pure strivings for his sake make lesser loves unbeautiful. But the woman comes, and she, too, sees a vision—a vision in which heaven and earth must meet. It is her horizon. The maiden soul bows down before the light in Galahad's face, but the woman's heart yearns for something warmer, more human, to in-wrap it.

Was Arthur's ideal of knighthood—

To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander, no nor listen to it,
To honor his own word as if his God's,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds
Until he win her—

less lofty than the vision of his maiden knight? Yet it found a place for the woman, and gave her also noble work to do.

And I think God meant us to walk hand in hand through this workaday world.

When you come, my king, I shall want to kneel and worship; but you will raise me to the warm level of your heart and we shall reign together.

Yet we must not forget him, the white-armored knight. When you come,—if you

come,—the throne in my heart will be waiting because he saved the place for you, because the radiance of his spirit warned all lesser things away. There! I will say no more. This last word I will place with the others, and tie them together with the golden ribbon of promise, and henceforth they shall be a touchstone for the discovery of you!

Yes; when a man comes to me now with seeking eyes, I shall say to my heart, "Would he laugh at that little bundle of foolishness hidden away in my desk? Would I dare give it to him?"

If my heart trembles I shall turn away; but if I read in his eyes sweet pity and reverence for a girl's yearning dreams, I shall know, O Beloved, that I have found you.

Now I must indeed put away childish things and turn to meet life's serious problems. I must indulge in dreams only on nights like this, when the moon floods my chamber and the climbing rose whispers its secrets in dewy fragrance. When morning comes I must be ready for the work of a woman—for I shall be twenty-one!

And yet, for all these grave years and resolutions, I hope, I hope, that some day not far distant you will come to claim your letters.

VI

AFTERWARD

BELOVED, you have left me for a little space, and I must sit here with your roses brushing my face and lips and think with hushed breath of my blessedness, my blessedness!

You have left me, did I say? Nay, you will never leave me any more.

The widest land
Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart in mine

With pulses that beat double.

You have entered the inmost chamber of my heart, and I knew your coming by that sign. Others have knocked at its door, some have even stepped inside; but the door was never closed, and very soon they went away again. But when you came I heard your footfall, dear, so sure and firm; and when you entered that presence-chamber of love, the door swung to behind you,



Drawn by Blenden Campbell. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

"WHEN LOVE COMES"

and I knew, I knew—I who waited breathless there—that you had come to stay.

Beloved, I am glad, glad! but I can't get over the wonder of it.

That I should love thee seemeth meet and wise,

but that you should love me—yet why should I try and understand, since you tell me it is so? And now, dear, I have a little favor to ask, a little gift to bestow. Take them—these letters that are lying warm in my hand, and look at them with all gentleness in your eyes, for they are the shadow of a girl's dreams. They will reveal to you her unlesioned heart,—her yearning up the rainbow path which leads toward the ideal,—and they will confess more tolerantly than I could now the wonderings and wanderings of a heart in search of you.

They were written when you were but a vision, a dream. And these others whom she lingered by the way to question? Each one had some good grace that hinted of the king; each one, some gift that I would claim for you,—something that bade her turn to him for a wondering space; but You—You are the whole—You own every virtue these others only hinted of.

Thou art my dream come true, and thou my dream.

For of course I was that dreaming girl.

The glamour of my "Tennyson days" is upon me again. Forgive the folly, dear, if folly it be; but drink you of the wine of love and youth before you read my letters.

I lay in your hands the heart of the girl—you who have come to inhabit the heart of the woman.

CHICAGO'S NEW PARK SERVICE

BY HENRY G. FOREMAN

President South Park Commissioners of Chicago and President Outer Belt Park Commission of Cook County and Chicago

WITH PICTURES BY JULES GUÉRIN

CHICAGO'S SECOND PARK-BUILDING ERA

IN 1869 Chicago began building a system of parks connected by boulevards. In 1880 it had two thousand acres. Twenty-three years later these parks were inadequate to the population, and, to meet the obvious need, Chicago entered upon a scheme of park extension divided into three enterprises: first, new internal parks, neighborhood-center buildings, improvement of Grant Park (enlarged five times), and an extensive addition to Lincoln Park; second, an outer belt of forest and meadow tracts connected by parkways; third, boulevarding the east edge of the city (the Lake Michigan shore), except where boulevards or parks already existed.

The Chicago River and its two branches form a wide-mouthed letter Y. They divide the city into three so-called "sides." The South Side is to the left of the Y; the West Side lies in the upper angle; the North Side is to the right of the Y. The base of the letter rests on the shore of Lake Michigan. The divisions of internal park authority are coterminous with the three geographical sides, so that the South Park Commissioners, the Park Commissioners of West Chicago, and the Commissioners of Lincoln Park (North Side) are carrying on the internal park expansion. Each of these bodies has received suggestions as to small parks from the Special Park Commission, a city organization which has established nine small playgrounds for children and has studied general local park needs.

The first step taken toward the present



WADING-POOL IN ARMOUR SQUARE

park expansion was to amend the Illinois law which permitted additions to recreation area only contiguous to existing parks and boulevards. Since 1869 new centers of population have developed. The great stock-yards district, with 100,000 people, was without park facilities. The region of Englewood, with more than 150,000; the great manufacturing district of the Calumet region, with a population of 100,000; and the congested river wards of the West and North sides, were all without parks.

When the statute had been amended by the Illinois General Assembly of 1903, the people authorized Chicago park boards to spend \$6,500,000 for new parks.

The South Park Commissioners were the first to act. In the crowded quarters they found hordes of dirty and poorly clothed children swarming in the public ways—their playground. They found mothers with no green spot near by to refresh them and their little ones. They found young men and women in many localities with no neighborhood centers where they could meet and enjoy healthful and uplifting pastimes. They found men, weary from hard labor, with few places for beneficial recreation to break the monotony of their lives, but with avenues of disastrous amusement on every side.

Local stagnation blighted many districts. There was little or no neighborhood patriotism or pride. The public and parochial

schools educated children only; they were open certain hours five days to the week and about nine months to the year. The churches, for the most part, were in service one day in the seven; they were tireless in their religious work, but were unable to provide facilities for physical culture.

The commissioners had started out to provide simple parks; but the conditions showed that such places, to be serviceable in a city where seventy per cent. of the people live in contracted quarters, must be more than breathing-spaces with grass, flowers, trees, and perhaps a pond and a fountain. They must afford gymnasias, libraries, baths, refectories, club-rooms, and halls for meetings and theatricals. They must be useful day and evening, summer and winter. The public must receive a continuous and ample return upon its investment—daily dividends in happiness, health, and progress.

NEIGHBORHOOD-CENTER BUILDINGS

THUS the idea of the field-house, or neighborhood-center building, had its birth.

Every field-house contains a gymnasium for women and girls, provided with apparatus, shower-bath, plunge-bath, and lockers. In another part of the building is a like gymnasium for men and boys.

There is also a refectory in each, where pure milk and plain, wholesome foods are

sold at first cost. The South Park Commissioners provide this service, as there are no concessions in the South parks.

Club-rooms, where meetings of athletic clubs, sewing-gilds, and other organizations are held, and an assembly hall, are also found under the roof of each field-house. The capacity, varying with the neighborhood served, is for from one thousand to three thousand persons. These halls are used for district meetings as-

Michigan, the bathing-beaches of which might as well not exist in so far as they are serviceable to the hot and work-worn people of the Brighton district. That these people might enjoy the healthful luxury of bathing, an out-of-door concrete tank was built, 350 feet long, 150 wide, and sloping to a depth of 9 feet. The water is tempered artificially, and the pool is surrounded with plantation effects. Dressing-rooms and bathing-suits are furnished free. Approach



SHERMAN PARK RECREATION-HOUSE, SEEN FROM THE PARK LAKE—
TYPICAL OF ALL THE SMALL PARKS

sembled for any good purposes, except political or sectarian. It is expected that these public meetings will replace the old neighborhood stagnation with neighborhood patriotism and unity of purpose and development.

But the field-house does not afford all the service in the new parks. Outside of it is a large swimming-pool, provided with dressing-rooms for men and women.

Branches of the Chicago Public Library are to be provided, thus bringing to the very doors of the people the means of advancement through knowledge.

In the new McKinley Park more than 121,000 men, women, and children used the swimming-pool during the season of 1904. This park is four miles from Lake

to the pool is through an Ionic colonnade of stone, roofed with a flower-garden. Within the colonnade is a shower-bath house, where patrons are cleansed before entering the public water. The pool has proved itself an undisguised blessing to the working people of the McKinley Park region. This district is familiar to the public, for it lies out the "Archey" road, made famous in the Dooley papers.

In addition to the swimming-pool, each park has a shallow wading-pool for children and a sand-pit where they may play. Each also has swings, giant strides, and other athletic apparatus.

In all the parks are running-tracks, and all have outdoor gymnasias, connected with the indoor gymnasias, for supplemental ser-

vice in summer. For the wise and systematic use of the gymnasia the commissioners have employed a director, a graduate of Harvard. This officer will give instruction, assist in organizing neighborhood clubs, encourage athletic rivalries, and make exercise attractive.

Such, briefly, is the service the commissioners afford in the new club-houses. All is free to any person who conducts himself or herself properly.

The large feature is the assembly hall, shared by men, women, and children as a shelter, and arranged for lectures and entertainments. The ceiling is high, showing open timbers. A stage is provided, and, in close communication, a refectory, a retiring-room for women, and a smoking-room for men.

Flanking this hall are the wings accommodating the social and athletic functions for men and women respectively. From



BESSEMER PARK RECREATION-HOUSE, SEEN FROM THE LAWN

These new parks were designed by the Messrs. Olmsted Brothers. The field-houses reflect in miniature the architectural beauty of the World's Fair buildings, for the designers of the White City—D. H. Burnham & Co.—drew their plans.

The buildings vary in size with the neighborhood and the area of the parks or squares. The walls are a concrete of Portland cement and crushed limestone. In the surface finish small particles of stone are visible, making the wall rough instead of flat and meaningless. The ornamentation also is concrete—pilasters and pillars with classic capitals. The roofs of the buildings are gray-green tile. The eaves are stained red, relieved by the whitened ends of the rafters.

The park building is placed near the promenade and the concert grove, the outdoor gymnasia for both men and women, and the natatorium.

the wings the hall is separated by entrance vestibules, controlled by attendants' offices and opening into the locker-room, the public toilets, and the staircases leading to a second story. Here are arranged the club-rooms, library, and class-rooms.

The out-of-door swimming-pool is screened by the main building and by vine-covered pergolas, is arranged with a southern exposure, and is inclosed by walls on the north, thus gathering and reflecting the sun's rays. This raises the temperature and prolongs the bathing-season. Flowering shrubs, vines, and lawns enrich the pool inclosure, and stretches of sand invite the swimmers to enjoy sun-baths.

The dressing-booths, in extended rows, are removed from the main building and are controlled by a special office. From the booths the swimmer passes to the pool through a shower-bath, where there are soap and brushes. Adjoining the booths is



TYPICAL ASSEMBLY HALL IN PARK RECREATION-HOUSE

the laundry, with the heating service. There also is a hair-drying room for women.

The building and pool in the smallest of these squares occupy an acre. In the larger squares and parks the area is considerably greater. Each building is designed to fit well into the landscape of the park. The average cost is about \$90,000.

SOUTH SIDE'S NEW PARKS

The new parks in the South Division are:

NAME	ACRE AREA
Armour Square	10.12
Bessemer Park	22.88
Calumet Park	57.41
Cornell Square	10.09
Davis Square	10.03
Hamilton Park	29.95
Hardin Square	4.95
Marquette Park	322.68
McKinley Park	34.33
Ogden Park	60.54
Palmer Park	40.48
Russell Square	6.57
Sherman Park	60.60
Mark White Square	11.00
Total	681.63

The small parks are called squares.

Marquette Park, nearly three hundred and twenty-three acres in extent, will be the Washington Park of the southwest part of the city. It is provided for the people of the town of Lake, the most populous township in Chicago, and heretofore without park facilities. Water service already

has been installed, an eighteen-hole golf course has been laid out, and two buildings, standing on the property when it was purchased, have been equipped for the service of the players.

The great district of South Chicago, Pullman, and Kensington is provided with four parks, Calumet, Bessemer, and Palmer parks, and Russell Square. Calumet Park is located on the Lake Shore.

The populous district of Englewood has Hamilton and Ogden parks.

The congested, smoke- and stench-laden district of the stock-yards is given four parks—Sherman Park, Cornell and Davis squares, and a fourth east of the yards between Halsted street and Wentworth Avenue, now being acquired, but not included in the foregoing table.

GRANT PARK

WHILE the South Park Commissioners have added fifteen new parks to the public area under their care, the show-piece will be the enlarged Grant Park, the old Lake Front, of which Chicago has been ashamed for years. Its crowning feature will be the new Field Columbian Museum.

In the design and proportions of the building, special thought is given to the opportunities offered by the location. The building will be constructed of white granite reared upon a terrace.

The design calls for a building 1000 feet by 550 feet in ground measure. It is in

the form of two vaulted halls, crossing at right angles and surmounted with a dome at their intersection. Smaller halls and courts fill out the four angles of the cross, making the exterior a rectangle, with its long side toward the lake.

The main entrance portico of Ionic columns is opposite Congress street, facing Michigan Avenue. It is flanked by long Ionic colonnades, each terminating in an end pavilion. These pavilions are opposite the middle lines of streets, so that they, with the entrance portico and dome, will form points of view from far up the city streets.

The approach from Michigan Avenue to the main entrance is 200 feet wide and 1000 feet long. It is bordered with balustrades of stone, and contains a large water mirror. Scarcely less monumental approaches are placed at the other three entrances.

Provision is made on the Lake Front, opposite the central porticos and terrace of the building, for a statue of Columbus. Like provision is made opposite the south entrance for a statue of Washington. On

the north of the building will be the Saint Gaudens statue of Lincoln, provided for in the will of John Crerar.

The interior has massive piers and arches, vaulted halls, and long arcades. The amount of floor space available will make the Field Museum among the largest in the world.

Another new building will be erected in Grant Park—the Crerar Library, for which \$1,000,000 is available by the will of John Crerar. Already the park has the building of the Art Institute, one of the most beautiful and serviceable structures in Chicago.

A part of the improvement of the Lake Front involves widening Michigan Avenue to one hundred and twenty-five feet along the entire west front of Grant Park, and illuminating it brilliantly at night.

REHABILITATION OF JACKSON PARK

Few persons realize that the World's Columbian Exposition left Jackson Park a tattered wreck, and that the entire area, except the wooded island, required reconstruction. The labor of rehabilitating the



A PARK IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PACKING-HOUSE DISTRICT

big playground will be completed this spring, but the improvements there are a story in themselves.

WATERCOURSE IN THE MIDWAY

THE commissioners purpose making in the Midway Plaisance, where the vaude-

boats may penetrate from the big lake into the Washington Park lagoon.

The plan is to build a promenade on each side, with a stone balustrade at the water's edge, and to light the promenade with electricity. Over the watercourse, at street crossings, high-arched bridges will be built. The entire course is six miles.



PALMER PARK, SHOWING SWIMMING-TANK AND PERGOLA

ville features of the fair held sway, a watercourse for recreation and aquatic sports. The location is ideal for such a feature.

The Midway is a long, narrow area connecting Jackson and Washington parks. It contains eighty acres. Along its northern edge are the picturesque buildings of the University of Chicago and the Blaine School of Education. It has long, parallel, boulevarded drives, with sunken lawn panels between.

The plan is to make the sunken spaces a watercourse, one mile long and a hundred and fifty feet wide, connecting the lagoons in Jackson and Washington parks. The water in the large lake in the latter park is five and a half feet above the level of Lake Michigan.

At the western extremity of the canal, water will be introduced either by a cascade tumbling over a terrace of rocks or by small locks, quickly operated, so that

On the side of local recreation this canal will add a Venetian feature to the park service in summer. By connecting the waters of Washington Park and Jackson Park, the monotony of a single pond will be obviated, for the water surface in the two parks thus connected will be nearly one hundred and twenty acres.

NEW STATUE OF WASHINGTON

THE Grand Boulevard entrance of Washington Park was remodeled last summer to make a square for the new bronze statue of Washington. It was a gift from Chicago citizens, and is a replica of French's equestrian statue erected in Paris by the Daughters of the Revolution.

EXTENSION OF LINCOLN PARK

THE commissioners of Lincoln Park are deep in the work of increasing their public recreation area. An extension of Lincoln

Park northward along the shore of Lake Michigan is now under way. The new tract, to be filled in, will comprise two hundred and thirteen acres. Opposite the present sand beach the plans call for a long narrow island, connected at the ends with the shore by bridges too narrow for the passage of automobiles or animal-drawn vehicles. It will be a place where persons who wish to get away from the noise and bustle of the city can find a quiet retreat. Next northward is a large field with plantation effects, the north end of which is a playground. In the middle is a large yacht harbor, with islands and an inlet from the big lake. The addition extends from Di-versey Boulevard to Cornelia street.

At this writing the Commissioners of Lincoln Park are considering the purchase of three sites for small parks. The exact location of these sites has not been

West Chicago Park Commissioners. One site favorably looked upon is bounded by West Chicago Avenue, Noble, Cornell, and Chase streets. It contains eight acres. However, a legal question has arisen about bonds authorized for new parks in the West Division. A test case is before the Supreme Court at this writing. Until that is decided no steps will be taken toward acquiring new small parks.

OUTER BELT PARKS

As soon as this internal park building had been started, a careful study was made regarding the need of a supplemental system of country parks, embracing forest and meadow tracts. After months of investigation of population and park conditions in other American cities, and of Chicago's own population problem and the material



CALUMET PARK, FACING LAKE MICHIGAN AND SERVING THE HEAVY MANUFACTURING DISTRICT OF CHICAGO

disclosed, but they are in the congested area bounded by the river, Wells street, and Fullerton Avenue.

DELAY ON THE WEST SIDE

New small parks in congested areas of the West Side have been recommended to the

that outlying territory afforded, a commission was appointed to present a definite plan.

This commission was informed that Chicago's population had increased from about 40 persons in 1830 to 1,873,880 (conservative Federal census) in 1903. The need of a larger recreation area, although

there had been a considerable growth, was recognized in 1869, when the present inner system of parks and boulevards was authorized. In 1880 we had 2000 acres. The population of Chicago in 1880 was 503,185, and in 1903, as stated, 1,873,880. The park area in 1903, with authorized additions, was 3169.06 acres.

The field-houses, as evidences of governmental aid to the people, are designed, above all other things, for the health and development of the city; but a final park work is to be done by the Outer Belt Commission. It is to provide the future

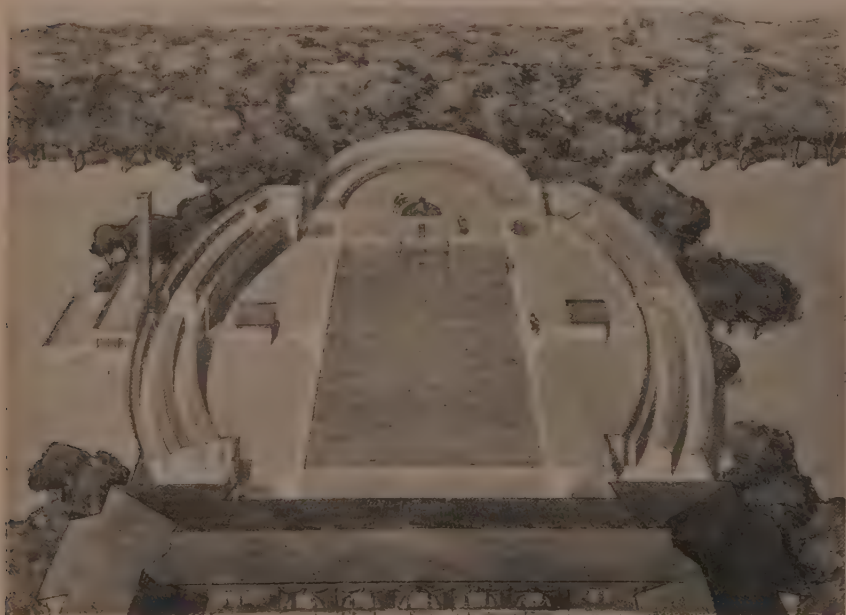
great Skokee marsh, with its forest clumps that resemble islands. To the north also the Lake Michigan shore rises into high bluffs with wooded ravines between.

Out of these provisions of nature it is purposed to select country playgrounds for the people. The first rough plan is as follows:

In the north of the outer belt region a park of from 7000 to 10,000 acres.

In the west, in the healthful district between the Northwestern and Burlington roads, a reserve of at least 10,000 acres.

A preserve of the Desplaines River val-



BESSEMER PARK, SHOWING SWIMMING-TANK AND ARRANGEMENT OF DRESSING-ROOMS

Chicago with a great country play-field, for recreation is as necessary to progress as are mental and physical work.

Contrary to the knowledge and belief of visitors to the flat and smoky city,—in fact, unknown to many of her people,—Chicago is provided with facilities for country parks. South of the city are Lake Calumet and the Little and Big Calumet rivers. Southwest, in the hilly Mount Forest and Palos region, are noble forests in their native state. West of the city is the Desplaines River valley, skirted with woods and meadows. To the northwest are hills. To the north is the

ley, 25 miles long and containing about 9000 acres.

In the southwest, in the hills of the Mount Forest and Palos region and the Sag, a park of from 6000 to 8000 acres.

A preserve of the Lake Calumet region to provide recreation ground for the masses of workingmen in the mills and factories of South Chicago, Pullman, and other towns in that locality.

When lands have been secured, they will be connected by parkways. The forests and meadows will be left in their native state.



SHERMAN PARK, IN THE CENTER OF THE MANUFACTURING AND TENEMENT DISTRICT

LAKE SHORE BOULEVARD

CHICAGO'S location gives facilities for water-front parks and drives possessed by few cities. The Lake Front in the city is 25.21 miles long. In this length are four parks and a few miles of boulevards. The shore frontages of each of the parcels are as follows:

NAME OR DESCRIPTION	MILES SHORE FRONTAGE
Calumet Park	1.15
Jackson Park	2.25
Grant Park	1.12
Lincoln Park	1.41
Actual shore boulevards	3.15
North shore park district	1.70
Total frontage	10.78

people only along the shores of Grant, Jackson, and Calumet parks. I hope and expect to see, within the next decade, a grand boulevard, occupying, with the parks, all the lake frontage. This boulevard should be from four hundred to six hundred feet wide, with water between it and the shore. It should be composed of several drives separated by rows of trees and strips of park. It should be a park in itself.

CHICAGO'S PRESENT PARK SYSTEM

CHICAGO'S park and boulevard system, in 1904, with estimates as to small parks authorized for the North and West sides, is shown in the following table:

CONTROLLING BODY	NO. OF PARKS	PARK ACRES	NO. OF BOULEVARDS	BOULEVARD MILES
South Park Board	20	1872.96	10	17.28
West Park Board	17	644.41	12	23.14
Lincoln Park Board	9	549.69	12	9.22
City of Chicago	38	102.00
Totals	84	3169.06	34	49.64

Of the 25.21 miles of lake shore within the city limits, 10.78 miles, or forty-three per cent., is now secured for the people. A stretch of 15.31 miles, from the river to the Indiana line, is serviceable to the

Such is the system of to-day. But let me draw a picture of a completed park scheme for Chicago and its two hundred and seven suburbs, a scheme which I believe will be realized in all its details within a few years.

Grant Park is the axis of the inner and outer belts of parks and boulevards. In it are the buildings of the Art Institute, Crerar Library, and Field Columbian Museum.

From Grant Park, as the hub, the system expands in the form of half a wheel. The diagonal city streets are the spokes; the inner belt of parks and boulevards is the support of the spokes; the outer belt of preserves and parkways is the tire; and

the inner and the outer systems are merged into the broad shore boulevard.

All parts of the great recreation area are accessible quickly by transportation lines at low fares.

When this system is a reality, Chicago will take its place at the head of American cities in park area and applied facilities. It will then be the Paris of America for artistic attractiveness.

THE CONFLICT IN FINLAND

BY DAVID BELL MACGOWAN

Author of "A Russian Lourdes" and "The Cossacks"



SEVERAL years ago, in Viborg, I made an inquiry of a business man in Russian. He answered in Swedish, then tried Finnish, and at last English. Upon my asking, with considerable surprise, if he did not understand Russian, he replied quite simply: "No; just German and English; no other foreign languages."

I soon discovered that it was not merely the Russian language that had stopped at the frontier thirty miles from St. Petersburg. Coming from Russia, where places of 30,000 inhabitants are usually unkempt villages, it was hard to realize that Viborg, with its handsome stone houses, well-paved streets, and air of bustling prosperity, contained only 20,000. Surface impressions were deepened by further inquiry. In Finland there were incorruptible and widely respected courts and officials, beyond removal except for proved cause; habeas corpus and jury rights firmly rooted for ages; a parliament representing all classes; and a citizenship so free from illiteracy that pastors refuse to marry persons who cannot read and write. I found advanced classes for adult peasants, university extension lectures, and agricultural experiment stations. Here, too, was a people worthy of its privileges, worshiping its laws, proud of its immemorial traditions of loyalty, and as little troubled by political

discontent as it was ignorant of political crimes.

We have to ask, not why the crisis in Finland has arisen, but why it was so long delayed. What prevented the Russian ministers, whom the Russian laws handicap but lightly, from giving short shrift to the Finnish?

The answer is not the least attractive chapter of Russian history. Although he might have taken the grand duchy as a conquest, Alexander I raised it "to the rank of the nations," as he used to say with pride, and promised to maintain the liberties and privileges of the Finlanders forever. The absolutist, Nicholas I, whenever his Russian ministers tried to interfere in Finnish affairs, interposed an imperious "Finland governs itself." Alexander II, with the assistance of the Diet, improved the constitution and roused the country to all the activities of modern life. Alexander III, while setting the clock back in Russia, continued for a decade the policy of his father in Finland. Though he afterward began undoing the work of the Emancipator in the grand duchy also, he paused when he saw that his Finnish subjects were being alienated.

He and the Empress Marie Feodorovna were in the habit of cruising every summer off the Finnish coasts. The appearance of their yacht at Helsingfors was always

the signal of popular rejoicings. Their majesties would be greeted by bands of school-children, who sang selections from the fine popular poetry of Finland and came every day to decorate the vessel with flowers. Very different was the reception after the first unconstitutional step taken by the Emperor—the edict beginning the Russification of the postal service. No notice was taken of the presence of

plication of the laws which is regarded as right and proper in Russia. General Bobrikov thought to overcome their resistance in a single charge, but every inch of ground has been stubbornly contested.

The conflict will probably enter upon a new phase on December 6, when parliament will meet again, after an interval of nearly five years. The Diet is the most cherished institution of the country; but,



COMMITTEE OF THE DEPUTATION WHICH WENT TO ST. PETERSBURG TO
PRESENT THE FIRST POPULAR PETITION

Eugene Wolff, at the end of the table, is chairman. Mr. Wolff was banished for his speech at the Finnish chancery on this occasion

their majesties, and they never returned. The Empress was particularly hurt by this cold treatment, and all her influence was used to have the Finlanders left in peace.

It remained for Nicholas II, upon whom so many hopes were set in vain when he ascended the thrones of Russia and Finland, to put a new construction on the promise which he and his four predecessors had made, and to pursue the path that his father had abandoned.

In the struggle he began six years ago, the Finlanders have opposed, with remarkable consistency, their uncompromising notions of legality to the fast-and-loose ap-

plication of the laws which is regarded as right and proper in Russia. General Bobrikov thought to overcome their resistance in a single charge, but every inch of ground has been stubbornly contested. The conflict will probably enter upon a new phase on December 6, when parliament will meet again, after an interval of nearly five years. The Diet is the most cherished institution of the country; but,

as the Finlanders hold the substance of liberty in greater esteem than the name, many fear that its summons now will prove as dangerous as was the gift of the wooden horse to Troy, since it is supposed that the Russian government will ask for the ratification of the encroachments that have been made upon the constitution. A number of those whom I saw recently pointed out that the manifesto of February 15, 1899, which was designed to reduce the Diet to the dependent position of a Russian zemstvo, put an end to the internal dissension on the language question and united the whole people in defense of the

country's privileges. However, since the removal of patriotic senators two years later, a senate group has arisen, composed of the relatives and personal following of the senators, new and old, who are willing to be the tools of the governor-general. Besides these and others who believe that, by yielding to superior force, a remnant of the national institutions may be saved, there is a numerous class of timid people who are simply weary of agitation. These elements form the so-called government, or Old Fennomans, party, which derives its strength mainly from the

the urban workingmen, and some former Old Fennomans.

The opposition chiefs believe that the Houses of the Burghers and of the Nobles will stand firm against compromises. There

would, therefore, seem to be reasonable hope that no hasty action in view of peace at any price will be taken, since the assent of all four estates is required to amend the constitution, and three must agree to pass any law whatever. Nevertheless, it is supposed that the government would not have called the Diet if it had not hoped to gain thereby. It



WENCESLAS C. PLEHVE

GENERAL BOBRIKOV

PRINCE BOLENSKY

clergy and the Finnish-speaking portion of the peasantry. It differs in temperament rather than in ultimate aims from the party of passive resistance, which comprises the Svecomans, or Swedish-speaking elements, the Young Fennomans, including

will probably offer certain concessions provided the military bill be accepted. It is insisted, however, that whatever attractions such a program might have are vitiated by the Russian theory that the autocracy is unable to make promises from



SENATOR LEO MECHELIN

BARON V. M. VON BORN

which it cannot afterward absolve itself. The grand duchy can have no hope of permanent liberty until the autocracy abdicates in favor of a constitutional régime in the whole empire.

Finally, it is asked, Can a legislature under a dictatorship be anything but a mockery? The governor-general, without giving any reason, can search any house, arrest and imprison, exile and deport any citizen, close any inn, hotel, or business enterprise, suspend or suppress newspapers, forbid meetings, and dissolve associations.

The Russian government, which has always fostered the impression that the majority of the Finnish people are satisfied with the present régime and that the opposition comes from a small group of "separatists," would have difficulty in making this view rhyme

with the most recent utterances of the Old Fennomans. The day after he reached Helsingfors, Prince Obolensky, the new governor-general, received a deputation from them. Their spokesman said in part:

The benevolent disposition of the sovereigns from the time when the Emperor Alexander I confirmed the constitution will never be forgotten in Finland. It will be handed down from generation to generation that the rulers, coöperating with the representatives of the people, have developed our laws in accordance with our needs.

The recollection of this happy past has, during the latter grievous times, sustained our hope that, whatever changes in the relations between our country and the empire may be intended, his Majesty cannot design the abrogation of the assurance given on his accession to the throne.

The people of Finland eagerly desire the return of normal conditions. The



EUGENE SCHAUMAN



Drawn by T. de Thulstrup. Halftone plate engraved by S. Davis

THE DEPARTURE OF THE FIRST EXILES

estates are, no doubt, prepared to make sacrifices to obtain a condition of things responding to the vital requirements of our country and the legal conceptions of our people. We request you to study with sympathy our conditions, our laws, and our ways of thinking. If you do so, you will find that there lives in Finland a people desirous of fulfilling faithfully its duties toward the Sovereign and the empire, while determined to maintain itself as a separate people and to continue to develop its Finnish civilization and institutions on the foundations laid by its forefathers.

The rescript appointing Prince Obolensky reiterated that "care for the most intimate connection of Finland with the rest of the empire must ever remain an irreversible task of the state," and expressed the usual hope that it would be possible to maintain in the future the "special form of administration and internal legislation" of the grand duchy. If these well-worn words had any hopeful meaning, the recent dismissal of five more members of the Vasa appellate court for again refusing to recognize the validity of the military edict would suffice to neutralize it.

Prince Obolensky, in assuming office, declared that he would keep his ears open to the voice of truth and would make faithful reports to the Emperor on what he heard and saw. He has, however, avoided receiving any except Old Fennoman deputations, and has tried to ascertain in advance what was going to be said. A senator who accompanied him on a tour of inspection was asked why some deputations were received and others not.

"That is quite natural," he answered, with delightful candor. "The prince has promised his Majesty a truthful report, and of course such addresses as he has refused to hear could not be repeated to the Emperor."

One deputation succeeded in getting an interview without sending in its address beforehand. The organized workmen of Tammerfors, "the Finnish Manchester," sent word that they had a few remarks to make, and would leave it to the prince whether they should be made to him, or be printed and spread broadcast throughout the country. He listened to their address, but he appeared greatly agitated.

"We are an honest, freedom-loving people, and cannot accustom ourselves to the miserable spying and the police inter-

ference in our private affairs that have been introduced in recent years. In this country, where personal liberty has been held inviolable from time immemorial, the very notion of it is likely to be forgot." After this prelude, the spokesman said the Finnish workmen could tolerate tyranny no longer, and they desired the governor-general to transmit to the Emperor their demand for the immediate restoration of freedom of speech, press, and assembly.

The government has always sought to play off the unpropertied classes—the workmen and landless peasantry—against those better situated, and it must have been a disappointment to hear such bitter language from this source. Prince Obolensky told the deputation that he was unable to consider their address, because it touched the interests of the whole people; but if the workmen at any time had grievances of their own to present, they would find him ready to listen.

The spokesman replied that the workmen wanted nothing but liberty, whereupon the governor-general retorted sharply that liberty was all right in its way, but the step from it to license was a short one. Could it really be supposed that his Majesty would change his policy in Finland?

Although the struggle has centered on the military question, the issue is Russification, the principal object of the military reform itself being the denationalization of the Finnish recruits. The Finlanders would doubtless have made the same resistance if any other measure had been used as a pretext for launching the February manifesto—the scheme for substituting legislation by ukase for legislation by the Diet which had been hatched eight years before.

The campaign against Finland was opened by the Pan-Slav newspapers, few in number, but very influential, and by several pamphleteers who about twenty years ago suddenly began charging the Finnish people with harboring separatist tendencies. The Finnish publicists made a vigorous defense, but soon discovered that the powerful arm of the censorship was supporting the pamphleteers. The Russian writer Ordin, who undertook to prove that the Finnish constitution was a myth, a hoax, or a forgery, or a mixture of all three, was rewarded with a high prize of the Russian Imperial Academy of Sciences. The reply of Senator Leo

Mechelin, one of the leading jurists of the grand duchy, was denied the right of publication in Finland or Russia. It will be unnecessary to examine the arguments advanced in support of Ordin's thesis, since they have been pronounced preposterous by every authority that has spoken on the subject.

The views obtaining in official circles were disclosed when a codification of the constitutional laws, prepared by the Senate upon the Emperor Alexander's order, was submitted to a mixed commission of five Russians and four Finlanders. Before proceeding to this task, the Russian members got permission to fill up an alleged gap in the constitution, which had a great deal to say about legislation by and for Finland, but was strangely silent on the subject of making laws in the interest of Russification. They set to work to frame a set of rules for legislation "common to Finland and the empire." Their project reappears almost unchanged in the February manifesto. The Finnish members of the commission and the Senate and Diet protested that these rules were designed to shear the Diet of all real power, and were a travesty on the constitution, which the commission had been appointed to codify. The Emperor, as stated, was far from enthusiastic over the results of earlier Russification efforts, and was led by these protests to reexamine the Finnish constitutional position. He connected to pigeon-hole all the papers connected with the codification in the chancery of the imperial council, and issued strict injunctions against their withdrawal for discussion without special permission.

Soon after the accession of Nicholas II, Plehve,¹ then head of the chancery, sought and was refused this permission. The rules slept on, but not so the Russifiers.

Unsuccessful efforts had been made to induce Alexander II and Alexander III to introduce the Russian military service by edict, without consulting the Diet. General Kouropatkin took hold of the matter in earnest. A commission of the general staff prepared a new law and a report charging that the cunning Finlanders had tricked Alexander II into giving a portion of the last military law the sanction of a constitutional amendment. This commission provoked Homeric mirth among the jurists

of Europe, when it ventured into publicity, by its naïve assumption that constitutional amendments were the only laws that required the assent of the Diet. Its work remained a secret, however, until the sudden resignation of the secretary of state for Finland warned his countrymen that trouble was brewing.

As the sole channel of communication between the Emperor and the grand-ducal government, the office of Finnish secretary was the keystone of the constitution. There had been only two secretaries, both ardent patriots, from the beginning of Russian rule until near the end of the reign of Alexander II, a circumstance that contributed to continuity of policy through three reigns. The office changed hands frequently during the last twenty-five years, but as long as it was held by a native the country was assured of a hearing with the Emperor. The small group of St. Petersburg officials that had taken Finnish affairs in hand did not feel at their ease until Nicholas II had appointed Plehve to this position, in disregard of the constitutional requirement that all officials except the governor-general must be Finlanders.

Soon after this appointment a citizen of Helsingfors went to St. Petersburg and was received with that display of gracious cordiality which the former head of the political police could so readily command. Plehve declared that he would conduct his office with the same sympathy as if he were a native-born Finlander, but the visitor was not convinced. Upon his return to Finland he told his associates that, in his opinion, the new secretary was not to be relied upon. Subsequent interviews confirmed this judgment, which was shared by all the opposition leaders. They say that Plehve's promises were intended merely to serve momentary ends.

This conviction was forced upon Baron Yrjö Koskinen, the fanatical leader of the Old Fennomans, and it caused a stroke of apoplexy that ended his life. Koskinen undertook to "let the Svecomans break their necks by opposition while the Fennomans" saved the country and brought about the triumph of the Finnish language by timely concessions." He trusted Plehve's assurances that the language he championed would not suffer if the Fennomans refrained from opposition to the

¹ Plehve dropped the "von" to identify himself more completely with other Russians.

military edict, and he lived to see Russian made supreme by imperial manifesto and himself deserted by many of his best friends. So completely forgotten is the old language quarrel that Fennomans and Svecomans have often used the two tongues indiscriminately in their conferences to concert measures of resistance.

At the very moment when the Emperor was drafting his peace and disarmament manifesto a rescript announced the proposed increase of the Finnish troops. The appointment of General Bobrikov of Baltic fame as governor-general, with instructions to bring about the "closest union with the common fatherland," was made public only a week after the Hague Conference was convoked. General Bobrikov, in opening the special Diet called to consider the military bill, intimated that it would be enforced, whether accepted or not.

There could, of course, be no illusions about the acceptability of this measure, which, besides quadrupling the Finnish recruits, would disperse them in Russian regiments, under commanders whose language they did not understand, and subject them to treatment which, though borne with equanimity by the sons of serfs, would be intolerable to a people that had never known serfdom. The Diet was not given time to act on the bill. It had just been referred, without debate, to a special commission when the Emperor published his manifesto of February 15.

This document, which will probably supplant the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes as the classical example of the folly of sacrificing the weal of the state to an abstract idea, was hastily prepared by a secret commission, including the Grand Duke Michael Nicholaevitch, president of the imperial council, and Messrs. Pobedonostsev, Plehve, and Bobrikov. It was not submitted to the imperial council, and thus lacked the sanction not only of the Finnish constitution but of the Russian fundamental laws as well. Without mentioning the military bill directly, it turned the work of the Diet into a farce in advance by depriving its vote of binding force. What arguments were used to induce the Emperor to issue it is a matter for speculation. The published apologies justify the assumption that he was told that what one autocrat had given, another could take away; that his ancestor, out of good

will and kindness, had agreed to respect certain local arrangements in Finland, but that nothing prevented his Majesty from modifying them in the interest of the Russification of the entire empire, which he had come to regard as his special mission.

The manifesto announced that, besides local legislative matters, there arose other questions in regard to Finland, which, on account of their intimate connection with the general interests of the empire, could not be decided exclusively by the grand duchy, and that serious difficulties had been brought about by the lack of definite stipulations as to how such questions were to be treated. The Emperor had therefore seen fit to establish a "fixed and unchangeable order" of procedure, and had reserved to himself the decision in what cases it was to be followed instead of the law of the Diet. The gist of the new procedure was that Russian ministers, not the Finnish secretary, would henceforth prepare legislation, which, before being laid before the imperial council for its opinion, would be transmitted to the Finnish Senate, and, in proper cases, to the Diet, for their opinions. The Finlanders thought any number of opinions a poor exchange for the constitutional right of the Diet to amend and adopt or reject any proposed Finnish law.

What it was intended to reserve to the competence of the Diet it is difficult to imagine, since such subjects as peddlers' licenses, tenure of office, railways, postage, coinage, education, police, and land tenure have subsequently been treated in imperial edicts. The "fixed and unchangeable order," however, has gone the way of most Russian laws. It has been followed only in the case of the military edict. General Bobrikov and other Russian officials in Finland, profiting by this example, have taken equal liberties with the Emperor's edicts.

The Russian apologists have not explained what were the serious difficulties, aside from the obstacles opposed to Russification by the constitution, that arose from the lack of legislation common to Finland and the empire. The Finnish troops, drilled in the Russian tactics, had often coöperated perfectly with Russian troops in manœuvres, and had won high praise for their discipline and marksmanship. The customs relations of the two countries had been regulated by a mixed

commission, the Finlanders being allowed to export, under high duties, limited quantities of goods to Russia, while all Russian goods enter Finland free of duty.

The Senate decided, by the casting-vote of the vice-president, to obey the Emperor's order to promulgate the manifesto, but all the senators signed a protest pointing out its illegality. The Emperor refused to receive it, and the speakers of the four estates of the Diet met with the same rebuff. It was decided to try the virtue of a popular petition. Runners on snow-shoes called at the remotest settlements scattered, far from the railways, on islands or among bogs and lakes, of which there are said to be ten thousand. The obstacles would have been insurmountable in most countries, but in Finland children often travel twenty miles to school. Within ten days, before General Bobrikov had an inkling of what was going on, more than 500,000 signatures had been secured from a total population of 2,800,000, and 500 delegates from the communes were aboard a special train bound for St. Petersburg. After spending nearly a week in the Russian capital, they were informed that the Emperor would not see them, but that "he was not angry." They could go home assured that their welfare was in the safe-keeping of their sovereign. Almost all the delegates had remained in their hotel rooms the whole time. Upon being asked later what they thought of the city, one of them said they had not gone there sight-seeing. A somewhat similar incident occurred when a Russian grand duke visited Finland several years ago. A peasant who had driven his carriage for two days was asked what his Highness looked like.

"I did not see him," was the answer.

The individual sacrifices necessitated by the policy of passive resistance, which was adopted by a delegate meeting from all parts of the country, have for the most part been made. The great majority of the state, municipal, and communal officials and judges, whenever the occasion has arisen, have risked their positions by refusing to do or to coöperate in any act that might even imply recognition of unconstitutional ordinances.

The calm and self-restrained attitude of the people was apparently not on the official program. General Bobrikov prepared to play the rôle of subjugator of a rebellious

satrapy, introducing a swarm of spies and secret police, and ostentatiously garrisoning the larger towns with Asiatic Cossacks. There was no lack of provocative incidents, and it was believed that popular disturbances were not only expected, but desired. About this time a Russian official stationed in Helsingfors remarked in an aristocratic salon of St. Petersburg: "The Finlanders are a strange lot. We have done everything we could to make them rebel, but without effect." Russification has few friends in Russia even in nationalist circles, and it is reported that this cynical observation was followed by a painful silence, broken only by the voice of the host inviting the offender to withdraw.

Another story, pertinent in this connection, was related over his own signature by Prince G. Volkonsky, during Plehve's lifetime, and was never contradicted. Count Heyden, when governor-general, was asked by Plehve, then assistant minister of the interior, why the Russification proceeded so slowly. He pointed out the constitutional obstacles, whereupon Plehve is said to have replied: "Why don't you provoke a revolution? Then we could abrogate that constitution of theirs." Prince Volkonsky stated that the story could be substantiated by Count Heyden's son, an aide-de-camp of the Emperor.

Strong opposition to the fusion of the Finnish military service with the Russian was developed in the imperial council. Deeply impressed by an eloquent plea delivered by Mr. Witte, this feature was voted down by a decisive majority. The council adhered rather closely to the substitute proposition of the Diet, which offered 4000 recruits a year instead of 1920 under the law of 1878, and a peace footing of 12,000 instead of 5821.

The action of the council had no effect. The Emperor issued an edict which left the number of recruits to be fixed annually by the war minister, and abolished all distinctions between the Finnish and Russian forces.

That the plan to accustom the people gradually to Russian military service proved a failure was due to the intelligence of the people and the skilful organization of the opposition. Uncensored pamphlets and leaflets found their way into every cottage in Finland. The threat of

finer up to ten thousand marks for having more than one copy of such pamphlets, or for lending them, produced little effect. Plehve, as head of the imperial post-office, directed Postmaster-General Lagerborg to issue a circular requiring the opening of letters suspected to contain printed matter. Mr. Lagerborg was absent on his vacation, and his deputy refused to take the responsibility. Upon his return, Mr. Lagerborg resigned the position that he had held for a generation. After much seeking, some one willing to do what was required was found. The postal secretary then called his new chief's attention to the fact that all general orders had to be countersigned by himself, and handed in his resignation. Of course his place was also filled in time, but the order had been delayed eight months.

The difficulty of filling vacancies caused by dismissal or resignation continued to embarrass the government until Russians were finally made eligible for all offices in the grand duchy. An appellate judgeship was offered to a lawyer in Kemi, a town of 1500 people in the far north,—a man whose reputation as town drunkard was of long standing. Though burdened with debt, he refused the position, saying he knew he had forfeited the respect of his neighbors, but he had not fallen low enough to wish to be pointed at as a traitor.

The three appellate courts at Åbo, Viborg, and Vasa set an example in refusing to send in the usual lists of persons exempt from military service on account of employment in the courts.

The first direct obstacle to the enforcement of the edict, the refusal of many pastors to read it to their congregations, as custom requires, has scarcely yet been overcome. Threats and suspension from office by the consistory courts having failed, a young clergyman, who had been confined in an asylum as demented, was appointed to read it in their stead, but the congregations drowned his voice with hymns.

The state medical board declined to appoint medical examiners to attend the levy and resigned. Most of the communes refused to elect representatives to the conscription board, and when some yielded to arbitrarily imposed fines up to twenty-five thousand marks, those elected often refused to serve, or attended the levy only

to protest. The government finally declared the communal representatives were not essential, anyhow. A final delay was caused by the resignation of communal secretaries, ex-officio recorders of the levy. The levy should have ended within a fixed time,—about six weeks,—but it was soon evident that it would have barely begun then, and the term was prolonged indefinitely.

When all the returns were in, a total attendance of only 11,000 could be shown, while nearly 15,000 had risked court-martial penalties by remaining away. In Helsingfors only 56 of 857, in Åbo 23 of 327, and in Viborg 22 of 218 young men of conscription age presented themselves, and they were nearly all physically disabled or legally exempt, as was partly the case elsewhere.

At Helsingfors a few boys jeered at certain senators who had made themselves unpopular by complaisance to the Russian government. This was seized upon as a pretext for loosing the Cossacks on the crowds assembled to witness the levy. The Cossacks sustained the reputation they had earned in Russia as suppressors of demonstrations, pursuing men, women, and children half a mile away, galloping through the entry of the principal Lutheran church, and even attacking convalescent patients in a hospital yard. I visited Helsingfors at this time and found the people smarting under this application of the *nagaika*, a kind of whip used by the Cossacks.

Meantime other Russification measures were being introduced. A manifesto requiring the use of the Russian language in the Senate and the governor-general's and provincial governors' chanceries, about which the Diet would doubtless have willingly given its opinion, was held back until the Diet adjourned. However, the opinions of the Senate and the imperial council were also dispensed with. Of the 370 officials affected, few possessed even a smattering of Russian, and the total Russian-speaking population of the country was only 8000.

Governor Kaigorodov, the first Russian-appointed provincial governor, tried to improve on the Emperor's orders by enforcing this ordinance in Helsingfors before the date set. His subordinates successfully defied him.

The employment of Russian officials

met with practical difficulties. A large new building in Helsingfors was pointed out to me as the "Russian house." It was explained that Russian officials, illegally employed, had been unable to find lodgings except in the homes of Russian residents, to rent apartments, or to buy food and drink, and this house had been erected for their accommodation. This episode and the refusal of the hotel-keepers to coöperate with the secret police were not forgotten when the dictatorship was declared. The impossibility of punishing the boycott only intensified the fury of the Pan-Slav newspapers. Their anger was still greater on account of the novel celebration of the anniversary of the February manifesto. It was observed as a day of mourning, the householders throughout Finland keeping their houses and places of business closely shuttered. In the evening no lights were burned in the houses. This original display was naturally more distasteful on account of its contrast to the frequent illuminations which citizens are "permitted" to make on the Emperor's birthday and numerous similar holidays.

Although Finland is a poor country, comparatively little emphasis has been laid on the illegal appropriation of Finnish funds. The last Diet estimated the army expenses for the ensuing four years at 27,000,000 marks. Owing to the disbandment of all but one battalion, a saving of 14,000,000 has been made. Of this sum 10,000,000 marks has been carried away to St. Petersburg as Finland's contribution to the expenses of the war, and the Senate has handed over another million to the Red Cross. The Russian telegraph agency occasionally announces that the Emperor has been graciously pleased to grant large sums for famine relief in Finland, for the founding of a peasants' land bank, or for like purposes; but it usually neglects to state that these grants are made from the grand-ducal treasury without the consent of the Diet.

The Finlanders have hitherto preferred to remain poor to risking even commercial amalgamation with Russia. The former finance minister of Russia, Mr. Bunge, once asked the Finnish members of a tariff commission why the Finlanders did not want to enter a customs union and grow rich, as the Poles were doing, rightly pointing out that their water-power would give them great advantages.

"Because we do not want to lose what the Poles have lost," was the answer. "Besides, suppose we ruined our farmers with high tariffs and made the whole country a land of manufactures, we do not suppose that this would please our Russian competitors. What assurance would we have that the union would not be dissolved some day with a stroke of the pen?"

And yet Finland is poorly adapted to agriculture. But little soil has gathered on the granite slopes laid bare in the ice age, and the climate is unusually fickle. The winter sustenance of the poorer people, except in the more fertile south and in the industrial towns, is mainly bread baked in the autumn and softened in coffee, seasoned often with salt instead of with sugar, or even in salt water. It is a fortunate cottager that has a little milk or mutton.

The Finnish peasant's constant anxiety lest the hopes of a year may be blighted at the last moment by a killing frost was used effectively in the speech made by Eugene Wolff of Viborg at the Finnish chancery on the occasion of the first mass petition. After describing to the unsuspecting officials how this fear hovered over the land like a specter, and, with the long winter, gave the national temperament its characteristic tenacity and its somber cast, he said the blackest frost of all had fallen on February 15. For this sentence he was one of the first exiles.

Every visitor to Finland is impressed with the sobriety of political discussion there. Of acrimonious references to the Russian government there is surprisingly little. The people talk less of the instruments of their misfortunes than of their vanishing liberties, and their tone is that of one mourning for the dead. In view of the proverbial stubbornness of this people, it was not doubted for a moment that the "further administrative measures" threatened by the Emperor would be required sooner or later to overcome its resistance. The administration was accordingly withdrawn largely from the Senate and concentrated in the chancery of the governor-general, who was also authorized to veto the action of city, town, and commune officials. The Finnish rule of dismissal only for proved cause was abolished, and not only were Russians made eligible for all offices, but the right of every Finlander to bring any official that had exceeded his

powers before the courts was abrogated. Henceforth officials might be prosecuted, as in Russia, only with the consent of their superiors. This rule was made retroactive, to stop the trial of policemen already begun.

Although the new ordinances provided that judges and some higher officials might not be dismissed without being given a chance to explain to the Senate, and that loss of pension was not to ensue in ordinary cases, three judges of the three appellate courts and four officials were at once relieved of their functions without pension and without a hearing. Sixteen more members of the Åbo court soon followed, this court having refused to dismiss cases against policemen. Since then more than one hundred of the highest officials of the country, besides the mayors and most of the officials of eleven cities, have been dismissed in the same manner.

Appetite comes with eating. General Bobrikov clamored more and more insistently for still further powers. Apparently the Emperor hesitated to grant them. Toasts were drunk to Bobrikov's downfall in the salons of St. Petersburg only a week before the dictatorship was proclaimed. The governor-general lost no time. Without waiting to promulgate the ordinances in the manner they prescribed, he sent soldiery and police to search the houses of a number of leading citizens by night and to serve them with orders to leave the country within a week.

Personal revenge weighed in the selection of the first exiles. Count Carl Mannerheim, a descendant of the head of the deputation that had persuaded Alexander I to call the first Diet, himself an influential member of the House of Nobles, had been marked ever since he caused the humiliating retirement of Governor Kaigorodov from a private musicale into which the governor had intruded.

Reguel Wolff, brother of Eugene, had kept aloof from politics; but on one occasion Russian political police, without standing in Finland, came to one of the factories which he managed, and tried to stop an entertainment being prepared for the workmen. Mr. Wolff used a fire-hose to hasten their departure. This seems to have given him the reputation of a Samson, for two hundred and fifty men came and cut the telephone wires before venturing to wake

him and notify him to leave Finland. An almost equally large force visited Baron V. M. von Born, owner of a large estate near Helsingfors.

The departure of the first exiles from the capital was witnessed by many thousand people, who placed wreaths on the heads of the victims and decorated the train with flowers.

No charges have ever been made against persons sentenced to exile or deportation, of which there are now about sixty. The official newspaper, however, explained that they were dangerous parasites in the body politic, and assured the public that "those who followed the behests of honor, of their consciences, and of the laws" would have nothing to fear.

A number of citizens temporarily abroad were warned at the same time not to return. The most notable, Senator Mechelin, known as the "Finnish Gladstone," is almost idolized by his countrymen. Recalling the conversations I had with this kingly-looking man, and the fire in his sincere, kindly eyes as he discussed the succession of blows aimed at his country, I understand why the Russian authorities extended their hatred even to his portrait. An ordinance was issued forbidding the portraits of any persons except members of the imperial family from hanging in any public building without special permission, and the city of Helsingfors was ordered to remove the portrait of Mechelin which had long been hanging in the municipal-assembly hall. The city refused, whereupon thirty policemen solemnly marched to the city hall and carried away the offending canvas.

Since the exiles succeeded in getting a protest against the dictatorship into the hands of the Emperor while he was abroad, deportation to Russia has been mainly employed instead of exile. This punishment was used in at least one case to settle the private score of a subordinate official. The chief of police of Vasa, a town of 15,000 inhabitants, was thrashed by two men who escaped undetected. A year later suspicion fell upon two young men. No proof could be discovered that they had already beaten the town autocrat, but satisfactory evidence was forthcoming that they were quite willing to do so. A café waitress confided to them that the chief of police had written her an insulting letter proposing a meeting

the same night in the park, and she begged them to go there and whip him. They fell into the trap and were soon on their way to the Ural Mountains.

Having in mind the difficulties caused by the Russian students, the government long avoided antagonizing the Finnish. However, as no suitable way of punishing all the recalcitrant youths could be devised, it was decided to make an example of those who possessed a superior education. Although only a few were selected from each institution for suspension, protests were made by their companions, eighty-five per cent. of the students of the Polytechnic Institute declaring a strike. Unusual pains were taken to make the punishment of university students as unobtrusive as possible. Just before the last summer holiday, when most of the students had already left Helsingfors, Plehve, who was vice-chancellor, ordered eighty-one of two hundred offenders to be suspended six months, of which three and a half were vacation. They were to be allowed to attend lectures, however, being forbidden only to stand for examinations during this time. The students remaining in the city demanded the intervention of the university. The academical senate consented, and sent to Plehve, for transmission to the Emperor, a memorial, signed by all the members, stating that the absentees had been actuated by a profound sense of patriotic duty and therefore did not deserve punishment, adding that the course of the government was undermining public morality and respect for authority and law. Plehve was still trying to get this memorial withdrawn when Eugene Schauman's revolver ended the life of the governor-general and his own. There was a desire to punish somebody and to create the belief that there was a conspiracy. The deportation of three members of the academical senate, the needless arrest of two hundred persons, and hundreds of domiciliary visitations served these ends.

It appears that efforts are still making to sustain the fraudulent version of Schauman's letter to the Emperor, which caused his Majesty to speak of the "deed of a madman and a few accomplices." General Valdemar Schauman, the aged father of Eugene, after long and close confinement in the fortress of Sts. Peter and Paul, has been ordered to trial for complicity in the murder. Even if no evidence can be produced against him, as is firmly believed, his sufferings may deter other young men who, though reckless of their own lives, may not care to ruin their relatives.

Schauman's mention in his letter of the evils prevailing in Russia as well as in the grand duchy is only one of many indications that some of the Finlanders have begun to abandon their attitude of aloofness from Russian politics. At first they found their differing views and temperament were a barrier between them and the Russian malcontents. A Finlander who talked half the night with a group of Russians was asked: "Well, what do you expect to accomplish? What are your aims?"

"We want at least to keep the spirit of our people from being broken," he answered. The Russians made no reply, realizing that the greatest obstacle to their efforts is the spirit of resignation among the Russian masses.

It would demand exceptional boldness to attempt to pierce the clouds shrouding the future of this, the most northern, civilized country. Some truth might now be found in charges of irredentism, which were baseless when first preferred. A few dreamers have begun to speculate about a Scandinavian or greater Germanic empire in which they might have a place, or about neutrality guaranteed by the powers. The great majority, however, doubtless base their hopes merely on the firm conviction that the Finnish people will prove too tough a morsel for Russian digestion. The Finlanders are used to long winters.

NOTE: As this article goes to press the news comes that five members of the Diet, including Mechelin, have been permitted to return to Finland from their exile in Sweden for the meeting of that body, December 6.—EDITOR.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

AWAKENED JAPAN

MR. OKAKURA ON "THE EXALTATION
OF WOMANHOOD"

AS the horrible but entirely scientific slaughter of human beings has gone on, month by month, in the far East, the qualities of courage and endurance have been displayed by the combatants on both sides to an astounding degree. As has often been said, the most amazing and unexpected display of warlike intelligence and preparedness has been on the part of the once "imprisoned nation." Those who watched closely the Japanese in their war with China, or who observed their methods at the time the allied armies marched to the Chinese capital for the relief of the foreign legations, were, of course, less surprised than others at the ability shown by the Japanese on sea and land.

The question that arises in the Occidental mind is, How were they able to do it? It is well known that the Japanese, for years past and ever since the chrysalis was first broken, have been going to school both at home and abroad. The first crop of scholars—afterward their honored leaders—had to break out of the country like escaping jail-birds. Since then young Japanese have been sent abroad constantly for training of every kind; and, in addition, some five thousand Occidentals have been teaching the knowledge of the West in Japan. But what we wish to know is, How was it that this people so hungered and thirsted after education in the civilization of the West, and how was it that they were enabled to avail themselves of this rapidly acquired education in statecraft, handicraft, and the various arts of peace and war?

The Rev. Dr. Griffis is the only American—we believe, the only Occidental—now living who saw Japan in the time of the feudal system, which was also the time of the pestilence and of the high and vio-

lent hand. He is a witness that it was not all *couleur de rose* in those days; perhaps there was less of rose-color than many of the leaders of the new Japan can now themselves realize or would be anxious to admit. But out of that old feudal Japan came the new Japan, with its national spirit, its liberal government, its accomplished diplomacy, its skill at arms, its general enlightenment.

It is because of these questionings that one reads with peculiar zest the new book by Mr. Okakura, author of "The Ideals of the East." His "Awakening of Japan" is a little volume, but big with information, interpretation, and suggestion. Many of us remember when, some sixteen years ago, a young Japanese scholar arrived in New York by way of San Francisco. He came on a governmental commission to look into the art of the West. He passed on from America to Europe, and returned to his own country. When here it was the wonder of those who made the acquaintance of the commissioner that among novel conditions he was intellectually at home. The art of Europe and America (all one in tradition) and our modern music he seemed to comprehend on sight and hearing. His training at home, along with an inborn perceptiveness, seemed to have fitted him for full comprehension of our esthetic principles and performances. He went back to Japan, apparently with a clear understanding of whatever is most valuable in Occidental art, ancient and modern; while retaining that enthusiasm for the exquisite art of the Orient which is shared by all men of taste in Europe and America.

Mr. Okakura has since, in various ways, been battling to maintain, unvulgarized by commercialism and unperturbed by alien standards, his country's finest art. His second visit to America was preceded by his volume on "The Ideals of the East," and since arriving here he has sought to do his country a service in writing this

brief but illuminating statement of the forces that have awakened and put new strength into the country of his fathers.

Several of his conclusions have peculiar interest. He derides the fear of a "yellow peril," declaring that "there is no reason for supposing that either Japan or China might suddenly develop a nomadic instinct and set forth on a career of overwhelming devastation." As to the native art he says: "We trust and hope that the tenacious vitality which it has evinced . . . will keep Japanese art intact in the future. . . . A great reaction toward native customs and art has been manifested since our victory over China ten years ago." But it is in relation to the future of women in Japan that the author strikes possibly the most welcome note. Says Mr. Okakura:

Another important feature of the reformation lay in the exaltation of womanhood. The Western attitude of profound respect toward the gentler sex exhibits a beautiful phase of refinement which we are anxious to emulate. It is one of the noblest messages that Christianity has given us. Christianity originated in the East, and, except as regards womanhood, its modes of thought are not new to Eastern minds. As the new religion spread westward through Europe, it naturally became influenced by the idiosyncrasies of the various converted nations, so that the poetry of the German forest, the adoration of the Virgin in the middle centuries, the age of chivalry, the songs of the troubadours, the delicacy of the Latin nature, and, above all, the clean manhood of the Anglo-Saxon race, probably all contributed their share toward the idealization of woman.

In Japan, woman has always commanded a respect and freedom not to be found elsewhere in the East. We have never had a Salic law, and it is from a female divinity, the Sun-goddess, that our Mikado traces his lineage. During many of the most brilliant epochs in our ancient history we were under the rule of a female sovereign. Our Empress Zingo personally led a victorious army into Korea, and it was Empress Suiko who inaugurated the refined culture of the Nara period. Female sovereigns ascended the throne in their own right even when there were male candidates, for we considered woman in all respects as the equal of man. In our classic literature we find the names of more great authoresses than authors, while in feudal days some of our amazons charged with the bravest of the Kamakura knights. As time advanced and Confucian theories became more potent in molding our social customs, woman was relegated from

public life and confined to what was considered by the Chinese sage as her proper sphere, the household. Our inherent respect for the rights of womanhood, however, remained the same, and as late as the year 1630 a female mikado, Meisho-Tenno, ascended the throne of her fathers. Until after the Restoration, a knowledge of such martial exercises as fencing and jiu-jitsu was considered part of the education of a samurai's daughter, and is, indeed, still so considered among many old families. Among the commoners the various industries and trades have always been open to women as they are to-day, while we have already seen how, in spite of her apparent seclusion, the Tokugawa lady impressed her individuality on the state. Buddhism has its worship for the eternal feminine and Confucianism has always inculcated a reverence for womanhood, teaching that the wife should always be treated with the respect due to a guest or friend.

We have never hitherto, however, learned to offer any special privileges to woman. Love has never occupied an important place in Chinese literature; and in the tales of Japanese chivalry, the samurai, although ever at the service of the weak and oppressed, gave his help quite irrespective of sex. To-day we are convinced that the elevation of woman is the elevation of the race. She is the epitome of the past and the reservoir of the future, so that the responsibilities of the new social life which is dawning on the ancient realms of the Sun-goddess may be safely intrusted to her care. Since the Restoration we have not only confirmed the equality of sex in law, but have adopted that attitude of respect which the West pays to woman. She now possesses all the rights of her Western sister, though she does not care to insist upon them; for almost all of our women still consider the home, and not society, as their proper sphere.

Time alone can decide the future of the Japanese lady, for the question of womanhood is one involving the whole social life and its web of convention. In the East woman has always been worshiped as the mother, and all those honors which the Christian knight brought in homage to his lady-love, the samurai laid at his mother's feet. It is not that the wife is less adored, but that maternity is holier. Again, our woman loves to serve her husband; for service is the noblest expression of affection, and love rejoices more in giving than in receiving. In the harmony of Eastern society the man consecrates himself to the state, the child to the parent, and the wife to the husband.

One of the results of the war with Russia has been the entering of the women of the higher classes of Japanese society into the

field of public activity—as was shown by the illustrated article on “The Peeresses of Japan in Tableaux” in *THE CENTURY* for November, 1904.

Take such facts as this in connection with Mr. Okakura's above most interesting and remarkable statement on the subject of women in Japan, and we realize that Japan has indeed “awakened.”

SOME STUPIDITIES OF THE TARIFF

THE DUTIES ON ART, BOOKS, AND LUMBER

IT is the well-known policy of *THE CENTURY*, while freely discussing political principles, to avoid even the suspicion of taking partizan ground; and for this reason we have refrained heretofore from any pronouncement on the tariff question, which might be said to have been, until November 8, at least, an issue between the chief political parties. Nor do we now purpose to discuss the main questions of the tariff—whether it is defensible in theory and in practice, what it has contributed to the prosperity of the country, or whether it is open to the accusation of being part of a “vicious circle” of political corruption. Whatever may be thought of free raw materials or rebates or infant industries,—and there are signs that there may be a realignment of parties on these points,—the forthcoming debates in Congress doubtless will adequately represent all shades of opinion.

It is, however, confessed that there are certain aspects in which the tariff has been a shelter for abuses, and to some of these we desire to call attention.

The tariff on art cannot be defended by any of the customary arguments of an economic sort. It is not desired by those whom it “protects”; it accomplishes nothing in the upbuilding of our industries; it does not result in the ultimate cheapening of something to the consumer; and thousands of protectionists desire its abolition. If such an absurdity could be conceived as the protection of our portrait-painters, for instance, through the tariff, it could be done only by excluding foreigners from plying their brushes within the boundaries of the country. To read the law, one would think that we had “Old Master” factories in full blast but in perpetual infancy, unable to compete with the Old Masters of other

countries. So weak, indeed, is the economic basis of this tax that its defenders have nothing to urge in its favor but the argument that paintings and sculpture are luxuries, like champagne and diamonds, and that their importers should be made to pay roundly. This is “tariff for revenue only” with a vengeance: it is certainly a tariff for nothing else. Meanwhile the educational and civilizing value of art is left wholly out of the account.

There is probably no one thing that has so retarded the general development of taste in this country as this tax. The influence of a correct public taste upon the production of art is immense. As the recent Comparative Exhibition of American and Foreign Art has indicated, we have admirable painters; but, with few exceptions, they have formed their taste and received their culture abroad. That they are not more widely appreciated at home is largely due to the obstacles thrown in the way of the importation of great foreign art. The love of art and the taste for it are formed by a continual acquaintance with its best examples, and upon these the United States government puts a stigma amounting to a ban. The objection that we should be flooded with trash is specious. For educational influence all the trash in the world—and we have plenty of our own—could not weigh in the balance against one great Rembrandt. Not only is beauty “its own excuse for being”; it carries its own power and revelation and inspiration. How many soever artists we produce, we shall never be an artistic people until we live in closer access to the great art of the world. Every museum in the country is a standing rebuke to the short-sightedness of Congress in thus taxing the development of the people.

Another barbarism is the tariff on books. This is as much a tax on knowledge as if it were laid upon the public schools and colleges. By a curious anomaly, the books thus affected are mainly those of English origin, the expression of a civilization sympathetic to our own, while books in foreign languages are admitted free. The situation is something to be ashamed of. If any duty is kept on books, there should be a clause providing that all books sent for review to any periodical entered as second-class mail matter shall be admitted free under such regulations as the Secretary of the Treasury may direct.

A hardly less absurd theory seems to have inspired the tariff on lumber. On our northern border is a country of inexhaustible timber, able and eager to supply our wants. And yet, for the enrichment of a comparatively few, we prefer at enormous expense to destroy our own supplies—at many a point to “make a solitude and call it peace.” The destruction of forests in Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Michigan, New York and New England—by fire, and for the needs of construction and, latterly, for wood-pulp—is alarmingly on the increase. Against such influences the conservative

tendencies of forest reservation in the far West, tree-planting and scientific cultivation and cutting, seem to be like “saving at the spigot and wasting at the bung.” It is high time that Congress should look at this subject in truer perspective and should remember that its duty is to legislate not merely for its constituents to-day, but for the generations to come who are to preserve and defend the ideas for which this republic stands.

And, for the sake of decency, we should like to see the absurd one-hundred-dollar-limit clause as to clothing abrogated.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Devil on Wheels

PROFESSOR GADSDEN DISCOVERS THE TRUE SECRET OF THE TROLLEY-CARS

THERE was the greatest kind of excitement in Charleston when the trolley was first introduced there. The colored population particularly manifested the liveliest sort of interest in the new motive power, and the morning that the first car sizzled along the wire down Meeting street, that sedate old thoroughfare was lined with an eager and expectant crowd of citizens, male, female, big, little, Caucasian, African, and otherwise.

I met Professor George Washington Peter Manigault McLean Gadsden standing in the crowd under the porch of St. Michael's Church, looking suspiciously up the street in the direction from which the electric Juggernaut was expected to put in an appearance. When it finally hove in sight, attended by a whooping and yelling crowd of small black Arabs of every possible shade of complexion and degree of raggedness, there was a rush to the middle of the street from the pavements, and a complete blocking of the track, which would have resulted, in a minute, in several cart-loads of very fine African mincemeat, had not the trolley and wheels of the car just then shot forth a shower of the most dangerous-looking electric sparks, the fiery appearance and ominous cracklings of which sent the crowd flying helter-skelter back to the pavements again, as if an earthquake had been at their heels.

“Great cry-o!” exclaimed the professor, as the car whizzed past, and he mashed out his '76 beaver and counted eight new rents

in his overcoat, gathered in the scuffle. “Great cry-o! Whuh kin' o' debil of a t'ing is dis yuh de Yankees sen' down yuh tuh cya've up de people o' Chaalstun wid? 'T would n't 'a' been a foot mo' 'fo' he would 'a' tuk me right slam een de pit o' de bread-baskit! Did n't yuh shum spit fire out he mout' an' flash lightnin' out he foot? He come right straight at me an' Jedge Banwell way we been duh stan' een de middle o' de road duh watch um, an' I sway tuh Scott ef we had n't git out he way, he would 'a' run right spang ober de two o' we, an' all de res' o' de nigger an' buckra een Chaalstun, an' not lef' a libin', breathin' soul fuh 'ten' we-all fun'rul! No, suhree, Bob; dat ain't no joke I 'm a-tellin' you. Dat t'ing got no respec' fuh w'ite or black, an' he jes as soon run ober de 'stocracy as de nigger or de po' w'ite trash. All t'ree got to look out way he 's walkin' een dis town now; I tell you dat.

“Now,” continued the old man, “I jis wish you answer me dis queshtyun: W'at right is dem Yankees got to sen' anyt'ing like dat down yuh fuh mash up we-all wid? Dey ain't satisfiz wid t'rowin' half de cullud race een to de Walley o' Distruction een front o' Battery Wagner endurin' o' de wah, an' tu'nin' w'at 's lef' out een de wurl fuh mek we own libin', same like we wuz n't no better dan a passel o' dawg or po' w'ite buckra, an' could n't git along een slaberyment wid de gentlemuns widout quarrelin' an' fightin' wid dem, but de nex' t'ing dey does dey tu'n roun' an' sen' deir ol' talegrafs an' talemuhfones an' bystickles down yuh an' 'stroy we-all support, w'ich we can't tu'n a nickel totin' a letter dese

days—dey ain't satisfiy wid *dat*, please de Lawd, nor any o' deir udder tricks fuh t'rowin' de cullud race out a hones' libin', but dey gone off now, an' ketch de debil by he big toe, an' hahniss um up een dat street cah, an' tu'n um loose een de street fuh 'stroy de las' nigger een town off de face o' de yearth! An' *dat* ain't 'nough fuh dem, eeder! Deir spite don't res' dere. De nigger don't satisfiy dem, but dey got to come at de mule too, an' t'row ol' Nickerdemus out o' 'ployment! W'at is de Lawd put mule een dis town for, I like tuh know, ef 't ain't to pull street cah wid? An' how Nickerdemus gwine tuh mek a lib-in' now, I jes like tuh know?"

(Nicodemus was the professor's mule, which he used to hire out to the street-car company before the advent of the trolley.)

"No, suh," he continued; "don't tell me nuttin' 'bout de Yankees! Dey ain't no fr'en's o' mine. Dey are fr'en's wid de debil—*dat's* who dey does business wid, an' needer me nor any o' my fambly is gwine to 'sociate wid dem, or deir trulley-cahs, or any o' de res' o' de t'ings de ol' boy put it eento deir heads to debil de citizens o' Chaalstun wid. You kin ride een ol' Satun's charriuts all you min' to, but I bet you one t'ing," concluded the old man: "you neber will ketch de cahcuss o' George Washington Manny Gadsden 'bode one o' *dem* contraphshuns—leastwise, not long as de good Sabeyuh gimme grace to draw my bre't' een *dis* hemisweer. Mebbe dey might t'row me abode w'en I lan' my foot een de *next* wurl, but I promise you one t'ing: 't ain't gwine to be as easy wuk as ketchin' crabs een crab season off de Batt'ry.

"No, suh; dey 'll lan' up 'longside a diffrunt kin' o' job w'en dey lan' up 'longside o' me, dat 's w'at dey will do, an' you kin ris' de las' 'tater een de patch on dat propagation; I 'm tellin' yuh dat."

Hereupon the professor crammed his red bandana handkerchief into his beaver, flourished his stick warningly in the air, coming within an ace of taking off the heads of a dozen small black Arabs who had stopped to listen to the conversation, and the next moment disappeared up the steps of the old steeple to try his hand on "A Hot Time in the Old Town" on the ancient bells the classic tintinnabulations of which have gladdened the hearts of Charlestonians these five or six generations past.

St. Julien Grimké.

The Salvation of Texas Peters

WE were hangin' "Rustler" Murphy for the stealin' of a horse:

It was in the cattle country, where the' was no law but force,

An' we had no courts an' lawyers t' steer justice fr'm its course.

We were hangin' Rustler Murphy just as dawn was showin' dim
In the eastern sky; we had n't nothin' personal 'g'in' him,
But a rustler takes his chances, an' his chance is mighty slim.

In the hills we heard a coyote sound his melancholy wail,
Like a dirge for Rustler Murphy as we led him from the jail,
Both his legs amazin' stiddy, though his face a little pale.

He was game, was Rustler Murphy, for he never said a word
As we marched him up the valley, where the long grass waved an' stirred,
An' the music of the coyotes was the only sound we heard.

We were hangin' Rustler Murphy just as genteel as we could,
For we had n't nothin' personal ag'in' him or his brood,
An' he walked along, resigned-like, just as if he understood.

There 's a pine-tree up the mountain, where we were a-leadin' him—
A tree that once was blasted by the lightnin', an' stood grim,
With a black an' shriveled body, but a most invitin' limb.

It was handy to the village, an' was fer enough away,
So the hangin' wa'n't offensive; an' the dawn was gettin' gray
As we halted our procession, so 's to give him time to pray.

Then up spoke Buckskin Davis, who was holdin' of the rope
When the rustler's prayer was finished, an' he hazarded a hope
That the man confess his sins afore 't was time t' mix the dope.

So Rustler Murphy answered, an' his voice was clear an' strong
As he said: "Well, yes, I killed him, an' it was a grievous wrong;
But I hope to be forgiven, for eternity is long."

"Killed him! Who?" cried Buckskin Davis, for he did n't understan'
(We were hangin' him for rustlin', not for killin' of a man);
An' while killin' 's repperhensible, it 's somethin' ye can stan'.

"What! Ain't you Rustler Murphy?" Davis asked him, wonder-eyed;

An' the feller looked confounded with surprise as he replied:
 "No; my name is Texas Peters, an' I 'm in for homicide."

For it seemed, back in the jail there, where the candle-light was dim,
 We 'd mistaken Texas Peters for the man t' fruit the limb,
 An' in our agitation we had come nigh hangin' him!

So we humbly begged his pardon, an' we made him understan'
 How we thought he was a horse-thief, when he only killed a man;
 For, though killin' 's repperhensible, it 's somethin' ye can stan'.

J. W. Foley.

To a Cat

I WATCH you basking, sleepy in the light,
 Majestic dreamer, humorously stern.
 Your little scratch-scarred nose betrays you quite;
 Yet how I long to know your thoughts, to learn
 What magic dreams beget themselves and burn

Throughout your subtle nerves! For once I saw

A cat's form graven on an antique urn,
 And round their god Egyptians knelt in awe!

Was once your hiss a blight? Was once your purr a law?

Perhaps through sentient chains of linkèd ages
 Your soul has fled, yet, like a haunting dream,

Can recollect the prayers of swarthy sages,
 Can hear the wash of Nilus' mystic stream.

It seems I see you basking in the gleam
 Of desert dawns; majestic, you gaze

Into the eye of Ra and dream a dream:
 Vast multitudes wait, breathless, in amaze,
 For your oracular purr to set their hearts ablaze.

Perhaps you think, "How stupid grows the world!"

And pine for godhood till you grow to be
 A broken spirit, like a war-flag furred,
 Or drought-drained river sighing for the sea.
 What potent utterance do you waste on me,
 When I am kind and stroke your glossy fur?
 What do you gaze on that I cannot see?



Drawn by May Wilson Preston

THE POINT OF VIEW

SHE: What a sweep of country! It is higher here than in the White Mountains, isn't it?
 HE: I don't really know. I have n't had my bill yet.

Perhaps if men could know the things that
were,
Their petted faiths should quake and tremble
at your purr.

John G. Neihardt.

A Successful Play

"WRITE me a play," said Manager B.,
King of impresarios he.

And the playwright bowed. He was ripe
for it.

Skilled at dialogue, crisp in wit,
Master of intricate plot, and bold
With "situations" that turn one cold
And furnish the star a chance to pose
(Bringing the act to a thrilling close)—
He could write anything he chose.

And he wrote a tragedy dark and deep,
With a castle, a moat, and a donjon-keep,
Barons and bandits and such-like folk,
Who muttered "'S death" each time they
spoke;

And a murder, out of the every-day,
Somewhat better than Shakspeare's way.
All in all, 't was a stirring play.

"Utterly useless," said Manager B.
"Not one in a hundred would come to see,
And the critics would kill it with half a line;
I should have to hang out an auction sign.
Tragedy 's all out of date, you know.
Folks don't care for that sort of show;
Try something cheerful and not so slow."

So he wrote a comedy, brisk and keen,
Packed with incident, scene by scene,
Rollicking, witty, quaint, and wise,
Wholesome fun from the curtain's rise.
'T was the cleverest play, in scope and gage,
He had ever fashioned for any stage,
And certain, he thought, to become the rage.

But the manager frowned. Said he: "'T is
quite
Too heavy. The public needs something
light,

These days, and frothy. I want a play
Not for its merit, but built to pay:
Something to bring the gallery down,
Crowd the orchestra, storm the town.
Make it torrid and do it brown."

Then he made a jumble of jest and rhyme,
With music familiar since Adam's time,
An Amazon march and a topical song.
The jokes were ancient and dull and strong;
But the chorus was buxom, tall, and fair,
With little to do and less to wear,
And the dancers' garments were cut to
spare.

The manager fell on his neck with joy.
Cried he: "'T is the play of the year, my
boy!"

That playwright scratches the quill no more;
He cuts his coupons by the score,
Lives at the club in high disdain,
Smokes Havanas and drinks champagne,
While Manager B., who fumed and fussed,
Now smiles contented and bland. He just
Owns the whole Theatrical Trust.

Frederic B. Bard.

"And Others"

I SING a song in strains of minor:
"Why do reviewers so ignore us?"
And though I scorn a rank repiner:
"Dear editors, why do you floor us?"
Surely some readers must adore us:
Our sisters, wives, sweethearts, and mo-
thers,
They have an ardent pity for us,
We who are rated with "and others."

One hates to personate a whiner,
Or ride upon a bristling taurus,
Nor is it just a penny-a-liner
Beseeching that they underscore us.
Such a petition would be porous,
The very thought unnerves and smothers;
But how it does afflict and bore us
To be job-lotted with "and others"!

How fierce to have some arch designer
With booming canon type implore us,
In language of the word-entwiner,
To "READ AN EPIC AFTER HORACE"
(A gem of rhymester and thesaurus!)
"BY CLIO COTTOLINE CARRUTHERS"!
While we, with naught of glamour o'er us,
Are relegated to "and others"!

ENVOY

Reviewers! Editors! Restore us
Right to be featured with our brothers—
We who now chant in fervent chorus
This little plea of mine "and others"!

Clarence Urmy.

The Man with the Dog

AWAY back in the good old long-ago when
prospective passengers used to go and sit by
the railroad-track until the train came along,
there was a railroad in North Carolina known
and distinguished as the Raleigh & Gaston.
The two or three so-called coaches were con-
structed on the style (or lack of style) of the
old stage-coach, and the little wheezing loco-
motive would look and act like a pygmy in
comparison with a modern steam-thresher

engine; but the conductor of that train was the proudest man in North Carolina, and all the allurements of fame would have been wasted in an attempt to coax him from his unique and officious position. He was a genial soul, however, and if the governor of the State had seen fit to ride upon his train he would have beamed upon him in a generous, patronizing manner, as one is apt to look upon those who should be pitied and do not know it.

One day there was a passenger who had little enough sense of the eternal fitness of things to carry a dog into the coach. When the conductor saw the animal, he raged with righteous indignation, and immediately had the train stopped, so the offense against decorum could be removed. The owner of the hound calmly led him off and tied him to the rear steps; and as the train got under way, the passengers laughed gaily at the ludicrous scene of the dog jogging along, switching his tail at the flies, while the locomotive, in an effort at speed, was making a noise which could be heard for miles. That was too much for the conductor, and he hurried forward to urge the fireman to pile on the pine-knots, and in a few minutes the train had attained its maximum speed, and was lurching and shaking and creaking in such a way as to put all on

board in fear of a calamity. Then the official walked into the rear coach in a grandiose manner, his hands crossed behind him, and pompously exclaimed, "Now where 's your dog?"

The man who had caused the trouble glanced around quickly, and then hurried to the door, only to find that the dog was not in sight; but as the laugh turned on him, he sank complacently into a seat, and pointing to a crack in the floor, said, with a sigh of relief: "Why, there he is—running along in the shade, licking the axles."

Bruce Craven.

Corn-field Amenities

BR'ER RABBIT come erlong, a-steppin' mighty gran';
Sezzee, "Mistaw Crow, you 's on my lan'."

Mistaw Crow wunk he eye, an' he look mighty quare;
Sezzee, "Br'er Rabbit, you 's a-breavin' my air."

Man in de fence-cornder shot off a gun:
Hyer dat crow holler—watch dat rabbit run!

Grace MacGowan Cooke.



Drawn by E. W. Kemble

TRAVEL UP TO DATE

THE ELEPHANT: You stay-at-home folks may not know it, but it 's quite the thing for those who travel nowadays to have their trunks checked.



Color drawing by George Wright

"ROSE O' THE RIVER"